15th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1984 $4.00

MISS AMERICA

OH, GOD, SHE'S NUDE!

MUHAMMAD ALI
BOY GEORGE
JOHN TRAVOLTA
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
JOHN AND YOKO
ROBERT VESCO
MICHAEL KORDA

PLUS:
THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

02242 09
0 778848

Break away from the ordinary. *Try the drink that leaves the rest behind.*

Why get stuck with component sound that always gets stuck at home?

Auto Reverse. Dolby.* Separate speakers. This Panasonic AM/FM stereo cassette recorder gives you sophisticated component features. You can enjoy at home. Or away.

The Panasonic Platinum Plus™ RX-C52 gives you superb listening. Whether you're just sitting at home. Or out heading for a good time.

With special features that make home Hi-Fi so satisfying. Like Dolby for serious sound. Lots more music. With lots less noise. And Auto Reverse. So you can listen to both sides of the tape. Without turning it over. And feather-touch controls.

A two-way four-speaker system gives you super stereo. And if you want to play your favorite song again and again, Sam. Just touch a special button called One Program Repeat. Or if you want to skip songs to find your other favorites. The Tape Program Sensor takes you where you want to go.

Shown with optional SL-N15 turntable.

We can squeeze all this performance into this beautifully compact space. Thanks to our technology called TriTex™ circuitry. In fact,we could keep talking about the features. But we'd like you to get this show on the road.

Batteries not included. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

The Panasonic Las Vegas Invitational Pro-Am.
Golf's richest. $1,122,500 in prize money. $162,500 to the winner.
September 19–23, 1984. Watch it on ESPN.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/September 1984 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
WOMEN'S FORUM	Correspondence		20
PET FORUM	Correspondence		24
FEEDBACK	Opinion		26
POWER GAME	Service	Michael Korda	36
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller	38
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	40
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	47
COMPUTERS		Pat Sloan	48
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	50
HOME VIDEO		M. Howell	52
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	54
NUTRITION & FITNESS		Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	56
FOOD & WINE		Stephen Banker	58
THE FRIENDS OF ROBERT VESCO	Article	J. Cummings and E. Volkman	60
HERE SHE COMES, MISS AMERICA	Pictorial	Photos by Tom Chiapel	66
JOHN AND YOKO	Interview	P. McCabe and R. Schonfeld	76
TATTOO	Pictorial	Photos by Ed Holzman	80
OH BOY	Profile	Timothy White	92
TRACY	Pet of the Month	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks	97
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	116
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	118
GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER	Article	John Travolta	120
FALLEN HERO	Fiction	Dennis Smith	124
INDIAN GIVER	Pictorial	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks	131
CHAMP	Profile	Allan Sonnenschein	146
IN THE BEGINNING	Satire	Bill Lee	149
STAND UP TO AGGRESSION	Essay	Nikolai Tolstoy	154
15 PETS OF THE YEAR	Pictorial		156
HARD TIMES	Humor		167
ARE YOU REALLY SPECIAL?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	172
FAST FORWARD	Service	Mike Knepper	176
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	180
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	208

This month's cover features Miss America 1983, Vanessa Williams, with George Burns, © Dan Miller of Woodfin Camp. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 207.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020), U.S. Volume 16, Number 1.

© Copyright 1984 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved.

Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Penthouse Magazine, 80 Newbridge Road, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30 one year; Canada—$40 one year; and elsewhere—$40 one year. Single copies $3 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

PLAYERS GO PLACES

Low Tar Players.

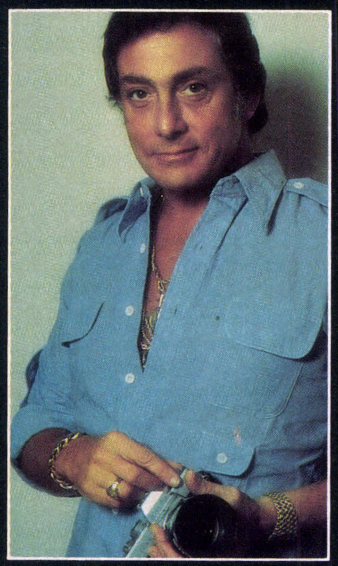
Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

HOUSECALL



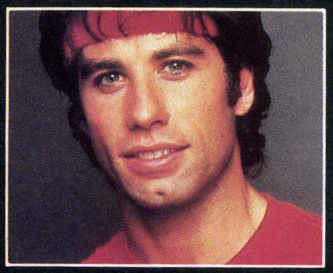
BOB GUCCIONE

SUCCESS STORY

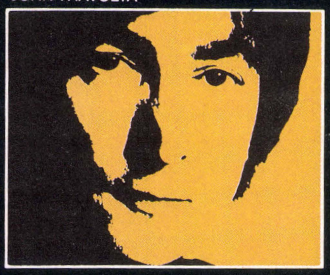
There are a million ways to measure success. The fact that we are still here, 15 years after that tenuous launch in September of '69, is a wonderful definition of success. The odds in our industry are 10 to 1 against. The fact that we have launched foreign editions of *Penthouse* in Spain, Italy, Germany/Switzerland, Brazil, Australia, Japan, and England and that within the next 12 months there will be French and Dutch editions is another, still sweeter definition of success.

Fifteen years of bustling sales, beating the competition, battling mobsters, investigating judges, making new laws, bombing born-again charlatans, cranks, and a number of misguided politicians who dreamed of riding the *Penthouse* comet to media stardom. Success—15 delicious years of excitement and discovery, challenge and controversy. Fifteen improbable

BOY GEORGE



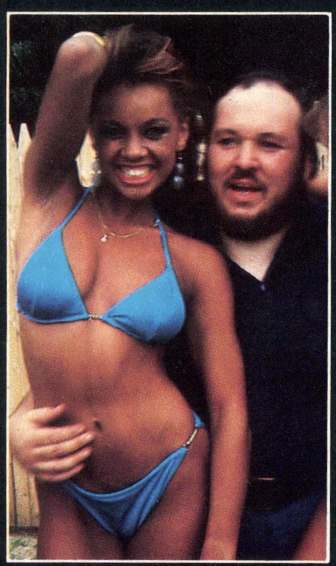
JOHN TRAVOLTA



JOHN LENNON

years of hard work, lofty dreams, and the not-so-subtle satisfaction of knowing that *Penthouse* has brought something strong and positive to the changing world in which we live.

Success is a readership you can relate to—people with taste, energy, goals, and ideas. People who question the system, who seek alternatives, and who finally, when all the evidence is in, are capable of making up their own minds. These are our kind of people and it is to them, and to you, that we dedicate this 15th Anniversary Issue...and every issue yet to come.—*Bob Guccione, Editor and Publisher*



CHIAPEL AND FRIEND

HISTORIC HIGHLIGHTS

This Collectors' Edition is highlighted by **Tom Chiapel**'s exclusive photographs of the girl who was to become Miss America 1983 (page 66). There are many myths surrounding this annual search for and coronation of the girl who is held to be the exemplar of simon-pure American femininity. As these photographs make clear, there is also quite a bit of hypocrisy involved.

On page 8, find out how you can compete in our "Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt," an event unparalleled in magazine publishing. And on pages 127–129 you'll discover the prizes you can win.

ROCK STARS

Many other international celebrities are also here to celebrate our fifteenth birthday. In "Oh Boy" (page 92) Contributing Editor **Timothy White** interviews and profiles George O'Dowd, better known as Boy George. And on page 76 you'll find a long-lost, outspoken interview with the legendary **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono**.

KEEPING FIT

In "Getting It Together" (page 120), **John Travolta**, with excerpts from his forthcoming Simon and Schuster book *John Travolta's Creative Exercising,* joins *Taxi* star Marilu Henner to demonstrate "partner exercising."

Speaking of health, we're proud that one of the world's leading nutrition experts, **Dr. Michael Colgan**, is joining us with a regular column on health and nutrition (page 56). And best-selling author and editor **Michael Korda** begins a monthly column (page 36) on how to achieve—and keep—power and status, two subjects on which he's an expert.

AND EVEN MORE

For nearly two decades, **Muhammad Ali** had more power and status than any sports figure. But recently, stories have been spread that Ali is both brain damaged and poverty stricken. To find out the truth, **Allan Sonnenschein** visited Ali. His report, "Champ," begins on page 146.

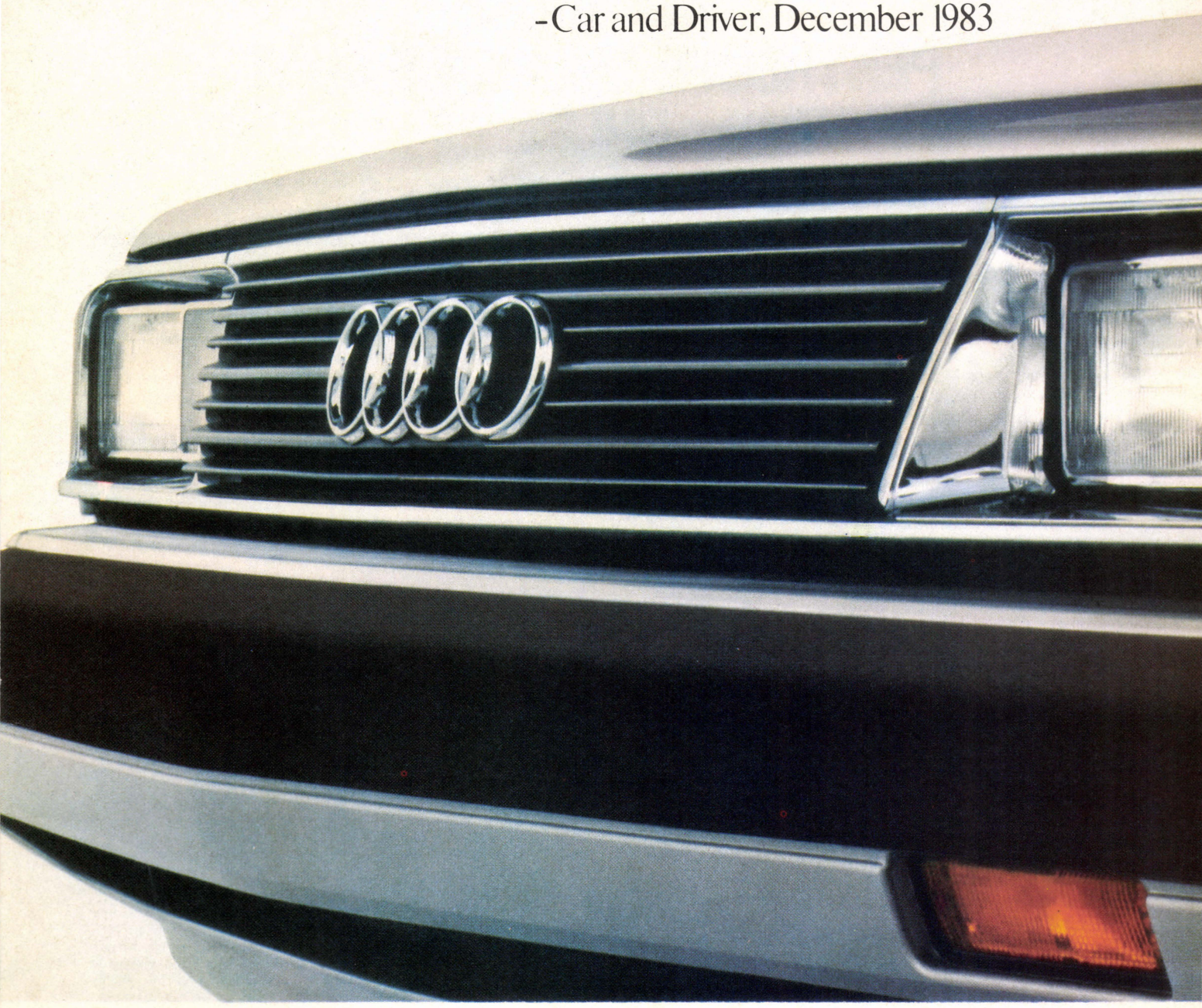
You also won't want to miss Humor Editor **Bill Lee**'s "In the Beginning" (page 149) and **Scot Morris**'s "*Penthouse* Trivia Quiz" (page 180).

Plus, of course, there are several lavish pictorials, including a compilation of some of our most beautiful Pets (page 131). But even as we mark this anniversary, we are looking to the future...and looking at our many once and future Pets, we know that you'll enjoy the next 15 years even more!

© 1984 Porsche Audi

"At Audi the future of the automobile is being decided."

-Car and Driver, December 1983



Audi Have you noticed where the great developments in automotive engineering have been coming from?

Many of them have come from one place: From Audi.

They have come from a group of handpicked engineers working under a man they respect: Ferdinand Piëch, Audi's Chief of Research & Development in Ingolstadt, Germany.

Consider these Audi engineering achievements:

The five-cylinder gasoline engine. A six would have been too big and heavy; a four would not have been smooth enough for the kind of luxury car Audi had in mind. It was the innovative five that made the Audi 5000 feel just right.

The quattro permanent all-wheel-drive system for sports coupes and sedans: A major breakthrough in performance and driving safety that increases mobility about 100% on wet or snowy roads. This all-weather system enabled the Audi racing quattro to win the World Rally Championship. It was recently introduced on the Audi 4000S quattro at $16,830*

Audi 5000S & 5000S Turbo: The technology that makes these the most aerodynamic luxury sedans sold in America also makes them two of the quietest.

We solve problems. Audi's engineers proved the world's fastest luxury sedan need not be the most powerful, and started an aerodynamic revolution that sent the industry back to its computers and wind tunnels.

Many people believe Audis are beautiful. We believe they are buying them in record numbers for more important reasons. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free 1-(800) FOR-AUDI within the continental U.S. *Mfr's sugg. retail price. Title, taxes, transp., registration, dealer delivery charges add'l. PORSCHE+AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT RULES

SENSATIONAL PRIZES...SEE PAGES 127-129

You hold in your hands the only map you'll need to find thousands of dollars worth of secret buried treasure! This special anniversary issue *Penthouse* presents a modern treasure hunt that offers treasures that you have a better chance of finding than the gold of Captain Kidd, the lost mines of the Superstition Mountains, or the pirate booty of Oak Island.

The correct answer is so simple that you could state it aloud in five seconds or less; so brief that you could write it on this line _____ with room to spare.

The treasure code is buried in this issue, but finding it is going to be a very difficult task. To crack it, you'll have to read *everything* in this issue, from the front to the back, including all the columns, the stories and features, the advertisements, the letters, the cartoons, and even the copyright notice. If you don't get the answer, at least you'll get some good reading! And you won't have to buy a metal detector, a Geiger counter, a shovel, or a mule. This is one buried treasure you can dig up without getting a sunburn or dirtying your hands.

All you'll need is your brain, this issue of *Penthouse*, a good eye, a dash of cleverness, and a love of reading.

What you are looking for is a *Treasure Number*, and the number of digits it has corresponds to the anniversary *Penthouse* is celebrating this month.

To crack our code, you'll need to start on page one of this issue (the cover), and read until you find the first number *one*. Ordinal numbers such as "first" or "ninth" don't count. When you find it, write down the last digit of the page number on which it appears–that is the first digit of the Treasure Number. Then proceed to the next page and search for the first subsequent number *two* (or 2). Proceed in this fashion, always going forward in the magazine after you find a key number, until you find key number 15.

We'll give you a few important hints to help you get started:

First, the clue numbers always appear alone, not as part of other numbers. For example, the first digit of "1984" or "6 million" doesn't count as a *1* or a *6* because it is part of a larger number. Decimal numbers don't count (such as a price of $1.50 or a cigarette "tar" rating of 2.5 mg), but nondecimalized numbers do (such as $10 or 6 mg tar).

The second hint we can give you is that no two clue numbers appear on the same page. For example, if you find both a *4* and a *5* on the same page, the *4* may be a clue number, but if it is you'll have to read on to subsequent pages to find the clue number *5*.

The third hint is that at least two of the clue numbers are to be found in *advertisements*, so don't skip anything!

The clue numbers always appear in text, never in photographs. For example, you needn't get out a microscope to examine photographs of radio dials, automobile dashboards, or whiskey-bottle labels.

Between pages 34 and 35 and between pages 194 and 195 are several pages of regional ads. Since these pages are unnumbered they aren't part of the treasure search.

Keep in mind that the numbers of the Treasure Code consist of the *last digits* of the page numbers on which clue numbers appear, even if no page number is given and you have to flip forward or back a few pages to determine the page on which you found your clue.

You will be looking for one clue number at a time, ignoring all other numbers. For example, if the last clue number you have found is a *6*, you will look on subsequent pages for the first mention of *7*, and until you find it you can ignore any *5s*, *8s*, *9s*, or other numbers that you may run across. Once you have found clue *7*, your objective is to find the first mention on a subsequent page of clue number *8*, and so on.

OFFICIAL RULES

To enter the contest, print or type the following items on a plain 3x5 piece of paper:

1. Your name, address, and zip code.
2. Your solution (15 digits) to the Penthouse Treasure Hunt.
3. Your reason for reading *Penthouse* Magazine in a sentence that is comprised of *exactly 15 words*.

Mail your completed entry to Penthouse Treasure Hunt, P. O. Box 620, Lowell, Ind. 46356. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. To be eligible, entries must be received by October 15, 1984.

Entries will be reviewed by Ventura Associates, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions will be final. The correct answer to the Treasure Hunt is based on clues found in the magazine. In the case of a tie, winners will be determined by the best reason given for reading *Penthouse* Magazine. Best answers will then be evaluated based on originality (20%), clarity of expression (20%), insight (20%), creativity (20%), rationale (10%), and neatness (10%).

A Special Early Bird Drawing will be held from among all entries received by August 15, 1984, to select the winner of the Panasonic weekend for two. No purchase necessary. Just write your name and address on a 3x5 card and mail to Early Bird, c/o Penthouse Treasure Hunt, P. O. Box 620, Lowell, Ind. 46356. Entrants are not required to provide the solution to the Treasure Hunt to be eligible for the Special Early Bird Prize.

Winners will be notified by mail. Taxes are the responsibility of the winners. No substitutions for prizes except as required by availability. Travel dates are also subject to availability. Winners may be asked to sign and return a statement of eligibility and winners' names and likenesses may be used for publicity purposes. Entries are the property of Penthouse International, Ltd.

Contest and Early Bird drawing are open to residents of the United States 18 years or older. Employees and their families of Penthouse International, Ltd., its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, print and production agencies and Ventura Associates, Inc. are not eligible. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply.

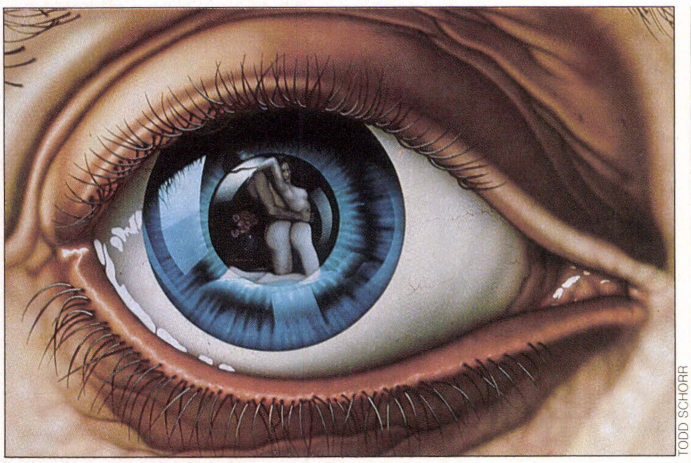
For the names of major contest winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Penthouse Treasure Hunt, P. O. Box 716, Lowell, Ind. 46356.

To receive a copy of the solution, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 25¢ for handling to: Penthouse Treasure Hunt Solution, P. O. Box 534, Lowell, Ind. 46356.

Anything can happen.
Jose Cuervo
IMPORTED
Premium
Tequila
Cuervo Especial
Distilled by
Tequila Cuervo, S.A.
Tequila Jal. Mex.
Product of Mexico • 80 PROOF
FABRICA LA ROJEÑA
TEQUILA
A Distillate From The
A Variety of
CUERVO ESPECIAL ® TEQUILA, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1983 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.
Cuervo
Premium Tequila

"My boss's door was slightly ajar, and when I peeked in, I saw him French-kissing his very sexy assistant."

PENTHOUSE FORUM



TODD SCHORR

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

I work for a small manufacturing firm and have always been skeptical of those "Forum" letters about employees and their bosses who get it on during work. I used to think all work relationships were platonic. Well, all that changed yesterday.

My boss was having problems with the doorknob on his office door, so when I went to see him, I was told to enter through his business partner's empty office. His door was slightly ajar, and I peeked in to see if he was in a meeting with a client. What I saw was the boss and his very sexy blond assistant locked in an embrace, French-kissing deeply. I stuck around.

He unzipped her dress and slid it off her shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. Her magnificent breasts were held only by a skimpy bra, and her legs were covered with very sheer nylons. After she had discarded these items, she stood there naked while the boss quickly stripped off his suit.

Silently she slid to her knees. His erect member bounced in front of her face. Its hard sleekness seemed to be a direct extension of his cold, brittle personality. Taking it in both hands, she caressed its length and admired its beauty. It twitched unexpectedly in her hands, and a drop of semen oozed from the slit in its purple head. With the tip of her tongue she licked the drop away, teasing the small opening.

Running his fingers through her thick hair, he jerked her head forward and rammed his cock down her throat. Fighting the gagging reflex, she relaxed her throat muscles, allowing the full length to enter her. She coated his slender prick with a thick covering of saliva by running her tongue along its hard bulges. With increasing urgency he started to fuck her mouth. As his cock jammed in and out of her, his balls slapped her chin. She then wrapped her tongue around his prick, creating a nest.

He whipped his cock out of her mouth and said, "Get on your hands and knees." Obediently, she fell onto her hands and knelt in front of him. He pulled her hips toward him, and sank his cock into her wet anus. She tensed in pain as he fell onto her back. With both arms around her waist, he began to plunge in and out of her butt with alarming speed. Trying to keep upright under his weight, she braced herself on both arms and wiggled her butt into his crotch, adding a new twist to his frantic screwing.

HILO CHEN

His hands clutched at her swinging breasts, and his deeply buried cock battered the walls of her canal, adding to her pleasure.

His cock abruptly vanished from its burial place, and he ordered her to lie on her back. He then laid on top of her beautiful body and plunged his cock deep inside her pussy. Wrapping her long legs around his trim waist and raking his back with her long nails, she bucked, twisted, and kicked. Screams of lust fell from her lips, "Oh, please, no, don't ever stop. Fuck me faster, harder, oh, help, oh." Suddenly she tensed up, and with one final thrust, they both climaxed.

Then I found myself all sweaty, with a raging hard-on. I decided that I didn't really need to talk to the boss and returned to my desk. I had a difficult time getting through the rest of the day. But I learned one thing for sure. Management is the place for me.—*Name and address withheld*

WET DREAMS IN THE SAND

I am a 39-year-old male of average looks and build who enjoys going to nude beaches. Until recently, I have never developed a hard-on at these beaches even though some of the sights

PENTHOUSE FORUM in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

For those of us
with expensive tastes
and smart money.

DURANGO BOOT

A Division of

Franklin, Tennessee 37064 USI U.S. INDUSTRIES, INC.

IN CONCERT PERFOR

Sparkomatic Car Sound Presents YES World Tour '84.

The concert event of the year–YES has an absolutely incredible way with music.

Sparkomatic Car Sound has an incredible way with music too. Because built into every Sparkomatic Car Sound System is the technology to bring In-Concert Performance right into your car.

You hear the music just the way your favorite artists performed it originally.

Get the most music for your money.

Let a Sparkomatic Car Sound dealer demonstrate In- Concert Performance in your car today.

SPARKOMATIC®

For our free catalog on Car Sound Equipment write: "In Concert" Dept. PH Sparkomatic Corp. Milford, PA 18337.

MANCE IN CAR SOUND

SPARKOMATIC CAR SOUND PROUDLY PRESENTS
YES WORLD TOUR '84.
Major cities throughout North America and Europe.

PENTHOUSE®
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(*U.S. edition*)
THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione (*chairman*)
Kathy Keeton (*vice-chairman*)
David J. Myerson (*chief operating officer*)
Anthony J. Guccione (*secretary-treasurer*)
EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Senior Editors:* Kathryn Green, Robert Hofler, Peter McCabe; *Lifestyle Editor:* Lynn Kearcher; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Associate Editor (research):* Karen Schwarz; *Copy Editors:* Evelyn Norman, Donna Wilkinson; *Copy Associate,* Cyn. Zarco; *Rights and Permissions Editor:* Babette Lefrak; *Editorial Assistants:* Mari Ann Fortuna, Shaina Hilsenrath, Mark Jacobson, Karen McClatchey; *Contributing Editors:* Roger Greenspun, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Katharine Lowry, Scot Morris (games), Robert Palmer, Emily Prager, Sidney Siller (men's rights), Allan Sonnenschein, Bob Spitz, Marilyn Stasio, Ben Stein, Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs
ART
VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Designer:* Susan Wilder; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Associate Staff Photographer:* John Muth; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Assistant Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Photo Librarian:* Eugene Mooney; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Homlish
ADMINISTRATION
Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; *Sr. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sr. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Business Manager:* Cathe Charleston; *Dir., Newsstand Circulation:* Marcia Orovitz; *Circulation Marketing Manager:* Maureen Sharkey; *Dir., Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Dir., Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Dir., Circulation Int'l. Sales:* Diane Foley Landberg; *Dir., Subscription Circulation:* Paula Collins Hope; *Traffic Manager:* William Harbutt; *Production Manager:* Michael Weinglass; *Ass't. Production Manager:* Tom Stinson; *Dir. of Public Relations:* Leslie Jay; *Publicist:* Joanne Zyontz; *Dir., Marketing Research:* Eileen Koslow; *Dir. of Sales Promotion/Merchandising:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Associate Publisher/Special Publications:* Don Myrus; *Pet Promotion Director:* Jeff Zelmanski; *Executive Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Phyllis Lemkowitz
ADVERTISING
Sr. VP/Director of Advertising: Howard S. Plissner; *Sr. VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *Sr. VP/Southern Advertising Director:* Peter Goldsmith; *New York Manager of Advertising:* Nancy Kestenbaum; *West Coast Advertising Director:* Wendy Bloxham; *Midwest Advertising Manager:* Gene Smith; *Director of Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner. Offices: *New York* (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *Midwest* (Gene Smith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *Detroit* (Gayle Champagne): 380 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 230, Birmingham, Mich. 48011, Tel. (313) 642-2522. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corporation, 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *United Kingdom and Europe:* 134A Ashley Gardens, London SW1, England. Tel. 01-828-3336. *Japan:* (Bancho Media Service) 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101, Japan. Tel. 03-252-2721; Telex J25472
EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9TW, England, Tel. 01-397-6342, Telex 24676
FOREIGN EDITIONS
Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9TW, England
SEPTEMBER

warrant one.

Well, a few weeks ago that changed. While sunning nude on a hot spring day, I noticed a three-year-old boy dash out from behind a large rock. He was followed by a sight to behold—his mother was a knockout! She was around 30 years old, with a pretty face, huge tits, and long shapely legs stemming out of the most gorgeous and roundest ass on the beach.

Her naked body was dark and tan, without a trace of any tan lines. As she and her son ran toward me I felt my cock start to grow. As luck would have it, the boy was attracted to a large pile of sand in front of me. This brought him and his lovely mother only a few feet away and gave me every possible view of her tits, ass, and cunt.

My first visible hard-on in public was now complete. In my seated position, I tried to conceal my erection by drawing my knees toward my chest, but this attempt failed as she greeted the sight of my seven-inch uncircumcised cock with a friendly smile.

She stopped playing in the sand and came over to sit in front of me, Indian style, which gave me a clear view of her cunt.

At this point, I gave up trying to conceal my hard-on. As we made small talk she could not take her eyes off my erection. Perhaps it was because I was uncircumcised or due to the mere fact that my dick was hard. I don't know, but it felt like my cock was growing longer and thicker as she continued to gaze at it. We continued to talk without mentioning sex or my embarrassing condition. But except for occasional eye contact to check on her son, she continued to keep her visual hammerlock on my rod!

I was now at the point of no return. I desperately wanted to jack off. This I couldn't do! In an attempt to go soft I started to squirm and reposition myself by sitting and lying on my side. This did not help; in fact the situation got worse. She kept on staring, and by now my foreskin was completely rolled back and my cock's swollen head was exposed. Then it started to happen. I felt my penis jerk involuntarily. I fought the familiar feeling that was swelling in my cock, but to no avail. I felt my come start to rise. I couldn't hold back any longer. I gave myself the mental okay and, without touching myself, released long squirting globs of come into the sand.

My new beach friend looked on with a smile. We talked a little longer, then she left with her son trailing behind her.—*Name and address withheld*

MONDO CONDO

My girl's name is Rosemary. She has beautiful strawberry-blond hair and lovely green eyes. We met two months ago at the pool in the condo where we both live. Since our first encounter, we haven't spent much time out of each other's arms.

I'm 30 years old, divorced, very athletic, tall, tan, and handsome. Rosemary has a body that would make any man take a second look. Most women don't enjoy her company because they're envious of her knockout personality and fantastic body that won't quit.

When Rosemary walked into the pool area that day, I almost came right on the spot. She has quite an effect on men, and there were more than a few who made their way over to where she sat down. Much to their frustration, she paid no attention to them. I was wondering how to get the attention of this goddess when she moved her lounge chair near mine. She looked over at me and smiled with all the confidence of a jungle cat about to move in for the kill. She looked me right in the eye for a moment, then let her gaze wander over my body. Then, tossing her head back saucily, she stood up and walked right over to me. She brought her face within several inches of mine, and with her green eyes looking straight at me she told me her name. She also told me that she had been watching me from her balcony all morning. She asked if I was taken aback by her direct manner, but before I could answer, she put her tongue to my ear and licked it. When she pulled away from my ear all I could do was swallow, wet my lips, and try to act as if this were a normal occurrence. My cheeks were flushed and sweat beaded from my forehead and upper lip. I finally managed to recover my voice and suggested that we go up to my place for a beer or a glass of wine. She agreed.

Back in my apartment, with the door shut firmly in place behind me, Rosemary embraced me so hard she almost knocked the wind out of me and I fell against the door. Her nails dug into my back as she held my body. Her lips tried to suck whatever air was left in me while I pulled her closer by placing my hands on her firm ass. She moaned and I panted as her lips, tongue, and mouth found their way around my body. She pulled my suit down and with one swift movement put my seven-inch cock into her mouth. With one hand around the base, she started to rock back and forth. With her other hand, she squeezed my balls. I was getting ready to explode when she pulled her lips away from my cock and pulled off her itsy-bitsy string bikini.

We were on our way to the bedroom, but we couldn't wait. I was on top of this woman in no time flat. She spread her legs and used her hands to guide my cock into her wet pussy. She wrapped her legs around my torso, and I pushed my cock all the way into her inferno. Her nails did another bit of magic on my back as she sank them into my flesh and slowly dragged them up and down my sides in rhythm to our lovemaking. All the while the musky odor of our animality filled my nostrils. We came together, shuddering.

For the rest of the day and night neither of us left the apartment. Now our nights are filled with romance and the intermingling of lust, love, and passion. Our life together is nothing short of blissful.—*Name and address withheld*

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© '98 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

TRUE CONFESSIONS

I spent half of my teenage life with a hard-on. The man who said it was too bad that youth was wasted on the young was right. I couldn't agree more. I just wish I had half of the sexual power I had then. Now that I have the girls, I don't have enough hard-ons to go around. In my teens the situation was reversed. Not only was I a kid with sex on the brain almost every waking hour, but I was an Irish-Catholic kid. I hated confessing my sins of lust and masturbation to Father O'Neill, who advised cold showers and prayer. These penances never worked. I just had to get laid!

My cousin Tom came to my rescue. Tom gave up being a Catholic because he liked sex too much. My parents warned me to stay away from him. I liked going to his place because he had all these sex magazines that I could jerk off to. He told me that it was natural and healthy for me to be interested in naked ladies and to want to pound my beef for satisfaction. Tom lived across from the parish church, so I felt even guiltier enjoying my evil life-style just steps away from Father O'Neill.

One day, Tom told me he had a surprise waiting for me in the closet. When I opened the door I found a nude woman standing there looking right at me! Tom laughed when I let out a scream of surprise. When I took a second look I realized that it was one of those rubber love dolls that are sold in porno stores. She had great big tits and a slit between her legs. As he placed her on his bed, Tom told me that it was time I lost my cherry.

I heard the church bells ringing across the street and saw people pour out of the church. A wedding had just taken place, and the bride and groom, along with dozens of family members, were gathered on the steps. Tom pulled out his cock and jerked on it. "Just look at that bride," he sighed. "Tonight that lucky bastard will screw her virgin pussy."

I paid no attention to him, I was more interested in screwing my virgin cock into this love doll. I knew she wasn't real, but it was a change of pace.

Tom told me to take off my clothes and get started. I did as I was told. He gave me a few instructions, and I was on top of the doll fucking my iron-hard dick into her phony cunt in no time. My head swam. I was in a frenzy of sexual heat. Her big tits were firm and smooth, and I could easily imagine myself actually fucking a real woman for the first time in my life.

My cousin stood next to me pulling on his prick while taking turns looking down at me, then across the street to where the wedding party had gathered together outside. Now and then he muttered something about the bride's unbroken cherry and what a lucky bastard the groom was.

I kept thrusting my pubescent prick into the doll's cunt, which was not only tight but grasping. It didn't take long for me to come. My juice spat out of my dick and into her gash. I let out a long, satisfied moan.

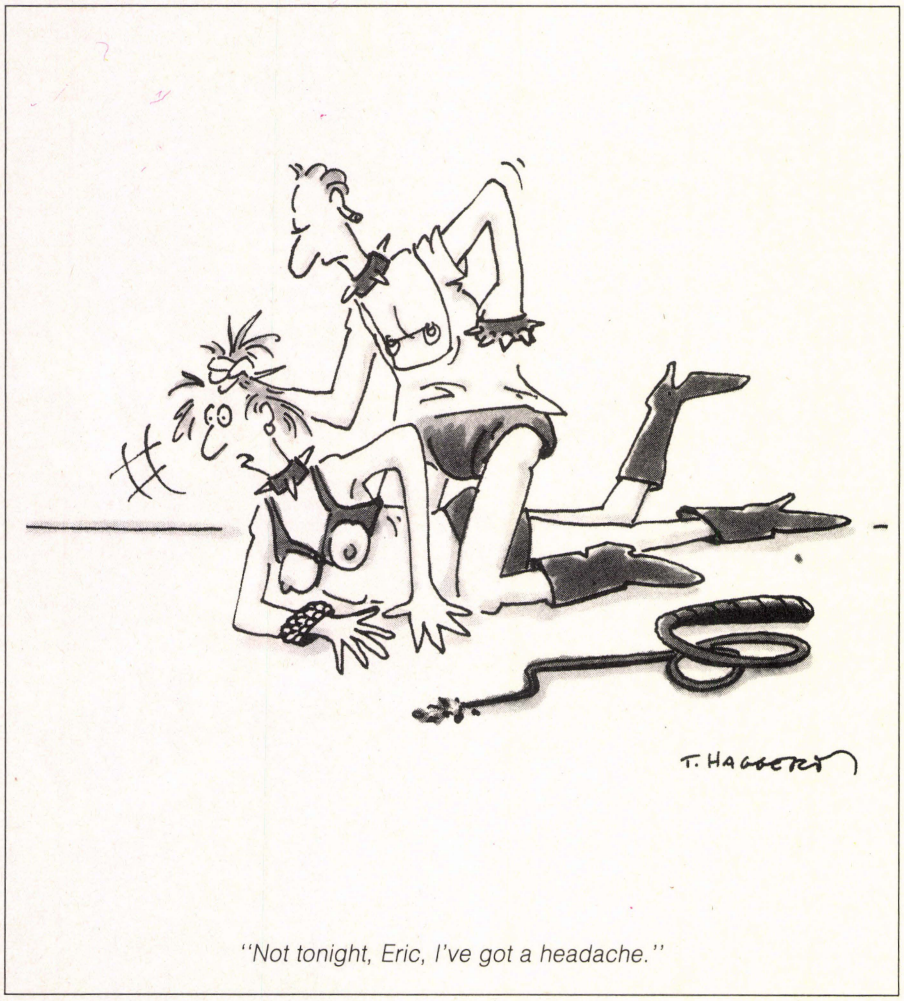
"Now suck her pussy," my cousin told me. "Suck your come out of it."

I couldn't refuse because, after all, he was letting me stretch my sexual wings by fucking his love doll. I pushed my face between the doll's legs and tasted my own load as I sucked. Tom then told me to suck the doll's tits. I brought my hungry mouth down on one of her scarlet nipples and chewed on it. Suddenly a rush of warm air passed over my lips and the doll shot past me and out the window! I had bitten a hole in the rubber tit and let out all the air!

I watched in amazement as the doll flew across the street and danced in the air above the wedding party. The people below looked up and shouted in horror at the naked woman who looked as if she was flying on her own power. After a few loops, she fell. The deflated doll draped itself over a flagpole.

The people in the wedding party started to chatter while the bride, in her virginal white, simply stared at it aghast.

To this day I haven't gone back to confession. As a matter of fact, I quit being a Catholic just like my cousin. How could I ever tell Father O'Neill about what I did?—*Name and address withheld*



"Not tonight, Eric, I've got a headache."

PICKUP LINE OF THE MONTH

Every man on the beach stopped dead in his tracks, hearts skipped a beat, waves stalled in midair, when she, a seraph of femininity and splendor, with light blond hair, a dark-tanned body, and perfectly rounded breasts, came strolling by. My two friends were as astounded as I was and wanted me to call her over. Being the good friend that I am, I did just that. During her hip-swaying walk to our blanket, I pulled out three hairs from my chest. When Miss Perfection arrived, I told her that the three strands in my hand were cunt hairs and that I wanted one of her pubes for my collection.

Instead of blushing, running off, or giving me a feminist lecture, she slowly moved her hand to the outer edge of her snatch. Erections swelled in silence. Our dicks nearly ripped through our trunks when she plucked one of her pubic strands and let out a soft breathy moan. She then handed the blond curl to me. I trembled as I reached for it. Once I had secured it in the palm of my hand, I sniffed its sacred aroma. Then she asked me to come over to her house that evening at 5:30, when her parents weren't around. She gave me her address, then left. I said so long to my friends, who were all in shock, and I left to prepare for my date.

When I arrived at her secluded suburban home I tried the doorbell but got no answer. So I walked around back, and I found her lying on a lawn chair, scantily dressed. I approached her, and she led me by the hand to a quiet spot underneath three large trees.

She began to kiss me passionately. I

fondled her breasts with a fervor, then wrestled her to the ground, where my hand, like a snake, made its way downward until it slipped under her panties. My hand, which was held tightly to her crotch by the elasticity of her panties, unfolded her luscious pussy lips. My middle finger drilled deep inside her and moved in a clockwise motion. It became almost unbearable for her as I sped up my finger's journey around her walls. I sensed an orgasm building inside her. At the very moment when she was about to explode, I rubbed the crotch of her panties between her pussy lips to create an even more glorious orgasm. When she came, she screamed at the top of her lungs.

After a moment's rest, she went after the bulge in my pants. After she unzipped me, she took my cock into her mouth and began to work on it with dynamite lip-and-tongue action. I was drowning in ecstasy. I came rather quickly and shot my hot load into her throat. The unexpected explosion nearly choked her, but she was able to recover and swallow every drop.

Once we were well acquainted, we quickly undressed. With my sharp tongue, I went right to work on her steaming twat. I lapped up her juices for what seemed like an eternity.

She told me to stop, then crawled on top of me and began moistening my penis with her spit. When it was fully drenched, she grabbed it by the base and jerked it up and down with lightning speed until it was rock hard again. She then asked me to fuck her. Instead of answering, I rolled on top of her, spread her legs wide, and buried my rod into her inviting cunt. Wildly, I shoved it in and out of her. She met each of my thrusts with raised hips. I pulled out before I ejaculated and unleashed my come all over her stomach and breasts. I watched as she rubbed the fluid into her pores as if it were suntan lotion. Despite the soreness of my dick and the ache in my back, we were able to fuck one more time that afternoon.

As fate would have it, I never learned the identity of this wild nymph. Two weeks later I was transferred 2,000 miles away, and I never saw her again.—*Name and address withheld*

CUISINE ART

Just like most readers of "Forum," I had doubts of ever writing in. My sex life has always been exciting, but recently I experienced something really spectacular.

My name is Rich, and I am a student at a large Midwestern university. One night, after a philosophy midterm, Mary Ann and Karen asked me and my friend Doug if we'd be interested in a little get-together. Naturally, we agreed and set up a time.

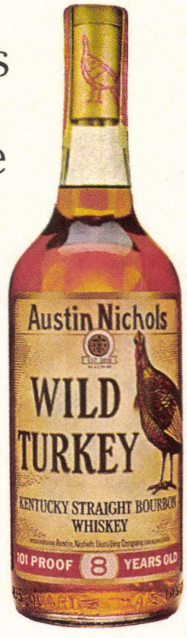
We arrived at the girls' apartment a little early and were greeted by Mary Ann, who was wearing only a robe. Mary Ann's the all-American type—athletic and sexy. Karen, the total bombshell of all time, was still in the shower, and Doug jokingly said he'd be glad to join her. To his surprise, a voice

For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18"x19", send $10, payable to "ANCO", Box 2817-P, NYC, 10163

Why It's Such A Rare Bird

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the greatest native whiskey in America–Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD

Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981

Sansui's all-new Midi System.

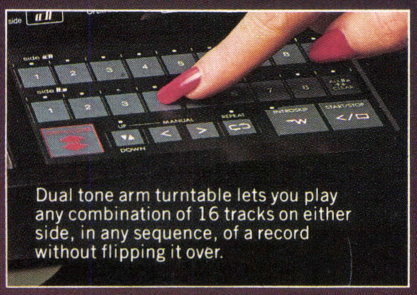
Fantastic! That's the word for Sansui's Midi ensemble. Never before has a music system offered so much pleasure in so little space—with so much ease of operation.

With exclusive One-touch Simul-switching that automatically stops one component and starts another, you can go from turntable-to tuner-to tape deck at the touch of a button.

The most intriguing component is our dual tone arm turntable that lets you play both sides of a record—without flipping it over!

And because man does not live by records alone, there's a dual cassette deck, AM/FM tuner, and a high-powered integrated amplifier with 5-band graphic equalizer for tailoring sound that's flat out beautiful.

Of course, all this sensational sound must come out somewhere. And there's no better outlet than a pair of super sounding Sansui speakers.



Dual tone arm turntable lets you play any combination of 16 tracks on either side, in any sequence, of a record without flipping it over.

There's also more to Sansui's Midi system than meets the ears. With exquisite looks to complement its incredible sound and features, it adds pleasure to your room on both levels.

You can choose from 3 magnificent Midi systems, and maximize your pleasure in a minimum of space. See your Sansui dealer today.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORPORATION, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071; Carson, CA 90746
Sansui Electric Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan

OVERWHELMING.

Undersized.

beckoned him from the steamy chamber. Doug was on his way in two seconds flat. Mary Ann and I casually kissed. After she felt the bulge in my jeans, she said it was time to move to the kitchen. As I followed her, she told me that people would be much better off if they had sex in the kitchen instead of the bedroom. It seemed that before the words even left her mouth, she had ripped off my shirt and jeans. I quickly relieved her of her robe to find a body that was as luscious as I had expected. She grabbed the door to the fridge and flung it open. "My arsenal of pleasure," she said. Not wanting to appear unimaginative, I reached in and took out a hard stick of butter, unwrapped it, and told her to bend over. She readily complied. After carving the edges a bit, I shoved the bar up her incredible ass. It slid in and fit perfectly. The heat of her bung hole melted the butter in no time, and my erect member was ready to fill the void. I entered her gorgeous anus, and after a few pumps I came while Mary Ann moaned in ecstasy.

Doug and Karen were out of the shower, and with perfect timing they entered the kitchen to see the last drops of come drip from my cock. Doug was ready, with his huge pecker erect and proud. Karen was hip to the idea of butter butt-fucking, and another stick of the edible lubricant bit the dust. Karen just couldn't take in all of Doug's monstrous rod and screamed in pain and pleasure as he tried to shove his two-pound salami into her one-pound bag. Seeing that it was useless, Doug finished her off with a doggy-style fuck.

Since that evening we have re-created the same scenario, using different foods and kitchen utensils for pleasure devices. Home cooking just can't compare with this gourmet feast. Who knows? Maybe someday we'll write a *real* sex cookbook.—*Name and address withheld*

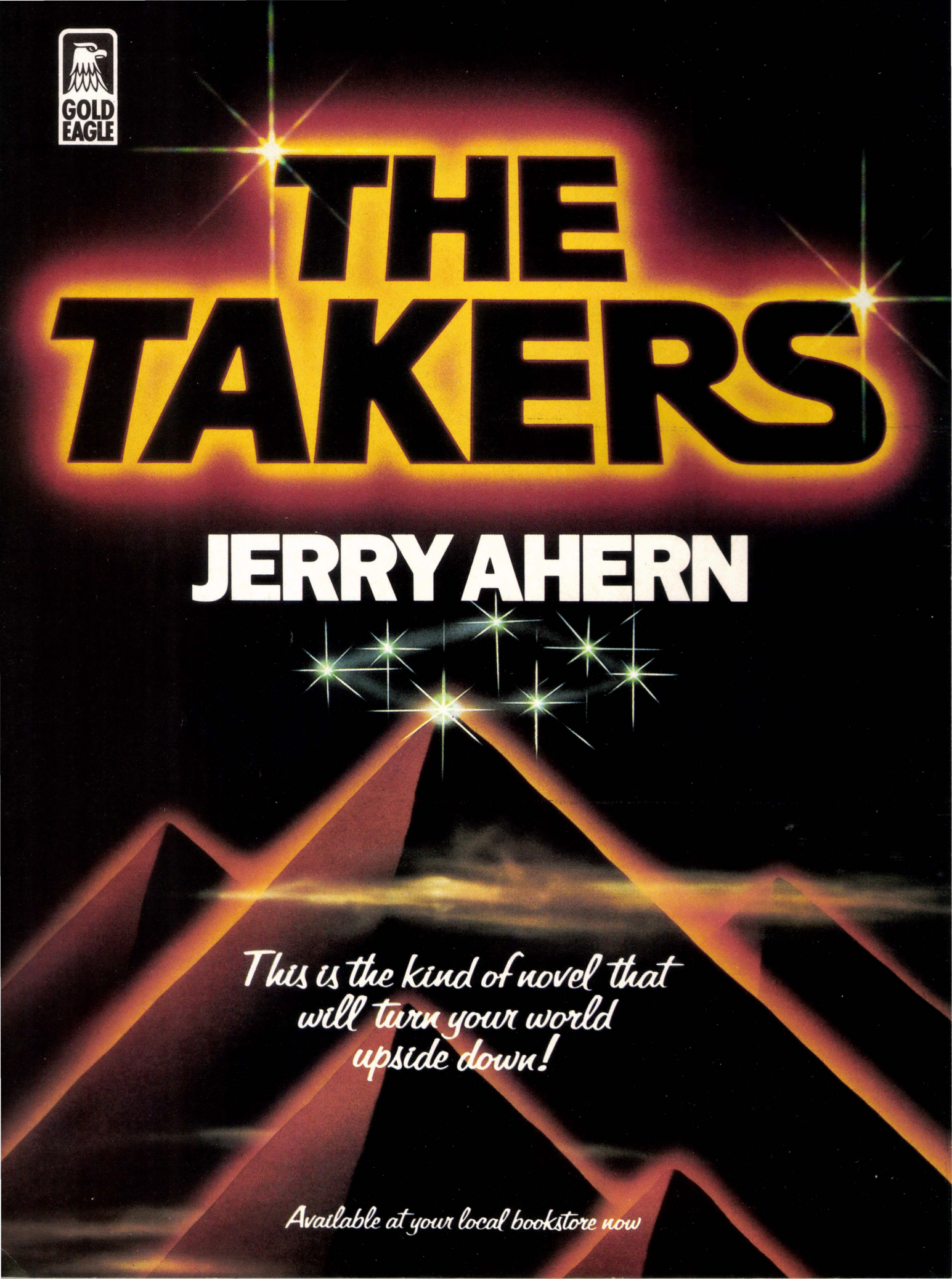
AN INVITING VIEW

My girlfriend is five feet nine inches tall, about 129 pounds, with rather large breasts, long lovely legs, and fair skin. She's a beauty by anyone's standards. She is also a business executive with brains and charm to boot!

One night two weeks ago when Pam was going down on me with her usual finesse and enthusiasm, I fantasized out loud about her making love to another man. To my surprise, she said she might do it, but only to please me. I reached down between her legs with my left hand and bathed my hand in her cunt juice that was literally dripping down her thighs. It looked as if the idea turned her on too.

Later that week, she told me to come by her place at 6:30 P.M. sharp—she would have a surprise waiting for me. I was shocked when, unannounced, I entered her living room and saw a bare-chested young man in a chair sitting with his back to me. He was staring intently at something in front of him, totally oblivious to my presence. What he was gaping at was my lady unzipping his trousers to free his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 207


GOLD EAGLE
THE TAKERS
JERRY AHERN
This is the kind of novel that will turn your world upside down!
Available at your local bookstore now

"When I noticed a wet spot coming through his slacks, I knew it was time to increase the torture."

WOMEN'S FORUM

STUD FARM

I would like to tell my fellow "Forum" fans about the most incredible birthday present I ever received. But first a bit about myself. I am a 27-year-old woman who loves to get fucked and adores sucking a nice cock. I'm five feet three inches tall, 110 pounds, with nice boobs and a great-looking ass. My husband, Rick, a real catch himself, is a great lover. Needless to say, we have a highly charged sex life.

Last month we traveled to Las Vegas to celebrate my birthday, with hopes of catching a few shows and doing a little gambling. On Saturday night, after a few drinks, Rick told me that he had a special surprise for me. The gleam in his eye told me that something exciting was afoot.

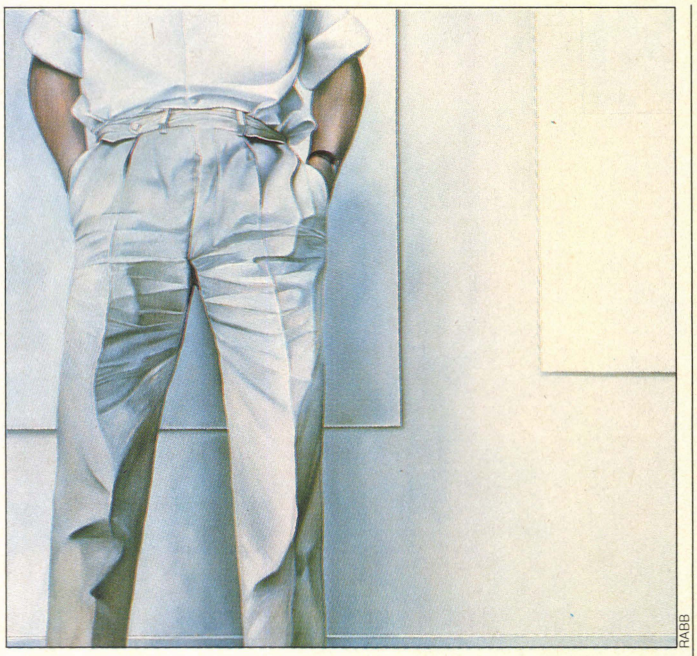
After driving out of town for about a half hour, he turned onto a dark, secluded road and pulled up to what looked like a guard shack. Inside was a security guard who, after making a phone call, directed us to go ahead. After traveling about a quarter of a mile, I saw what looked like a little community with lots of small cabins. Rick then informed me that we were going to a brothel. I was a little shocked (not to mention pissed off) and I asked him why he wanted a hooker.

Imagine my surprise when he told me that this was a "stallion ranch," with professional male studs to please women, and that I was about to get the birthday present of my life! He told me he had heard about the place over six months ago, and had saved enough money (about $500) for the "deluxe service"! I was shocked, very apprehensive, and asked Rick how he could let me do this without feeling jealous. He told me that we had a great sex life, that he was highly confident as a lover, and that he was very excited by the idea of me enjoying the skills of another man. Apparently a female coworker had given him rave reviews about the place. After Rick told me that we could turn back at any time if I got too nervous, I said, "What the hell, it sounds exciting."

When we entered the main house a beautiful woman in her mid-40s greeted us and introduced herself as Miss Donna, the "manager." Within moments a gorgeous girl, naked from the waist up, brought us some delicious cognac. As we sipped the cognac I began to loosen up quite a bit. Miss Donna welcomed me and told me that my every wish would be granted while I was there ($500 goes a long way!). And because they weren't busy, she said, I would have many men to choose from.

At that point she took out a large photograph album, handed it to me, and simply said: "All are exceptional lovers. Take your pick." I found out later that she had personally tested each of them and certified them for quality.

When I opened that book, my apprehensions quickly turned to lust. On every page there were at least five or six nude pictures each of the most gorgeous men I had ever seen! All had handsome faces, well-built bodies, and well-formed cocks. After 15 minutes of looking and lusting, and another cognac, I narrowed it down to two—a gorgeous black man with a beautiful long cock (I've always wanted a well-hung black stud) and a very handsome, tanned, white stud.



RABB

Rick, who looked quite excited himself, mentioned that the white guy's slightly smaller tool might provide more "variations." I agreed and made my choice accordingly. As Rick got up to leave, he told me to take as much time as I wanted. Miss Donna would call him at the hotel when I was finished. "Don't hold your breath waiting, honey," Miss Donna said. "Enjoy," Rick said, giving me a deep kiss. "And I want you to tell me all about it tomorrow."

After Miss Donna had escorted Rick out the door, a well-built young man, clad only in bikini briefs, came into the room. Taking my arm, he smiled sexily and said, "Please come with me." He led me outside and took me to a small cabin. The interior was nowhere near as rustic as the outside. There was a large bathtub, a redwood hot tub, a shower, a huge bed with a nice fur blanket, and a refrigerator stocked with champagne.

After pouring a glass of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222

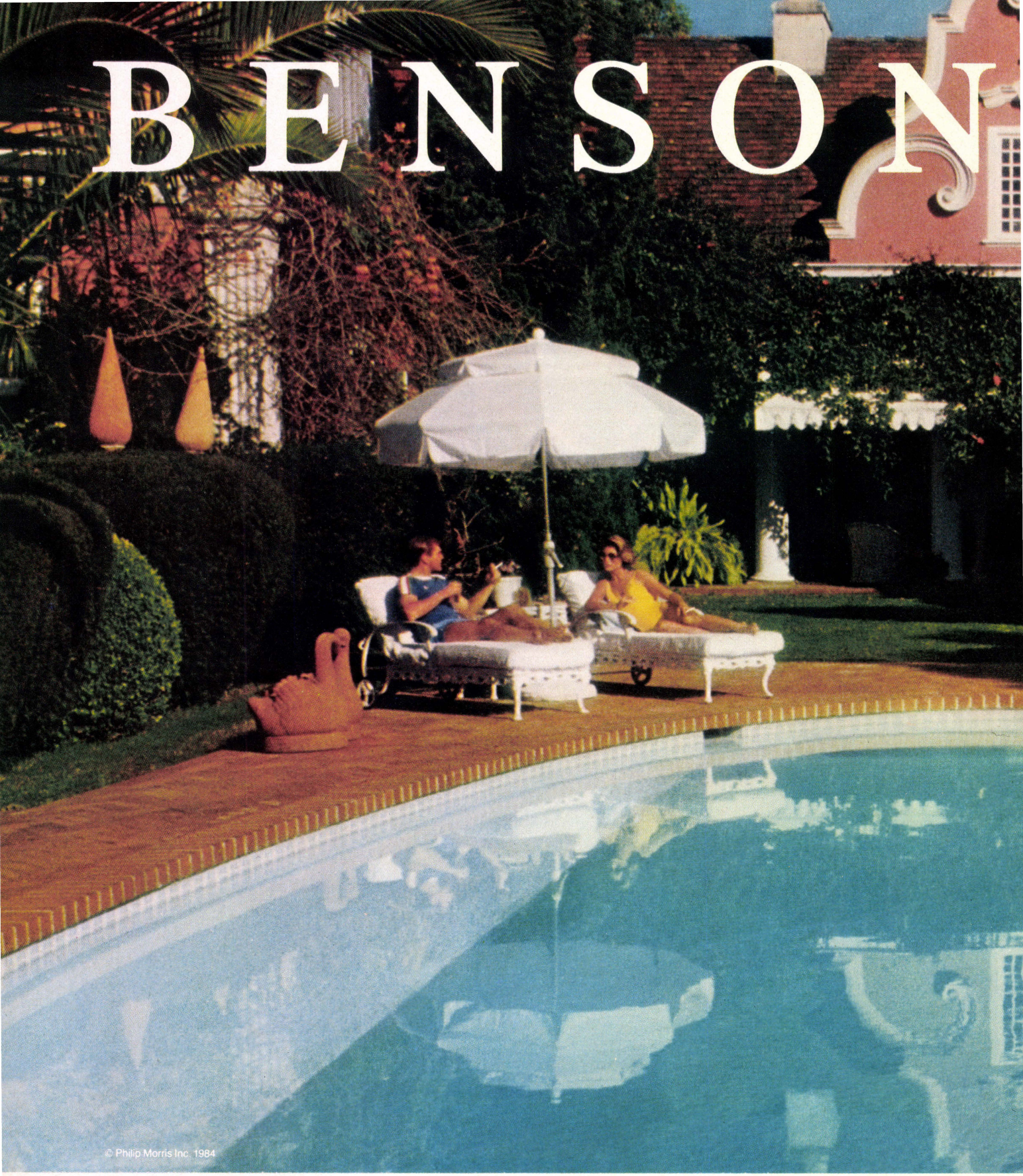
In WOMEN'S FORUM, female readers of *Penthouse* discuss their sexual interests, aspirations, and relationships. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Women's Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

dingo. a whole new walk of life.

Dingo® Who knows where boots with this kind of style can take you next? But when you're there, the world can see the man has arrived. Dingo. The right step in a very affordable direction.

dingo®

Acme Boot Co., Inc., P.O. Box 749, Clarksville, Tenn. 37041-0749. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc. Call toll-free 1-800-232-ACME. In Tenn. call 615-552-2000.



6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

& HEDGES

Deluxe Ultra Lights

The Deluxe 100.

Regular and Menthol.

"Not only are you completely beautiful, from your golden hair to the tips of your toes, you are also the most desirable girl in the world."

PET FORUM

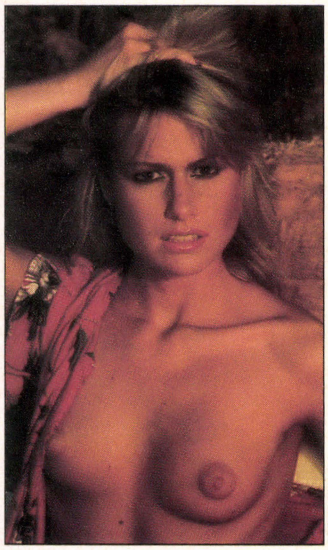
PET HANG-UP

I am an aviation electronics technician in the navy. I am aboard the carrier *Kittyhawk*. I read *Penthouse* every month and enjoy the articles, pictures, and many of the ads. I would like to know if it's possible to get personally autographed pictures of the models. There is one girl in particular I would really like to have an autographed picture of. She's advertising the *Penthouse* racing jacket in the October 1983 issue. I'd love to hang up an autographed picture of her in my locker aboard ship. Also, a letter from her would be a wish come true.—*Name and address withheld*

My name is Cody Carmack, and I am the model wearing the Penthouse

JOHN MUTH

Cody



STEVE WAYDA

Monika

racing jacket in the advertisement. You can see more of me in the May 1981 and January 1984 issues of Penthouse. *I was also fortunate enough to be the cover girl for the June 1983 issue. I will send you a personally autographed photo of myself to hang up in your ship locker if you promise me one thing. You see, I'm very claustrophobic, so the idea of being in a closed locker aboard ship really frightens me. So could you please take me out now and then . . . just for a little breather?*—Cody

IMMORTAL MONIKA

Dear Monika Schebesta,
After seeing your pictorial "Best of the West" in the January 1983 *Penthouse*, I feel compelled to write you. I want you to know that you are completely beautiful, from your golden hair down to the tips of your honey toes. You are, by far, the most desirable girl to appear in *Penthouse* in many months.

A mere mortal couldn't possibly be as beautiful as you; therefore, you must be a goddess. As a goddess, you should be placed on a high pedestal where men can worship you. Yes, it's true. You deserve to be worshipped.

Monika, I do indeed worship you. And to prove it, I will send you $100 if you answer this letter.—*Name and address withheld*

Thank you for your letter of praise. But only $100 for a letter from a goddess? Well, this is it. But instead of sending me the money, I'll accept proof of a contribution to the charity of your choice. I'm all for helping those who need a hand.—Monika

BLUE KNIGHTS

Dear Candice Starrek,
I enjoyed your "Birds of a Feather" pictorial [February 1984] very much. I work as a paramedic, and we have numerous magazines at the station, but few of them are as captivating as this issue—thanks to your pictorial!

I have a fantasy. (We all imagine things we wish would happen.) Mine involves a beautiful young lady, such as you, getting hurt. Nothing harmful, of course. For example, while taking a bubble bath and playing footsie with the faucet, your big toe gets stuck in the spout. I am the lucky paramedic called to your rescue. Do you have fantasies about young men in blue? Maybe we can work something out.—*Name and address withheld*

Of course I have fantasies about men in blue (and out of blue, too). And I'm sure I can arrange to have my toe stuck in the bathtub faucet. But please tell me how to reach you. Are all the men at your station house in blue? Please send me a photograph including your most distinguishing features, just

JOHN COPELAND

Candice

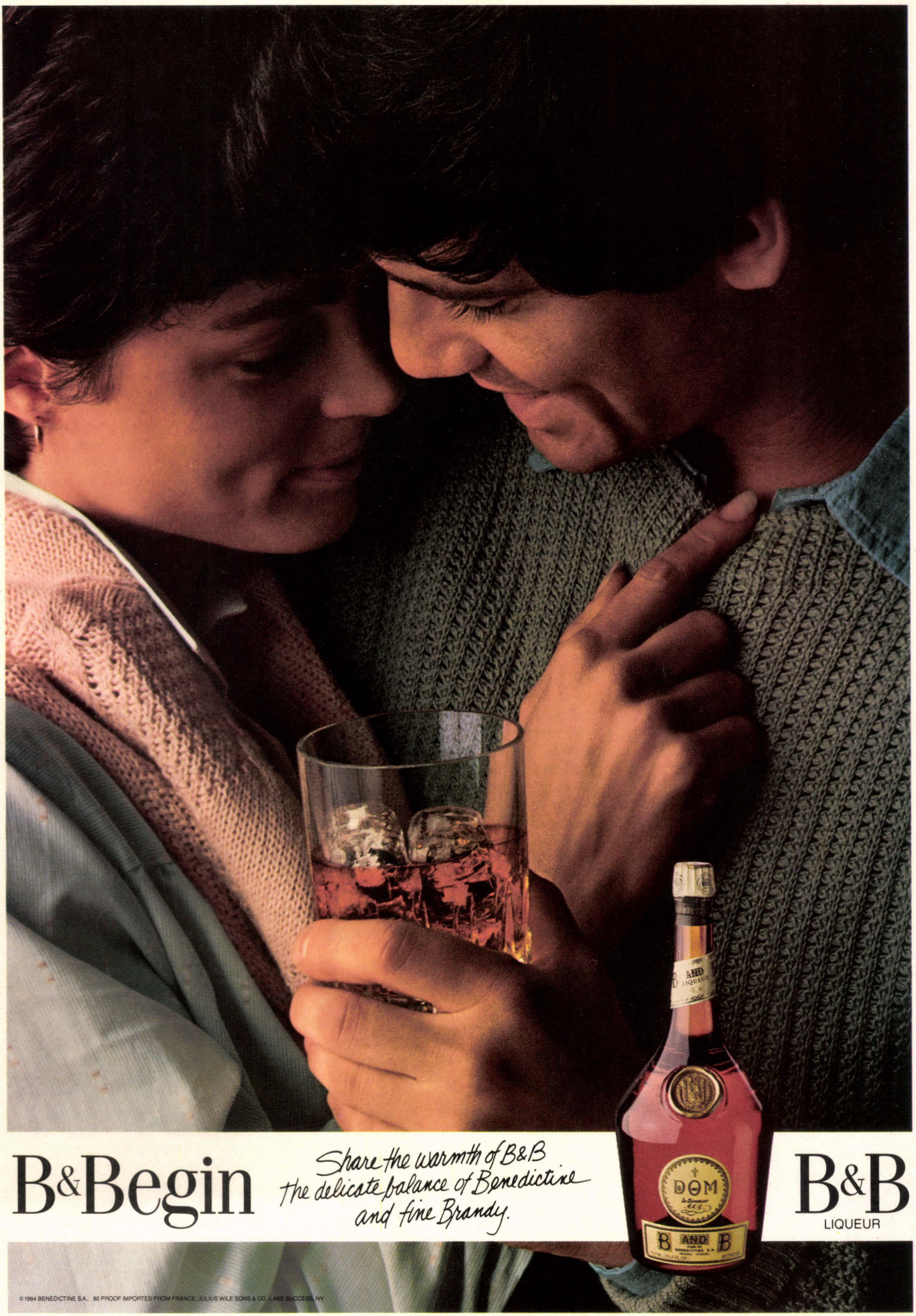
so I'll know it's you. After all, you've seen all of my distinguishing features.—Candice

HOLLY-O KUDOS

What can we say? The artistry of J. Stephen Hicks combined with the charisma of Holly-O [May 1984] leaves us short of breath.

Your magazine gets my wife and me hotter and hotter with each issue. What class, *Penthouse!*—*J.T. Manning, Boulder, Colo.*

PET FORUM
In which our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.


B&Begin
Share the warmth of B&B
the delicate balance of Benedictine
and fine Brandy.
DOM
B AND B
B&B
LIQUEUR
©1984 BENEDICTINE S.A., 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE, JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., LAKE SUCCESS, NY

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

DO MEN HAVE RIGHTS?
With interest I read Sidney Siller's June 1984 "Men's Rights" column. Mr. Siller made reference to New York State court decisions to imprison husbands for nonpayment of child support.

This struck me as ironic. I have a sister residing in New York who has not been able to collect court-ordered, child-support payments for more than seven years. During this time, her ex-husband has run free. She has taken him back to court a number of times, but the courts seem to lack the backbone to do anything about it. Because of this situation, she is forced to live at poverty level, choosing to work for minimum wage rather than go on welfare.—*Name withheld, Fort Worth, Tex.*

Sidney Siller replies:
There has to be a lot more about your sister's case that either you are not aware of or are not telling us about.

Your ex-brother-in-law was born free, wasn't he? If he has not violated any law, judgment, or order, you can assume he has the right to "run free."

Remember, New York State is the toughest state in the nation (except for New Jersey) on men who have the money but refuse to pay child support.

Your sister's best bet is to retain a lawyer, which is one thing she probably does not want to do.

Since its inception, I have followed Sidney Siller's "Men's Rights" column closely. I have long felt there was a need to educate men on a large-scale basis.

In the June 1984 issue, however, I found for the first time a slight tarnish on the shield of Mr. Siller's splendid leadership. This article is inaccurate in that it leads one to believe there is still a "debtors' prison." This kind of erroneous reporting is exactly what the detractors of the men's movement are sure to pounce upon and ridicule.

Although men *are* being put in jail for nonpayment of alimony or child support, it's most important for men to understand how this can happen. Surely, there is no debtors' prison since that was declared unconstitutional years ago. But men can and are being put in jail for contempt of court.

In order for a man to be jailed, there must be *willful disobedience* of a court order. Then the judge can jail the sucker. Statements that reflect wounded pride or hurt—for example, "I'll be damned if I'll pay her a cent"—constitute, in the eyes of many judges, all the "willful disobedience" they need.

In cases where the arrearage of alimony or child support add up to a sizable sum, and if there are large equity sums in jointly held property, it would be reasonable for a man to allow the courts to file a "judgment" against his portion of the equity, and when the equity is sold, his share would be paid to his wife. If the aforementioned took place, the court's decision would be handed down in the form of a "judgment," thereby creating a "debt" for which the man's opposing attorney (the wife's) could do nothing about.

Mr. Siller's article fell far short in clearly explaining this to many of your readers.

Furthermore, Mr. Siller could have gone a greater distance by pointing out the fact that the current practice of the courts of chancery, which handle most divorce matters, is nothing more than "legalized extortion" mandated by, inflicted by, and enforced by the courts.

The judges know damn well that the inside of a jail cell is not where a decent man wants to find himself. They willfully use terrorist tactics against men in order to get money from them. If a man doesn't pay or insists he doesn't have the money, the attitude of the courts is that this man, whether truthful or not, is guilty of the instant-poverty syndrome. So the quickest way to get the money is to put him in jail. This way, when mother, father, sister, brother, or some other loved one comes up with the court-ordered amount, the courts *never* accept payment from them. This would only strengthen the case of extortion. No, the money must be given to the man, and then he must pay it to the court.

Where I live, Fridays are referred to by attorneys as "pay-for-stay" days. These are the days when the courts hear motions by the wife's attorney concerning the collection of back alimony or child-support payments.

Feedback is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

High Tech vs. High Fashion

If you've been wrestling with a decision whether to buy a high tech watch or a high fashion watch—you can relax. Casio, the world leader in digital watches, has just introduced a line of watches that combines high tech with high fashion. A line of men's and women's watches, behind whose timeless, classical faces hum the latest in quartz movements.

The men's watches, besides their hands, have a digital readout that can be set separately—handy for time-telling in two zones. It also gives you the month, date and day, as well as stopwatch and alarm functions.

What's more, several of our men's watches—like the one on the left in the photo above—are guaranteed to function underwater—to a depth of 150 feet.

Our selection of women's watches is wide, elegantly thin and all are as stunningly accurate as they are good looking.

But the most amazing ability these watches have—both men's and women's—is their affordability.

If we've made your decision of which watch to buy any easier, we're glad. But now comes an even harder one: Which Casio?

CASIO®

Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Timepiece Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 575-7400, Los Angeles (213) 803-3411.

Having once been threatened by a judge, my attorney told me, "The key to the jail cell is in your pocket." To keep from going to jail that day, I sold the watch on my wrist to a guard in the hallway. Though the sum of money was much less than the arrears, it was enough to keep me out of the tank for that day.

There is no class that instructs men how to prepare for divorce. It is of the utmost urgency that articles such as Mr. Siller's strive to remain on target and present an accurate picture of all the aspects of divorce. I have had experience writing about divorce for a local magazine, and in doing my research (aside from my own personal experience) I have seen the shocking division among men in matters of divorce. Unifying these men is imperative to the success of the men's-rights movement; they must be educated and this education must be flawless and understandable.

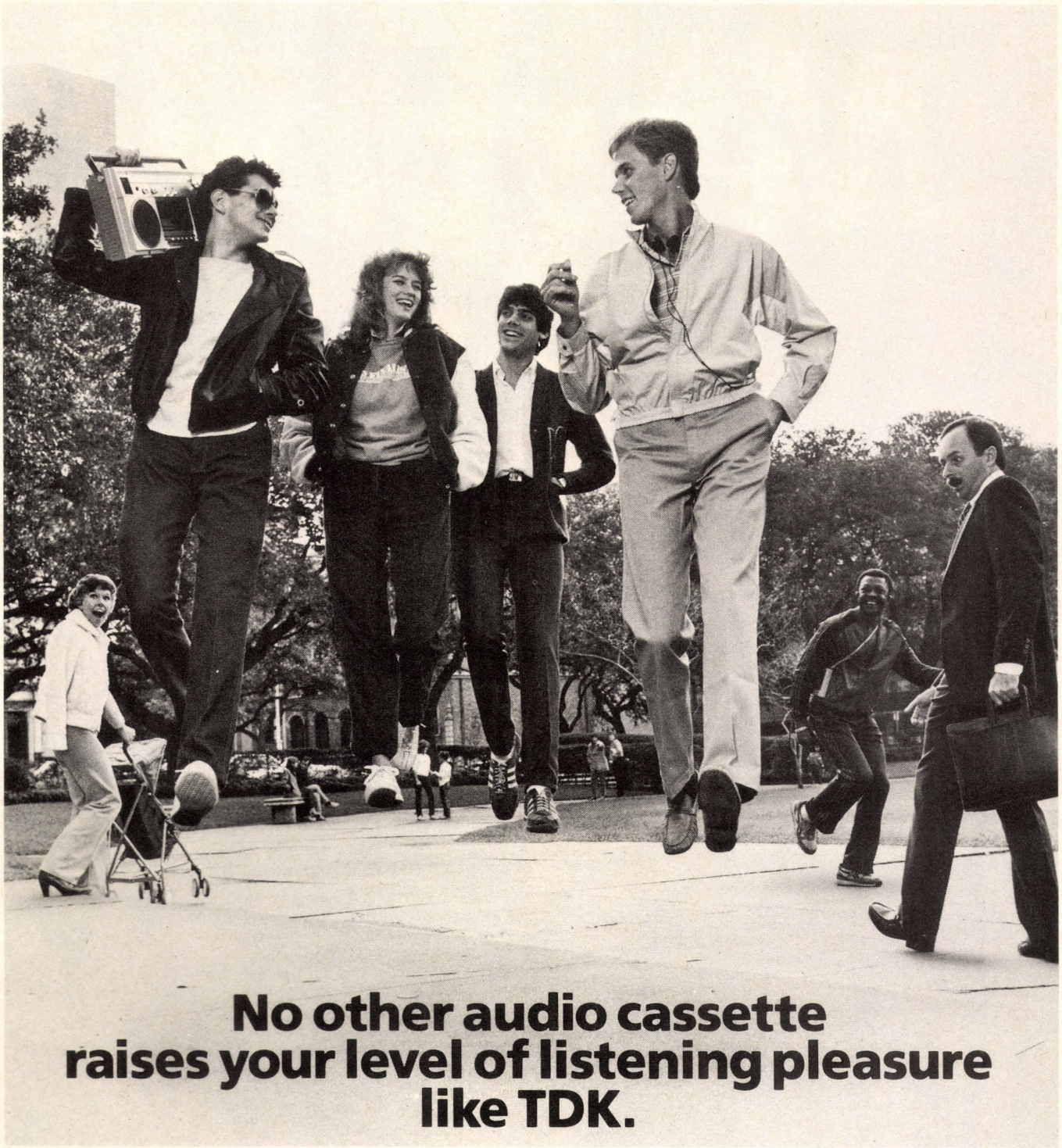
It is important to remember that women, with all their powers in and out of the bedroom, are a formidable enough foe. Let us not be further divided by confusion, ignorance, and inaccurate publications.—*Nick Monte, Edison, N.J.*

Sidney Siller replies:

You obviously agree with me, but you're mistaken in thinking that I did not expand my reasoning far enough to make my most basic point clear. You should understand that I view alimony jail as an unconstitutional weapon in the arsenal of the judiciary. This weapon is for the sole benefit of the wife, when and if the court hears a contempt proceeding. A civil contempt in the domestic courts, when applied to alimony and child support, is a legal fiction. The penalty of imprisonment is for failing to obey the court's order, not for owing money, even though the fine for purging the contempt citation is the amount of the alimony arrears.

I recognize and applaud your zeal in opposing the antiquated and evil method of jailing men for alimony based on contempt of court. In 1973, the members of the National Committee for Fair Divorce Laws and I were successful in forcing former mayor John Lindsay to close the alimony jail in New York City due to the unfavorable conditions in the facility. It took us eight years to accomplish this and the fight is not over. The National Organization for Men is supporting a constitutional amendment to bar the courts from abusing their contempt powers. Why not join us? We need everyone!

I am writing in response to the open letter written by Sidney Siller to Congressman Mario Biaggi, which appeared in the January "Men's Rights" column. The subject of visitation rights and the great injustices being forced on men is a subject very near and dear to my heart. My daughter was "stolen" from me ten years ago by my ex-wife. Even though the courts awarded me specific visitation rights, my daughter has



No other audio cassette raises your level of listening pleasure like TDK.

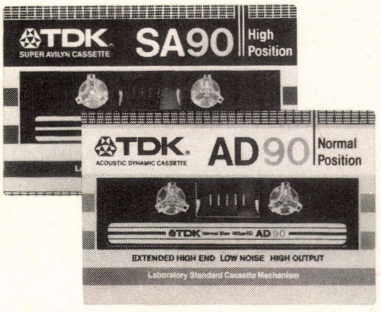
Give your day an extra lift with the finest music reproduction you can get in an audio cassette.

TDK's higher MOL, lower distortion and wider dynamic range, give more brilliance, more dimension and more excitement to your music. Play after play.

With a choice of D or AD normal-bias, or SA high-bias cassettes, TDK assures you of reaching new heights of enjoyment for all your favorite music styles.

And whether you listen at home, at work, or on the road, our full lifetime warranty is your assurance that TDK will never let you down.

So hear the difference and experience a new level of listening pleasure that only TDK can give you.



TDK®

Don't just tape it. TDK it.

©1984 TDK Electronics Corp.

Newport's

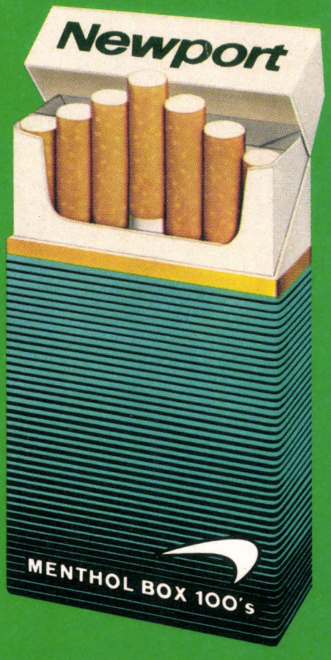
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984

Newest

Box 100's



Alive with pleasure!

never stepped foot in my house.

I would like to ask Congressman Biaggi some questions. First, what good are laws if our legal system does not enforce them? Second, why do judges hand down court orders if people do not have to obey them? Finally, Congressman Biaggi, when the judge orders me to pay child support and orders my ex-wife to allow me eight weeks per year of visitation, which court order is it legal to disregard?

Somehow, various legislators and women's-rights groups have developed the idea that child support and visitation rights have nothing in common. They would like to treat these two subjects on different levels. The truth is that child support and visitation rights are just about the only two "rights" that fathers receive after divorce. Mothers, on the other hand, get the sons, daughters, child-support payments, and determine, finally, the "actual" visitation rights. When the father finds that he does not receive his "court-ordered" visitation rights, child-support payments are his only means of influencing the situation. Support payments become bargaining tools.

Is it too much to ask that the same system being used to "track down" delinquent fathers be used to "track down" mothers who have deliberately withheld visitation rights from the fathers?

I often wonder what motivates people like Congressman Biaggi to crusade against delinquent fathers. Is it the welfare of the children that they have in mind? Or of the mothers perhaps? Maybe they see this as a way to save government welfare money. If this crusade is on behalf of the children, the crusaders should look to a child's best interests. Establishing and maintaining a healthy relationship with the father should rank pretty high on the list of a child's best interests.

It's time for men to unite to protect their parental rights and the rights of their children. The beauty of the problem is that men of all colors and walks of life find themselves in the same boat. Race is no barrier. If a lobby group is needed to enact legislation to assure these rights, then so be it. If a movement isn't started soon, we may find the FBI, CIA, state, county, and local officials—and who knows what other agency—jumping on the bandwagon against fathers. You may laugh, but a women's group has just suggested to the Minnesota legislature that all hunting, fishing, and driver's licenses be withheld from those fathers who are behind in their support payments.

I applaud Sidney Siller and *Penthouse* for providing a forum where men can express their concerns regarding men's rights.—*Barry G. Rogers, Faribault, Minn.*

MEDIA CRUCIFICTION

I enjoyed and thoroughly agreed with Roy M. Cohn's article "Why the Press Hates Reagan" ["Advise & Dissent"] that appeared in the May 1984 issue. It's high time that attention was drawn to the political leanings of the media morons and their constant attempts to crucify anyone who's political stand is to the right of comrade George McGovern. The fact that 85 percent of these sorry people voted for McGovern in 1972, an election in which he carried only one state, while less than 5 percent voted for President Reagan in 1980, clearly illustrates how far out of the American mainstream these people really are.

When they constantly harp on the real or imagined shortcomings of the Reagan administration, play down the economic recovery, and slobber over the Ted Kennedys of the world, it's sickening. Not to mention their indifference to the atrocities perpetrated by the Marxist thugs in Central America, the Soviets in Afghanistan, and the PLO in the Middle East. Centrist and conservative candidates are shit on by these far-left journalists, while liberal politicians and leftist causes get positive press—even slanted docudramas—which Mr. Cohn so correctly calls "hoary left-wing propaganda." Thank you, Mr. Cohn and *Penthouse,* for a fine article.—*Name and address withheld*

Roy M. Cohn's "Why the Press Hates Reagan" ["Advise & Dissent"] was very timely and much needed. For years the media has been pro-radical, pro-democratic, and pro-unfair to all Republicans. Don't get me wrong; I'm not one of those born-again Christians who are blind to the faults of Republicans, but Cohn hit the proverbial nail on the head.—*James R. Deth, Indianapolis, Ind.*

Is the news media as leftist as Roy M. Cohn alleges in his article "Why the Press Hates Reagan" [Advise & Dissent"]? It is hardly in its interests to question the established relationships of power. Is the media really out to sabotage a president simply because he is a conservative who believes in God and country? What would the media gain in such a pursuit? If it were simply gratification of inherent "bleeding heart" tendencies, how can media scorn for Jimmy Carter be explained?

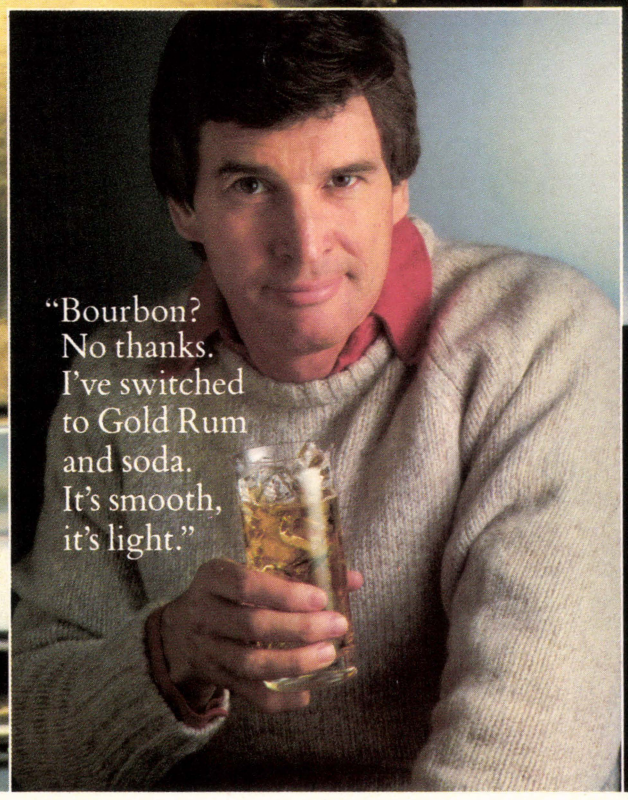
The real goal of the news media is to foster superficial controversy—as Mr. Cohn's article does. This sells newspapers and increases advertising revenues. Such controversy rarely seeks to undermine established relationships of power that are the bases of our society—that would mean attacking those same people the media depends on and of which it is very much a part. A glance at the advertising in any major publication clearly spells out the extent of the news media's commitment to the current structures of power. Mr. Cohn does well to challenge the influential new media, but unfortunately his attack only grazes the surface of this significant issue.—*David Wylie, New Haven, Conn.*

This isn't just an answering machine, it's also a true touch-tone phone that remembers up to 9 of your most important numbers. And then dials them for you. The TCD-40P also comes with dual cassettes for incoming and outgoing calls. There's even remote capability, so you'll get your messages no matter where you are.

What's the right answering machine for you? The answer is Toshiba.

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

Gold Rum. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.



People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. Because it has the lightness people prefer today. Because it's so mixable.

You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum.

THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

KIDS WHO KILL

Michael Disend's facile evaluation of Idaho's Youth Services Center ["Kids Who Kill," May 1984] does a great disservice to YSC staff members and juvenile caseworkers throughout the state. It's doubtful that any juvenile rehabilitation facility operates without problems, but the YSC program is far better than Mr. Disend implies (an assertion based on information far more current than the 1974 study Mr. Disend quotes). The following are some of the errors in the article:

1. The YSC census has remained at about 100 for nearly a year now, not 150 as stated in the article, thanks in part to a statewide effort by caseworkers to place juveniles in community-based programs.

2. The 1978 rules governing YSC have been repealed, with more flexible internal policies substituted to allow staff members to respond to the individual concerns and circumstances.

3. Instead of ignoring (as the article implies) a citizens' committee recommendation that YSC be studied further, the department director asked the statewide Idaho Youth Commission to undertake an independent, objective evaluation of the YSC program. The commission selected its own expert consultants with no department intervention. Jack Kaper, the caseworker quoted (but not interviewed) by Mr. Disend, supervises less than five juveniles at YSC, not 100.—*Lindy High, Public Information Officer, Department of Health and Welfare, Boise, Idaho*

Michael Disend replies:

Your bureaucratic soft-shoe routine is callous and disgusting. I notice you don't say anything about the boys and girls at YSC who are forced to stand facing a wall 10 to 12 hours a day for up to 60 days. How come you don't deny that children were handcuffed to bunk beds in dark, filthy isolation cells? Or that youngsters were forced to kneel while being spoon-fed by fellow residents, or that they were purposely harassed by name-calling and threats of physical violence? You avoid these issues entirely because you know that they're true. It's your job to put a good face on that repellent juvenile prison. Some people will do anything for a paycheck even if it prolongs the suffering of children.

After reading Michael Disend's article "Kids Who Kill" in the May 1984 issue of *Penthouse*, I felt compelled to write in to express a view of juvenile crime that you neglected to mention.

At present, I am serving two consecutive life sentences in Delaware's largest adult prison. I am 23 years old. At the age of 16 I was arrested and charged with the felony murder of two people.

One month before my arrest, Delaware enacted its new death penalty, which the authorities were anxious to apply to my case.

I was found nonamenable to family court and tried as an adult. I accepted a plea to avoid a possible death sentence. On my eighteenth birthday I was transferred from the juvenile correction facility to this adult prison to serve out my sentence.

In Delaware, as in probably many other states, there are no alternatives for youth offenders. At the age of 18 it's off to the penitentiary.

At this age we are most vulnerable to physical and verbal abuse from hard-core convicts, and we also are forced to grow up in a place filled with hate, anxiety, loneliness, fear, and most of all, revenge. I get frightened when I think of how this will affect me once I am free. They will release me someday and then it won't be the government's problem anymore, it will be society's. Being conditioned by prison life has changed a lot of my morals and values. Yet, I am expected to return to society with law-abiding ideas. If I have to carry a shark in here to survive, what will I need when I'm out?

Even though I concede that my crime was vile and violent, I don't deserve what I have now. But I have no choice. I must live by their rules. I am afraid how this place will affect me when I finally gain my freedom.—*Steven Alan White, Delaware Correction Center, Smyrna, Del.*

Michael Disend's article "Kids Who Kill" in the May 1984 issue confirms feminist Germaine Greer's theory in her new book *Sex & Destiny:* The Western world does not like children.

However, Disend's description of the appalling conditions and methods of treatment of juvenile delinquents in the U.S. justice system should shake up even the most insensitive citizens. America, champion of human rights, makes a mockery of the intelligence of spiritually enlightened people all over the world. How is it possible for a supposedly Christian nation to allow such horrifying institutions to prevail at this point in time? After all, we are not living in the Middle Ages!

Mr. Disend obviously did extensive work on his article. But in his search for truth, he neglected to investigate the important work of criminologist Alexander Schauss, M.A., and Dr. Barbara Reed, chief probation officer of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, and others who believe that there is a definite link between a diet of junk food and criminal behavior. Schauss is the author of *Diet, Crime and Delinquency,* and Reed wrote *Food, Teens and Behavior.*

The unwholesome diet that is high in sugar and served to youngsters at Spofford Juvenile Center in New York is the key to their aggressive, antisocial behavior. Michael Disend's feeling that the diet is "curious" should further compel him to research effective results of progressive American institutions that have achieved success using nutritional-therapy programs.—*S. Liebhart-Williams, Kingston, Ontario, Canada*

INFORMATION FOR VETS

I would like to commend Associate Editor Karen Schwarz on her enlightening "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" article on post-traumatic-stress disorders [May 1984]. As a Vietnam veteran interested in the statistics of incarcerated vets suffering from psychological disorders that are directly related to their service in Vietnam, I found the piece both enlightening and informative. Thank you very much.—*Jackie E. Goldsmith, Huntsville, Tex.*

I read with interest the May 1984 "Vietnam Veteran's Adviser" by Karen Schwarz concerning therapeutic prison "rap" sessions for veterans of the Vietnam War. The information in your article was especially timely and relevant to me. I am serving a life sentence at the California Institution for Women at Frontera, California, and together with other women who are serving life sentences for murder, I have been attempting to gather information and obtain approval for initiating a pilot therapy program inside this prison for inmates and veterans. Your article was most helpful and encouraging to all concerned. Thank you *Penthouse,* for publishing this article. It's refreshing to find an international publication concerned with this important and compelling issue.—*Jeri Becker, Frontera, Calif.*

CATALOGS U.S.A.SM

Your Shopping Guide for Home and Fashion

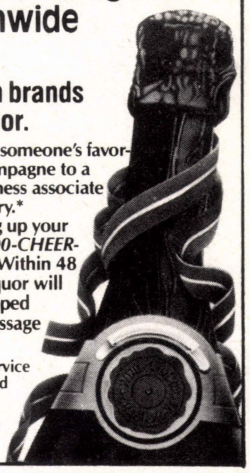
Here's our selection from some of America's most notable catalogues. Choose from a spectacular variety of items. Order now from the coupon at the bottom of the page, and the catalogues will be sent to you directly by the companies offering them.

Mellow Mail

1. Join over 200,000 satisfied customers nationwide who love shopping (& laughing) with the upbeat *Mellow Mail Catalogs*—aimed at the adventurous and young of spirit. Hundreds of original & funny T-shirts, sensuous lingerie, sexy swimwear, men's underwear, mood music, outrageous calendars, smoking accessories, electronics, exotic gifts & much more. There is no one quite like Mellow Mail. Enjoy! For our latest full color catalog, send $1.00.

Now you can send a gift of liquor nationwide by phone.

Over 30 premium brands of wine and liquor.



2. Give a unique gift of someone's favorite liquor, wine or champagne to a friend, relative or business associate anywhere in the country.*

It's as easy as picking up your phone and dialing *1-800-CHEER-UP* (1-800-243-3787). Within 48 hours,** your gift of liquor will be delivered, gift-wrapped with your personal message included.

Nationwide Gift Liquor Service
Major credit cards accepted
Catalog with seasonal updates, $1.00
*except where prohibited
**in most areas

3. Victoria's Secret. A romantic catalogue collection of affordable luxuries. Gowns, kimonos, silk stockings, fashion pantyhose, French bras and bikinis, camisoles, tap pants, teddies, nightshirts . . . and much, much more. Send for one year's subscription. $3.00.

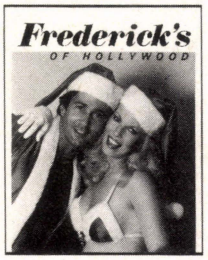
Jean Marie's

4. From today's contemporary waterpipes to the fine hand-crafted meerschaum pipes of Turkey, this catalog is designed to provide the adult smoker with a wide assortment of contemporary smoking and snuff articles. Also featured are tobaccos, natural tobaccos, snuffs, and contemporary lifestyle gifts from the international marketplace. You'll enjoy browsing through thousands of unique and hard-to-find smoking and snuff accessories in this full color catalog. $1.00.

BEDROOM FANTASIES

5. An enticing collection of lingerie. We are adventurous, bold, flirtatious, intriguing. We are charming and exotic. We are all innocence or provocative, sophisticated. We are all these things and more. Full color. Live the Fantasy. One year's subscription $3.00.

Frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD



6. Share a Gift of Love and Celebrate the Romance. Get the Frederick's of Hollywood fashion catalog. It's filled with loads of holiday magic designed to put a twinkle in your man's eye. Adorable dresses, luscious lingerie, flirty sportswear, uplifting foundations, sensational shoes and fun fashions for him too. Plus great gift ideas and much more.
Start Celebrating Now! Send $2 for 6 Issues.

Send coupon to: CATALOGS U.S.A., Dept. PH984, P.O. Box 460, Stony Point, New York 10980

CATALOGS U.S.A.SM Your Shopping Guide

Offer expires October 4, 1984

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose a check or M.O. for the total, including a $1.00 mailing charge. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

___1. Mellow Mail ($1)
___2. Nationwide Gift Liquor Service ($1)
___3. Victoria's Secret ($3)
___4. Jean Marie's ($1)
___5. Bedroom Fantasies ($3)
___6. Frederick's ($2)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

total cost of catalogs ordered $_____
ADD $1.00 MAILING CHARGE $ $1.00
Total Enclosed $_____

Make check or money order payable to: CATALOGS U.S.A. No cash or stamps please.

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Catalogs U.S.A. pages, contact Stanley I. Fishel, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 350-1800.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

For a while, a long while, Americans have been profoundly uncomfortable with the idea of power—not just with power in the national sense, but with the whole notion of *personal* power.

A look at the best-seller list is a good way of finding out what the country is thinking, or at any rate what it's *looking* for. In the late sixties and seventies, people were reading books that told them how to be happy—"I'm OK. You're OK." The gurus were mellow cheerleaders of the libido, hacking away at guilt. In the eighties, the dominating theme of the best-seller list is how to get rich and keep your money, despite taxes and inflation.

In my own modest way, I have been able to gauge the change. My first big best-seller was *Power: How to Get It, How to Use It,* which soared to No. 1, and in the process made me something of a national celebrity. Then, as the nation took a sudden left turn onto the Yellow Brick Road, people suddenly didn't want to *hear* about power. It was a bad word. In the future, it was believed, decisions would be made collectively; power would return to the people; no more teachers, no more books. In the past few years, however, *Power* has begun to sell briskly again, and to a whole new generation. Now when I give a speech or a lecture, power is what everybody wants to hear about.

Oddly enough, one of the best definitions of power comes from the title of a famous essay by Lenin. In Russian, it reads, *Kto Komu?* or "Who—to whom?" but it can be expanded to mean "Who does what to whom?" which is the basic question in everything that involves the use of power. Put simply, power is *doing,* as opposed to *being done to;* determining the outcome of events, as opposed to having it forced on you, or letting it come about by accident; taking charge, instead of being taken.

While Lord Acton's equally famous dictum, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely," remains true, it is evident that *lack* of power is worse. Without some degree of power, we become, in fact, impotent.

Hence, it's not enough to *seek* power, or even to *have* it: You have to know how to *use* it.

There are several golden rules to follow in the healthy use of power in daily life. Rule No. 1, perhaps the most important, is never to get into battles you can't win. Power is a state of mind. If the people around you think you're powerful, then you *are.* Let us assume that you're the head of a department. Your power over the people who report to you is directly related to the belief that you can enforce your will over theirs. Unless you're sure you can, it is unwise to allow this to be put to the test. To give someone an order when there's a good chance they won't obey (and that you may not be able to do anything about it) is the best way to lose power overnight. Act only when you're *sure* of winning.

Rule No. 2 is that power works both ways. You have to *deliver* for those who acknowledge your power. If you can't get your staff the raises they expect (or that you've given them to understand they can expect), they will no longer think of you as powerful. Power is a two-way street, not a single-lane highway.

Rule No. 3 is that power should be *enjoyed,* not used as a club to terrorize people. The reason for wanting power is that it gives you the right to make choices and decisions, instead of having them made for you. Power should be creative, directed toward some purpose, never an end in itself.

But the basic thing to remember is that power is something you *assume.* You *take* it. It cannot be given to you. To be powerful you don't have to look like John Wayne, or raise your voice, or go around looking for a fight. You *do* have to look as if you know what you want and aren't afraid of going after it. You have to project a willingness to take on responsibility, not only for your own actions but also for other people's. You have to show, in the way you act, dress, speak, and deal with the world, that you belong with those who have authority, not with those who are afraid of it, or those who can't function without it.

Wanting power—acknowledging, frankly, that you crave it—is the first step. Whenever you see an opportunity to make a decision, *do* it. When you see something you want, go *after* it. Study the people above you, who have the jobs you want. You must look and act as if you *belong* there.

And why not? What Lord Acton neglected to mention is that with power comes all the other things you want. The Lear jet, the chauffeur-driven limousine, the office with a view—these are the comfortable perquisites of learning to play the Power Game.

It beats Trivial Pursuit any day!

PURE WOOL

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best...Pure Wool.

ENDURANCE
—Wool's natural ability to perform.

shot on location in jackson hole, wyoming

dan baliotti

daniel hechter

MEN'S RIGHTS

"Men aren't aware that gains made by women have infringed on their own rights. The resulting inequities will be the focus of this column."

My purpose in writing this article is to pass the torch to the men of this country. We need a fair national divorce and alimony law—one that would address matters of custody, visitation, and property division. I am not suggesting that getting such a law passed will be easy—it won't be.

Since 1917, at least 32 resolutions have been introduced to amend the Constitution and give Congress the authority to legislate in the areas of marriage and divorce. None have received favorable consideration. The federal government insists on leaving these problems to individual states, which causes confusion among divorced people. Today, there are 50 bodies of law that regulate where, how, when, and why a citizen may end his or her marriage.

At present, men get little or no relief from the judiciary. They are playing against a stacked deck and are being dealt a lousy hand by rotating dealers. No politician dares to offend feminists. Statistics show that there are more eligible women voters than men. No political party will entertain a men's-rights policy in its national platform because no party is under pressure to do so. It is only a matter of time before one or both political parties put a woman on the national ticket. Every major newspaper features advice columns for women by women. Female TV commentators appear in increasing numbers, making their presence felt daily. Women's caucuses are as much a part of the Washington scene as cocktail parties. Men who get divorced continue to get screwed.

Securing a constitutional amendment that would permit Congress to enact fair divorce and alimony laws is a route the men of this country must take. Every man should be familiar with the process by which a bill becomes law:

Bills introduced in Congress by senators and congressmen may originate in various ways. They may be introduced by the legislators themselves on their own initiative; they may be recommended by the president to party leaders or to Congress; they may be framed by congressional committees; or they may be the result of proposals from citizens, lobbyists, and special-interest groups. Public opinion can be so powerful that discussions at social gatherings or club meetings can influence members of Congress.

Essentially, public support is the key, but it must be sufficiently effective to guide the bill through a series of tedious steps before it is enacted into law: (1) bill is introduced in the House, (2) first reading, (3) speaker assigns bill to committee, (4) House committee considers, (5) bill filed and placed on calendar where House Rules Committee may push bill ahead, (6) second reading, (7) third reading and House vote, (8) speaker signs bill, (9) bill introduced to Senate, (10) first reading in Senate, (11) vice president assigns bill to committee, (12) Senate committee considers, (13) bill placed on calendar and Senate majority leaders may push bill ahead, (14) second reading, (15) third reading and Senate vote, (16) House debate on amendments, (17) conference committee reconciles differences, (18) amended bill approved, (19) speaker and vice president sign bill, (20) bill goes to president for signature, (21) president signs bill and it becomes law or (22) it becomes law without president's signature if he holds it for ten days without signing or vetoing it or (23) bill is vetoed and returned to Congress with objections (to become law, a bill must pass both houses of Congress again, with two thirds majority vote), (24) if bill reaches president fewer than ten days before Congress adjourns, it cannot become law without his signature (if the president fails to sign within that period, the action is referred to as a "pocket veto" and the bill is killed). Finally, a bill first introduced in the Senate follows the same procedure as a bill introduced in the House.

Before you throw up your hands in despair at this legislative maneuvering, let me say that with fortitude, militancy, and the support of the National Organization for Men, passage of a fair federal divorce law is by no means out of the realm of reason and probability. No more than the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment, proposed in 1919 and ratified in 1920, which gave women the right to vote, or the more recent Twenty-sixth Amendment, which lowered the voting age to 18. Congress must be made aware that a significant portion of our voters, and their children, do not want to be victims of the gross inequities and confusion spawned by our patchwork state divorce laws.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

© 1984 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report FEB. '84

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VANTAGE. THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

Great Taste with Ultra Low Tar. That's Success!

ULTRA LIGHTS

"Not every woman can deep-throat a man. But don't worry. Just concentrate on the upper half of his penis, while fondling the other part with your hands."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My 26-year-old wife, Susan, and I have been married for nearly eight years. We have two sons, who both are in school. Before we got married and during our first year together we had sex frequently (three to four times a week), and it was intense. I have always enjoyed foreplay—fondling and kissing; but I get so involved when arousing my lover, stroking and licking her clit, that I make her come several times and completely forget about my own need to come. My wife, in turn, caresses and sucks my throbbing nine inches to the verge of an explosive orgasm before she mounts me for an earth-shattering simultaneous orgasm.

After a year, our sexual frequency dwindled continuously until it got down to about once a month around three years ago. Thinking this was merely due to boredom (a frequent problem in marriages), I began to initiate new forms of sexual pleasure into our monthly sessions, such as vibrators, mild bondage, etc. My wife is more than willing to try these things and always enjoys them to the point of multiple orgasms. Recently she has started masturbating and using the vibrators on herself while I watch, which drives us both wild. We end up fucking in a frenzied passion of sexual lust. But still no more frequently than once a month.

As our experimentation continued she began to purchase her own vibrators, and much to my delight, she also bought many sexy, revealing teddies, in which she parades around the house. Being only 26, Susan has a body like one of the Pets in Penthouse. *Just looking at her in tight jeans or anything else she puts on gives me an instant erection. This can get pretty embarrassing in public since nine inches isn't easy to hide. I am very proud to be seen walking with her, since in her sexy clothes and makeup, she turns a lot of men's heads. As she walks around the house with her tits barely concealed, pert nipples straining against lacy fabric, and slender legs leading to a beautiful, hair-framed pussy, my cock strains in anticipation of a long night of passionate sexual adventure and sweet release. Before we get to bed, however, I usually find her in a change of clothes. Then she gives me the cold shoulder and says, "I don't feel like it tonight. Go to sleep."*

Feeling as if our problem may not be sexual boredom after all, I thought it may be due to her dissatisfaction with my appearance. Since I'm 30 years old now, I have probably lost my sexual appeal over the years. Three years ago I bought a set of weights and started a rigid exercise program, which I continue up to this day. The results were surprising. I even received an occasional comment of encouragement from my wife. Also, I paid special attention to keeping myself clean and well-groomed, and I had my wife pick out all my clothes so I would only wear what she thinks I look good in. Still we have not had sex more than once a month, if at all.

Whenever her girlfriends came over, their conversations always led to sex, and eventually she bragged about the size of my cock or my technique between the sheets. This seemed to arouse the other girls, and they made comments about how they would like to give me a try, etc. There's nothing I would like more, but I'm a little shy, and I'm afraid a direct come-on to one of them might get back to Susan.

Confused over why she even mentioned these things to her friends and intrigued by their teasing come-ons, I worked up the nerve to ask simply, "Do you want to see me go to bed with one of your friends? Do you want to fuck other men? Do you have fanta-

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

TODAY BELONGS TO JIM BEAM.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

sies about making it with another woman? Or perhaps a threesome?" All her answers were expected responses. No, she didn't want any of these things, and if she ever caught me with another woman, she would divorce me. Still, the conversations with her friends persisted, along with their sexual teasing.

At wit's end, I convinced my wife that her lack of sexual desire was causing me severe mental torment and suggested that she seek professional help from a psychiatrist. Thankfully, she agreed. After spending thousands of dollars on doctors, ranging from gynecologists and psychologists to hypnotherapists, we both walked away baffled, and I was even more depressed than before.

I was advised to bring her flowers and gifts every week, and hold and kiss her without trying to get her into bed, so she wouldn't feel like a sex object. I tried to help restore her self-respect. The doctors asked me several times if I thought she might be having an affair, but I know that it isn't possible. My office is very close to home and I drop by unannounced all the time.

In the past year, I have even tried to score. But I'm afraid my technique must leave a lot to be desired.

Your expertise in these matters comes from a different source than other professionals we've seen. Could you please offer some solution to my problem?—B.R.

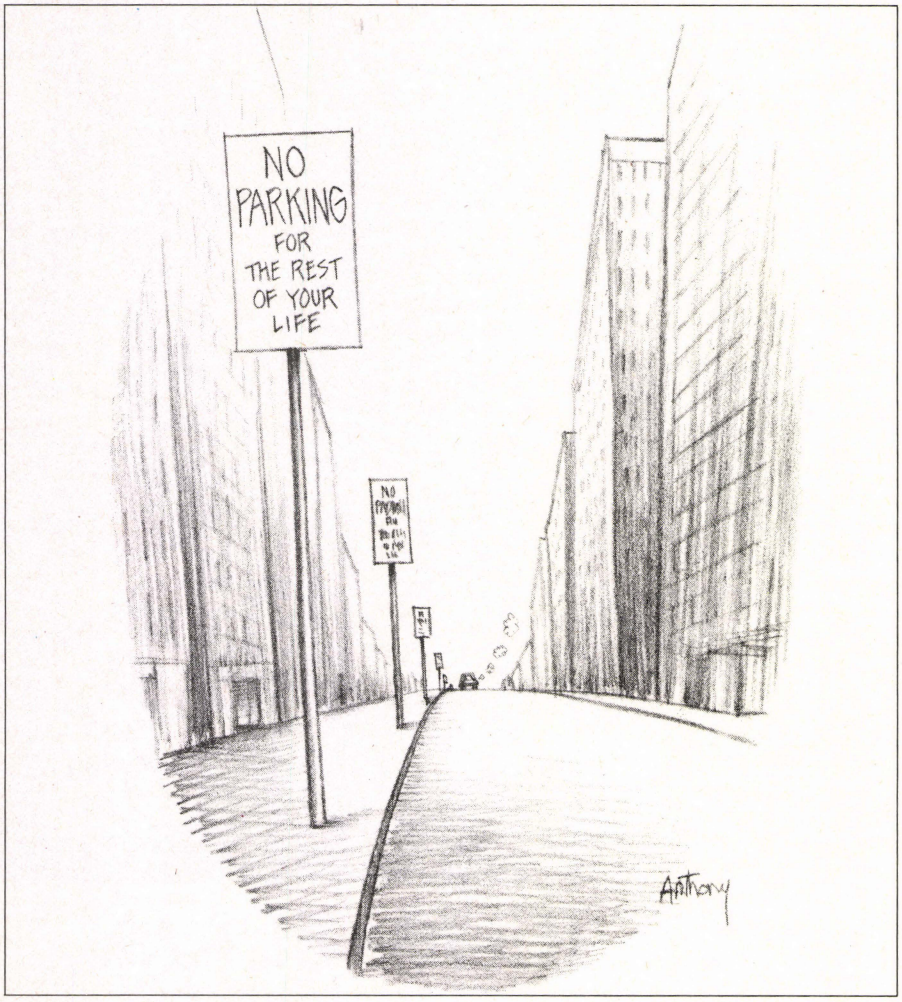
As usual there are two points of view in this situation. I think that you are too nice, as you say, and that you are shy and bashful. You need character-building more than bodybuilding. You give in too easily to your wife. You try too hard to please her, and I suspect that she, in fact, gets a sexual thrill out of making you suffer.

Compared with you she may have a much weaker libido, which was artificially raised by the excitement of your excellent lovemaking in the first phase of your relationship. As happens to many wives, however, she may not be sufficiently occupied with her children and other related household chores, and is, frankly, bored with the thought of regular sex.

Perhaps your doctor's advice is the wrong approach. Maybe what she needs is a brute. You've tried every aspect of kind persuasion, and it doesn't seem to work. The alternative is to put your foot down and make it absolutely clear to her that without sex your marriage is not a complete relationship.

If I'm too busy and I neglect my lover (who would love to have sex with me at least three times a day), he instantly threatens to leave me, take a mistress, or even turn homosexual. (I think he is joking.)

I suggest that you take up your wife's challenge. Encourage her to invite her girlfriends around, then pick the most attractive (and the one who responds to your advances) and seduce her in front of your wife, if you dare. If she then threatens to divorce you, let her do so. You will lose nothing except a lady who appears to be a thoroughly self-centered, bitchy cock-teaser. She does not deserve a husband who sounds as kind and considerate as you. Don't worry about the kids, because the way things are going, your marriage will probably be more harmful to them than a divorce. I think she's playing games with you. Stop being a coward and find out who really wears the pants.



DEEPLY MOVED

Last night I found a joy that I wish to share with you because I feel you will really understand. I've been married to Bob for two and a half years. We have a two-year-old son. Our sex life is really good, but I don't always come when we make love. By reading your column and other books, I've learned that most women don't always come, and we should be happy when we do. Last night I was ecstatic!

When we first started going together I was 17 and Bob was 21. My first blowjob was also Bob's first. I really enjoy sucking his hard cock and putting it as deep into my throat as it will go. But no matter how hard I try, I can never get to the base.

Last night when I was enjoying his ten-inch cock, he slid right past my gag reflex and down my throat. I almost came then and there. I tried a few more times, but I must have tensed up because it hurt my throat. I straddled him and rode him while wave after wave swept over me. I laid on his chest and said, "Fuck me." He rolled me over, I pulled my legs up and put them between us for deep penetration, and we fucked till he came inside me.

I was so overwhelmed I cried. I don't know if he understood how good it made me feel to have his dick down my throat. I felt like Linda L. in Deep Throat. *I didn't realize I could do that. I just hope I can do it again, and I can't wait to try. Any advice on how to succeed would be most welcome.*—R.C.

I think for an amateur you're doing just fine as far as deep-throating your husband is concerned.

It may be exciting for you to deep-throat a man, especially because it is still a kind of novelty. But the most sensitive part of a man's penis is really at the tip of his cock. Of course, the scrotum as well as the ridge between the scrotum and the anus are also erogenous zones. But no deep throat can stimulate all those places at once.

Not every woman can deep-throat a man. But don't worry. Just concentrate on the upper half of your man's penis, while fondling the other part with your hands.

SEXY S.O.S.

I just love those sexy undergarments that a lot of those horny men out there like: garter belts, colored hose, and matching corsets. A pair of spiked heels always sets off all the great colors and lacy trim. I espe-

New Technics Cassette Decks. With dbx® and Auto-Reverse. They eliminate tape noise completely. And play both sides automatically.

A remarkable achievement: developing a line of stereo cassette decks that give you more than the total noise elimination of dbx. They also give you the luxury of auto-reverse. So with Technics, your music is more than dramatically clean. It's also beautifully continuous. And Technics goes on from there.

Direct Music Search (DMS) allows you to program the deck. To play any selection on either side of the tape. Automatically.

And no matter which noise reduction system your tapes are encoded with, Technics can handle them. Because in addition to dbx, you get Dolby* B and C.

You get the stability and accuracy only a two-motor drive system can provide. Microprocessor feather-touch control buttons give you fast, easy switching between functions such as play, stop, rewind. Bias and EQ levels are automatically set for any type of tape. From normal to chrome to metal. There are three-color, wide-range FL meters for precision sound monitoring. And more.

So before you buy any cassette deck, make sure it measures up to Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

® dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc.
* Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

cially love deep purple trimmed in black.

It's such a turn-on to go out wearing these items when only you and your man know the underlying treats that await him later on. You always get a little thrill out of being daring and sensual.

Here lies the irony of it all: I can only dream about turning on my husband with the items I wrote about. I have blond hair and blue eyes and a great body, with one exception; it's too great! You see, my bust size is 32D, but I'm only four feet ten and a half inches tall! And now it's even worse because I'm nursing my new baby, and I'm even larger on top!

I've never owned a bra and panties that matched, let alone a sexy corset. A corset wouldn't hold me up, and hose are always too long for my short, but shapely, legs. Strapless bras for pretty sundresses are a fantasy for me. I'd like to know where I can purchase sexy items that are proportioned to my body size. I'd love to get my husband hot, hard, and totally horny with these little extras.

Xaviera, please help me with my "big-little" problem! My husband is tired of seeing me in nursing bras!—A.R.

A woman with your size tits is the answer to most men's dreams. It is the small-breasted, skinny women who need to stimulate their husbands with sexy underwear, to make up for what some might say they lack in natural attributes.

Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., specializes in sexy lingerie in all sizes and has an extensive catalog that you can order by phone or mail. The cost is $3. The toll-free number is 1-800-526-4797 (weekdays, 9 A.M.–4 P.M., Eastern time), or write to P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, New Jersey 07631.

I have the same problem that you do but on a five and a half foot frame. They don't make sexy bras my size, so I have been going braless for years. This delights my lover, although my mother still disapproves. On rare occasions, to please both of them, I squeeze myself into a bra that is a size too small. This gives me fantastic cleavage, extreme agony, and leaves a lot of unsightly red marks.

I am sure Dolly Parton has the same problem as you have: She is also very big-busted with a tiny frame. Why not write to her and ask her who makes her bras and corselets? Good luck.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

I am a 27-year-old female standing five feet five inches, weighing 120 pounds, with blond hair and green eyes. I am considered by men to be very good-looking and well put together. I have 40-inch knockers that I know men can't resist, and I love to let them hang out—I don't like bras.

Ever since I can remember, I have been a crotch-watcher. When I was in high school, I would pick out a certain classmate and drop a pencil just to see the bulge in his pants. I really enjoy going to a pool or the beach and picking my men. I must tell you that I have never had a cock up my cunt that was less than seven inches. I am a dental hygienist and meet a lot of men at my job. While sitting in my chair, I have a clear view of the crotches that enter the office.

One day, a very handsome man came in for a checkup and sat in my chair. I looked down at his crotch and there was hardly any bulge at all. While I was cleaning his teeth we talked, and he asked me out. At first I was skeptical, but I said yes. To this day Mike is my boyfriend, and I never look at other men.

On our first date Mike arrived at my apartment wearing a Western shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots. With his five-foot-ten-inch well-built frame and his dark curly hair and green eyes, this hunk had me creaming in my pants, but he still showed no bulging crotch. After dinner, we retired to my apartment. At first I did not want to make love, but finally gave in. That's when I found out that Mike's cock is seven inches long. I couldn't get enough of his wonderful cock. He has great form and knows how to please a woman to the fullest. A truly great lover!

While relaxing after climaxing together, I reached over, took hold of his cock, and found I was holding hardly anything at all. When limp, my Mike is only one and a half inches long, but he grows to seven inches when he's erect. Unbelievable!

I am still loving Mike's cock to the maximum. Our favorite love scene is when I take his one-and-a-half incher in my mouth and feel it grow to seven inches. My questions to you are: Why isn't Mike longer when he's limp? Where does all that cock come from? I have never seen anything like this!—S.K.

It is perfectly normal, in particular among Caucasian men, that when a man's penis is erect it may increase up to three times its usual size. I have on rare occasions encountered men who, like your Mike, seem to be no more than a rosebud but can produce a handsome cock.

With blacks, however, it is quite often the case that they remain "long" when soft and their meat just hangs there between their legs until some chick excites them sufficiently to make it raise its head. Those kind of penises may increase in width, but not much in length. Of course, they become hard and strong, but the growth is not as spectacular as your Mike's.

It is almost impossible to judge the size of an erect penis from its appearance in the flaccid state. After a cold shower, almost any nine-inch stud has a cock like a cherub's in a baroque painting.

So ladies, expect the unexpected. Give the guys who seem to have nothing in their pants a chance to prove themselves . . . with a little help from a friend!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 219

25 reasons why Escort is the first line of defense against traffic radar

ESCORT finds radar. We were awarded highest marks for long range warning in *Car and Driver's* most recent test of all leading brands. But the testers didn't stop there. **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service and performance..."** they said.

With ESCORT, you get the complete radar detection system. We've constantly updated and refined ESCORT since its introduction six years ago to keep it the best. We think its list of features is unmatched. Every ESCORT has the following standard equipment:

1 Superheterodyne Receiving Circuitry provides longer detection range and greater selectivity than any other design.

2 Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator pinpoints X and K band, thereby tuning out all other signals in the microwave band.

3 Digital Signal Processor (patented) differentiates between X and K band, triggering separate warnings for each.

4 Scan Time of .016 Seconds captures all police radar, even Kustom Signals KR11 in the pulsed moving mode.

5 STatistical Operations Processor (ST/O/P™) rejects false alarms broadcast by poorly designed imported radar detectors.

6 Analog Signal Strength Meter indicates at a glance not only radar strength, but the strength's rate of change.

7 Amber Alert Lamp has highest reflectance/transmittance ratio for optimum visibility, day or night.

8 Photoelectric Eye automatically dims alert lamp at night to minimize glare.

9 Coherent Audio Tone pitched at 1024 Hz for clear, yet annoyance-free warning.

10 Separate Audio Warnings for X and K bands to distinguish the two types of radar.

11 Variable Rate Audio pulses faster as radar nears, to indicate radar strength.

12 Audio Volume Control allows exact adjustment to suit interior sound level of car.

13 City/Highway Switch adjusts X band sensitivity for optimum detection.

14 LED Power-On Indicator allows user to confirm unit is in operation at a glance.

15 Heavy-Duty Housing of extruded 6063-T5 aluminum will not break or deform.

16 Low-Profile Design is only 1.45" high x 5.25" wide x 5.00" deep.

17 Four-Way Clip for convenient dash or visor mounting.

18 Hook-and-Loop Strips for other mounting applications.

19 Cigar Lighter Power Connector for quick installation.

20 Lighter Socket Adapter fits unusual lighter sizes.

21 Quick-Disconnect Power Jack allows easy removal.

22 Protective Molded Carrying Case for your convenience.

23 Spare Fuse and Alert Lamp Bulb.

24 Twenty-Page Comprehensive Handbook gives instructions for optimum use.

25 Full One-Year Limited Warranty covers both parts and labor.

The Direct Connection

Every ESCORT also has one other standard item our competitors can't match—a direct connection to the factory. We think you're entitled to deal with experts. That's why we sell direct. There are no middlemen to make misleading performance claims or gouge you on price.

And if your ESCORT were ever to need service, we're just a call away. When you dial our toll free number, you're talking to One Microwave Plaza. All of our engineering, manufacturing, sales and service happen under this one roof. Dealing direct means no excuses.

Try ESCORT at no risk

When your ESCORT arrives, take the first thirty days as a test. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your money and pay the postage. ESCORT really works. Ask any of our 600,000 satisfied customers.

Let ESCORT defend you.

Order Today

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order, (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

CALL TOLL FREE 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name, and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTS you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.

VISA MasterCard

ESCORT $245 (Ohio res. add $13.48 tax)

Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-005
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

©1984 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

Tune in "Talkback with Jerry Galvin." America's new weekly satellite call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

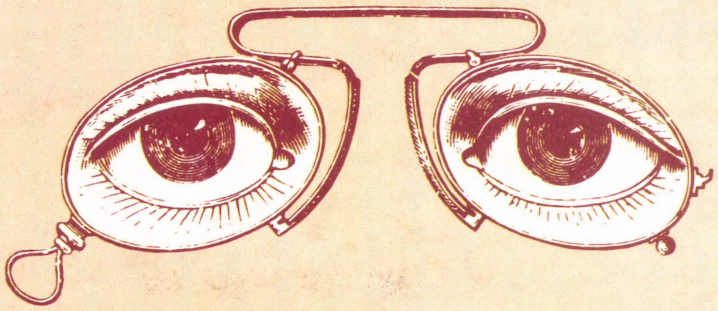
There's only one way to play it.

Wherever the music is hot, the taste is Kool. Because there's only one sensation this refreshing.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1983 B&W T Co.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

IS SEX DEAD?

BY EMILY PRAGER

In America, a country in which hype has replaced fact, and faddism is synonymous with real life, the absurdist questions of the moment are: Is the sexual revolution over? Is sex dead? Are there sex death squads? The usual heavy stuff. Other countries worry about freedom, food, and U.S. ICBMs. We worry over whether or not the nation is getting laid. In a recent cover story, *Time* magazine claimed that those of us in our late twenties and thirties—wearied from nonstop promiscuity, horrified by herpes—are seeking a return to the traditional values of the 1950s. We, at *Penthouse,* were so intrigued by these questions that we sent our roving reporter—a guy of 36 who, when asked about the sexual revolution, insisted he lost count—out on the street to interview aging baby boomers.

Our reporter is questioning a very pregnant 36-year-old woman, who is crying in front of a shop window filled with tiny bikinis. "Do you want to return to the traditional values of the 1950s?" he asks.

Woman [crankily]: What?

Reporter: Well, you're pregnant; you're wearing a wedding ring. You look about 36.

Woman: Let me tell you something, buddy. When I get my body back, I won't look a day over 28. Okay, I've gained a little over 25 pounds, but I'm getting water pills, a Jane Fonda tape, and as soon as the little rug rat [she pats her stomach] is out, I'll lose it all. I didn't eat for 15 years until I got pregnant. I can *not* eat again.

Reporter: Are you a member of the baby-boom generation?

Woman: Yeah. I got 800 on my SATs. Why?

Reporter: [He gestures at her stomach.] *Time* magazine says you've gone straight.

Woman: Listen, I haven't had a joint in eight and a half months. But right after the nursing's over, you're gonna see a party. Where do you get your acid?

Reporter: San Francisco. Is sex dead?

Woman: [Looks down at her stomach.] Well, it's a lot harder to do when there's a casaba melon strapped onto your stomach. Listen, in 1963, when I was 15, you couldn't talk about sex, couldn't mention it. Human reproduction was taught with chickens. Heavy petting was punishable by stoning. I used to wonder how I'd survive. I thought I'd have to live two lives: a public one for society, and a private one for me. Remember the first girl you slept with?

Reporter: Sure, in college in '67. Her name was Day-Glo.

Woman: Yeah, well, if the revolution hadn't happened, you'd be married to her now. Or run out of town on a rail.

Reporter: Yeah . . . this is my wife, Day-Glo—I can't imagine it.

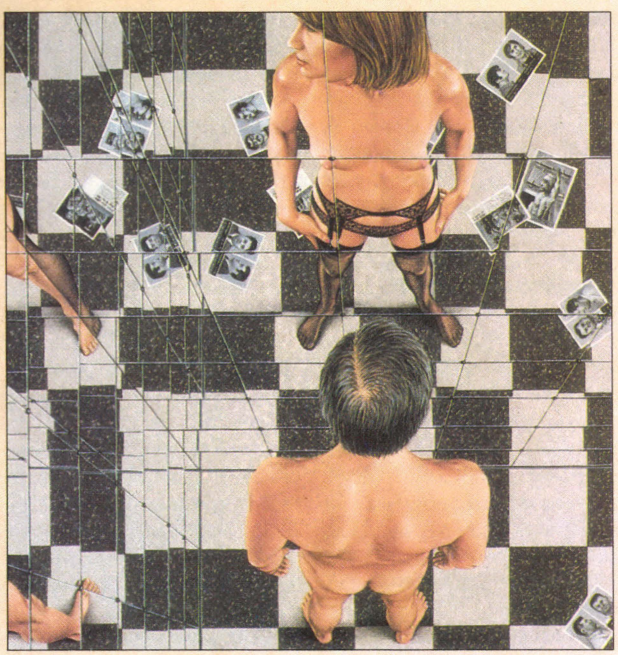
Woman: None of us can. Not long ago, I ran into the guy who deflowered me. If I'd been married to him all these years, I'd be in an insane asylum right now. Or obese. Or anorexic. Or agoraphobic. Or brain-dead. So, those people who are claiming sex is dead, who are tired of "one-night stands," they're the luckiest people in the world, man. They're hung over with freedom.

Reporter: *Time* magazine says that girls in college now are choosing to remain virgins.

Woman: *Choosing,* friend. That's the operative word there. The revolution gave them that choice. When I was a kid, virginity wasn't a choice, it was a life sentence. Remember trying to get laid?

Reporter: Who got laid in high school? Like I said, in '67 I was 19.

Woman: Right. A guy had bad girls and aged hookers to choose from. I recall a symposium in *Seventeen* magazine. Four guys were discussing why they had to marry a virgin. If they slept with a girl, she was out, clearly damaged goods. Can you imagine marrying someone you'd never slept with?



JOHN MARTIN

Reporter: But, you got married. Now you're having a child.

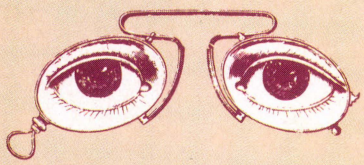
Woman: Yeah. I've lived with four men. This last one for six years. I wanted something new. So did he. It's a choice, friend. The revolution, by the way, was never against children. When we were young, you couldn't have a career, sex, an apartment if you weren't married—men as well as women. It's odd, though, that Germaine Greer was anti-marriage, now she's anti-sex. She was a heroine of mine.

Reporter: Jim Morrison was my hero.

Woman: Janis would be married now if she were still alive.

Reporter: You think?

Woman: Sure.



COMPUTERS

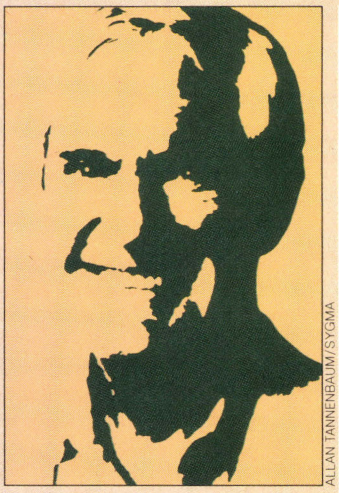
STARS ON DISC

Timothy Leary is not, as the Moody Blues once sang, dead. But if the former Harvard professor has cashed in his chips for anything, it's to join the microchip subculture of so-called celebrity experts who are earning handsome profits from software packages that carry their names.

Leary has been talking to computer whiz Sat Tara Singh Khalsa about their possible collaboration on a software package, tentatively titled "The Brain Game," a sort of computer-age intelligence test. Khalsa is already expected to earn millions in royalties from his own software deal with Simon and Schuster for a series of typing and reading programs, but playing the name game with Leary may win him the notoriety his own goldmine programs won't.

Celebrity experts are prized and paid not for their programming acumen or dexterity at the keyboard, but for their names and credibility on everything from sports to finance. The fact that they can't tell an Apple from a Peanut is irrelevant. Even big names once removed can sell software. *Star Wars* mastermind **George Lucas** added a computer division to his production company, Lucasfilm, and hooked up with Atari. Their first two software products have just come out; both are games bearing the Atari/Lucasfilm logo. Many of the *Star Wars* designers also worked on Ballblazer and Rescue on Fractalus, giving them that *Star Wars* look. Lucas's involvement on the project was described by one Atari spokesperson: "He sits in on all creative projects of his company."

Admits **Jim Fixx**, author of *The Complete Book of Running,* now on software disc with MECA for The Running Program: "Before this, I had a knee-jerk reaction to computers; I thought they were too trendy. I mean, here I was still



ALLAN TANNENBAUM/SYGMA

Leary: reborn for the eighties.

writing with a No. 2 pencil." After signing on with MECA, Fixx packed himself off to computer camp for four consecutive Saturdays, an experience that convinced him never to want to program anything. "I gathered all the running information—like Nike's time-prediction formula, medical reports, dietary information—tested it all, and MECA's programmers did the rest," Fixx explains.

When **Andy Tobias**, best-selling author of *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need, The Funny Money Game,* and *Getting By on $100,000 a Year (and Other Sad Tales*), began work on his personal-finance program (Managing Your Money, also on MECA), he was no more agile on a computer than Fixx, only he insisted on inserting a clause in his contract that would give him full veto power. This was to ensure that his program would be easy enough for all fellow software simpletons. "The biggest asset I brought to this project is that I'm an idiot. Though I use a word processor for writing, I really know nothing about them. So, I'd continually ask the programmers, 'What does this mean?' "

Besides his financial savvy and electronic witlessness, Tobias also contributed an irreverence to his personal-finance program that's as much a part of it as tax-shelter analysis. For example, when calculating longevity for life-insurance purposes, if you tell the computer you've been smoking cigarettes since you were 13, it responds, "Are you crazy?" Or when figuring your net worth, if it totals no more than $100,000 the program quips, "Remember when $100,000 was worth something?"

Tobias and Fixx won't talk of their software earnings, but other celebrity experts on the computer bandwagon aren't so inhibited. Boston Celtic **Larry Bird** received between $30,000 and $40,000 in advance money and a royalty of about 10 percent for the Electronic Arts' game Julius Erving and Larry Bird Go One On One. By the way, Electronic Arts is now working on a possible deal for an adventure game with British cartoonist Gahan Wilson.

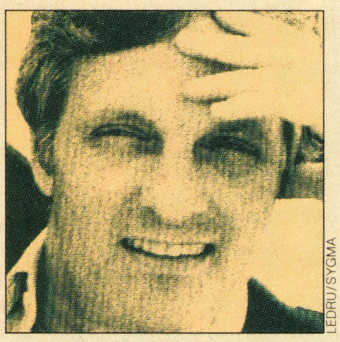
Charles Goren International, the bridge master's operation, got a $60,000 advance and 10 percent royalty for Goren's Learning Bridge Made Easy. Goren, now 82 and no longer very active, took a look at the final version just before publication. As with his syndicated column, this software package was also handled by his staff, which is now busy on the next bridge program.

How much does a star actually contribute to a software package bearing his name? Larry Bird and Philadelphia 76er **Julius Erving** are called software artists in the ads for One On One, and Bird's agent says that Bird had more input into the product than can be found in most celebrity endorsements. After all, Bird and Erving spent a 12-hour day with programmer Eric Hammond, who taped Bird on the court and then wrote up a list of pointers.

Nice work if you can get it, you say? Well, considering that **Alan Alda** made a deal worth $10 million just for talking about Atari computers, five-figure deals aren't really that impressive. Grouses Tobias, who says he made 15 to 20 trips to MECA in Connecticut from his home in New York, put in "several all-nighters," plus gave six to eight months of his life to the program: "It's a lot of work. If I'd known that in advance, I don't know if I would have done it."

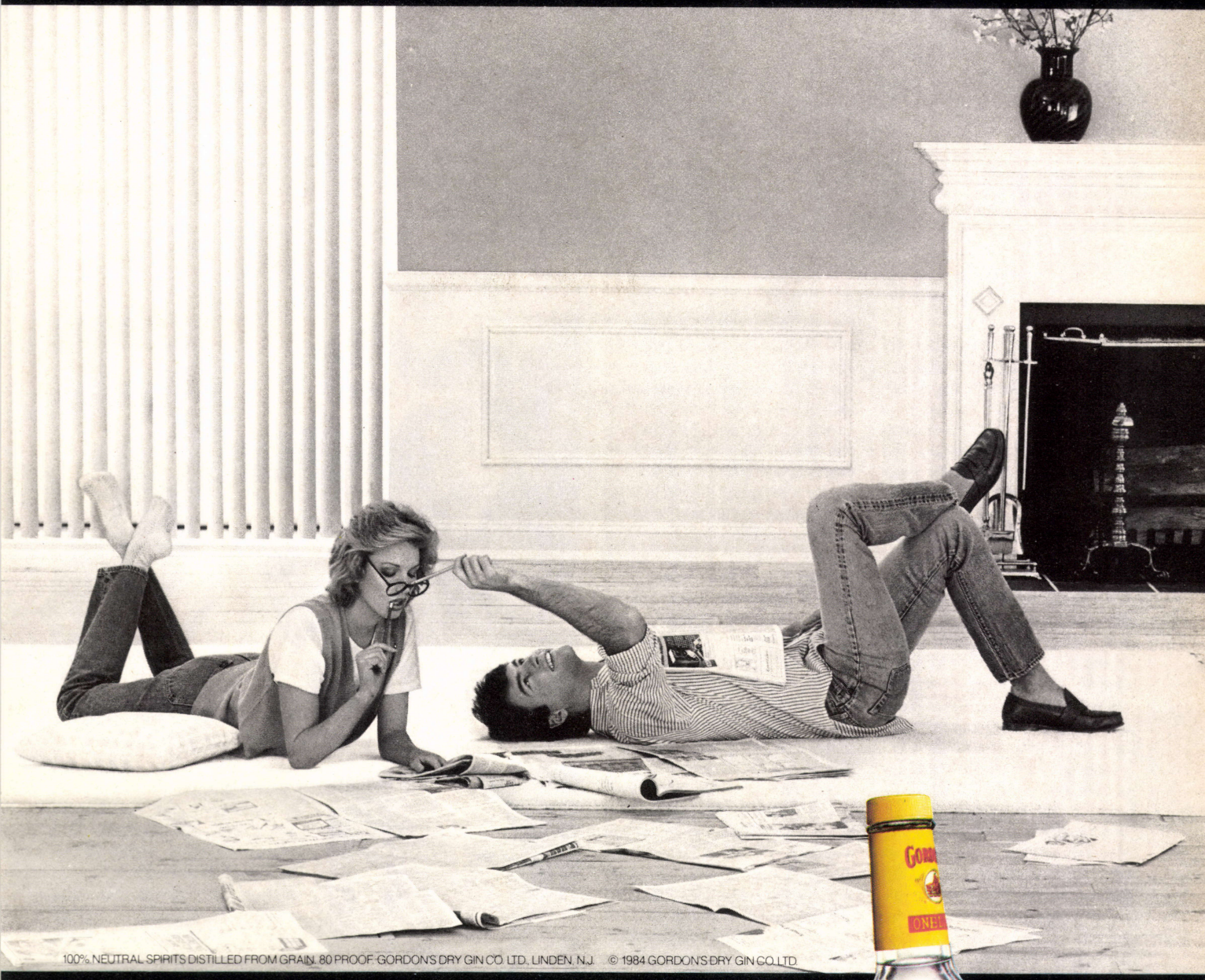
The stakes keep getting higher for software celebrities and their agents. Link Resources, a New York communications-marketing-research firm, estimates that 6.25 million Americans already own personal computers, and by the end of 1985 the figure will reach 18 million—and the owners will all be hungry for software.

John Brockman, a New York literary agent, has made his name representing software designers. He negotiated Khalsa's deal with Simon and Schuster and got *Whole Earth Catalog* author **Stewart Brand** a $1.3 million advance from Doubleday for the *Whole Earth Software Catalog.* Brockman will probably represent Leary and Khalsa for The Brain Game, and he won't even guess at the figures it might bring. But he says the average software deal is worth $400,000 in advances and royalties. For Leary, a survivor of the sixties, that could be real culture shock.—*Pat Sloan*



LEDRU/SYGMA

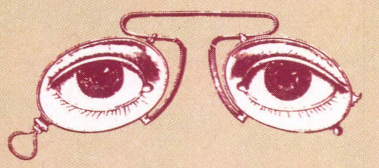
Alda cashes in by hawking Ataris.



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J. © 1984 GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD.

"I could go for something Gordon's®"

The possibilities are endless



SOUNDS

SOUL SURVIVES

Polaroid snapshots of friends and visitors take up most of one wall in the studio where Peter Wolf, former lead singer for the J. Geils Band, is recording his first solo album. The subjects are a diverse lot: Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan, the veteran R & B singer-songwriter Don Covay, and space-funkster Michael Jonzun of the Jonzun Crew, to name some. The music is diverse, too. One song is neo-Motown, another full of burbling synthesizers and drum machines, the next a raving gospel-ish duet by Wolf and Jagger, who started singing together when the J. Geils Band opened the Rolling Stones' concerts on their last European tour.

Backup musicians on the album are a mixed lot, too. There are respected jazz musicians, progressive funksters, experienced studio stalwarts, R & B men, and rock originals (like guitarists Adrian Belew and Elliott Randall). Yet the music hangs together and creates its own sound and space. Is there a secret? "I guess so," says Wolf. "It's the thing that made it possible for me to coproduce the album with Michael Jonzun, or go in the studio with Mick and just start singing off the cuff. We all grew up listening to soul music."

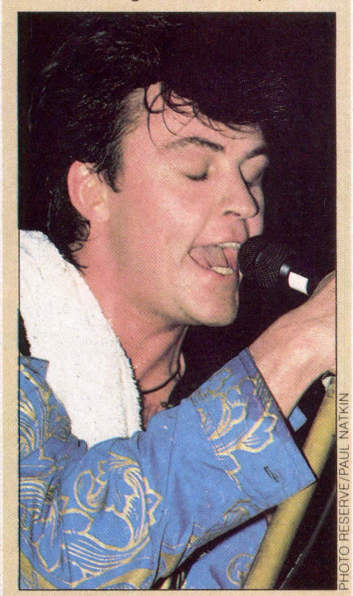


PHOTO RESERVE/PAUL NATKIN

Paul Young: country & soul.

While Wolf put the finishing touches on his album, the **Style Council**, one of British rock's hottest new exports, came to town to play two sold-out shows. Paul Weller, Style Council's lead singer and songwriter, spent six years leading the Jam, the most popular rock band in England. But last year he scuttled his band. "I kept getting more and more disillusioned with rock music," says Weller. "I just don't think it means anything anymore. When you turn on the radio, the records all sound the same. All those clanging guitars. I just got sick of it all."

So Weller and his friend Mick Talbot started the Style Council, a group with a tight rhythm section and brassy horns. "Back when the Jam started, when we used to play in clubs, before we made records, most of our set were our versions of Stax and Motown soul records," Weller recalls. "And I've regained my early enthusiasm for that kind of music; Mick and I have a sort of reverence for it."

In case you hadn't noticed, soul music is back.

First forged from gospel, blues, and country music in the fifties by performers like Ray Charles, Sam Cooke, and Jackie Wilson, then perfected in the sixties in the recording studios of Motown, Atlantic, and Stax, soul music transformed singers into preachers and their audiences into congregations. Some soul singers wrapped their voices around rich orchestrations, but most of the greats—Solomon Burke, Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Irma Thomas, Wilson Pickett, James Carr, Otis Clay, David Ruffin and Eddie Kendricks of the Temptations, and Levi Stubbs of the Four Tops—preferred more basic backing. A rhythm section and two or three horns were all they needed; that and enough faith and power within themselves to turn listeners into participants, to make them *believe*.

PIC

Style Council adopts the Motown Sound: no more clanging guitars.

STANLEY ROWIN

Solomon Burke: classic soul man.

Because soul music demands emotional authenticity and strives for transcendence, it has been able to withstand changing fashions in music. Style Council's first American album, *My Ever Changing Moods* (Geffen), features songs that were written recently by Paul Weller but would not sound out of place on a mid-sixties Motown album. **Solomon Burke**, perhaps the greatest of all the classic soul men, sings songs that are 20 years old but makes them relevant and utterly contemporary on his inspirational, new, live album *Soul Alive!* (Rounder).

Paul Young, a young British singer who lists Redding, Cooke, and Bobby Womack as influences, recently transformed a country song, the Waylon Jennings hit, "Love of the Common People," into a gospel-soul rave-up, following in the footsteps of countless black soul singers, who have often looked to country music for raw material. His album *No Parlez* (Columbia) musters elements of rock, funk, even synthesizer pop, and makes them subservient to the emotional intensity of his fine singing.

Black soul veterans **Bobby Womack** *(The Poet II,* Beverly Glen Music) and **Cecil** and **Linda Womack** *(Love Wars,* Elektra) approach a similar fusion from a different direction by using synthesizers and contemporary dance rhythms to craft modern settings for their soulful testifying. Cecil is Bobby Womack's brother, and his wife, Linda, is Sam Cooke's daughter. The next soul generation seems to be in good hands.—*Robert Palmer*

IF YOU WANT JAZZ, WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE.

The greatest jazz in the world. Brought to you by one of today's greatest jazz performers. JVC.®

A JVC High Fidelity System doesn't play music. It is music. Music so real, so pure, the performance lives.

Our components reduce six different kinds of distortion down to inaudible. So there's nothing between you and the music.

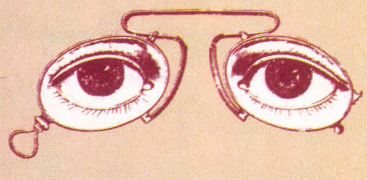
You're there.

That's what makes JVC such a tough act to follow.

JVC. We take you there.

JVC®

JVC COMPANY OF AMERICA, High Fidelity Division, 41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, N.J. 07407 JVC CANADA LTD., Scarborough, Ont.



HOME VIDEO

EDITED VERSIONS It's ironic that even though Duran Duran swept up the Grammy video awards last spring, by winning the Video Album (*Duran Duran*) and Short Form (*Girls on Film*) categories, very few people have seen *Girls on Film* in its entirety. MTV and other major broadcast channels only air the edited "television" version of the clip, which tones down its sexiness and eliminates the nude scenes. Duran Duran is not the only group whose videos have been censored or, in some cases, completely redone to conform to a broadcaster's standards, most notably MTV's. Stardom is no protection. Just ask:

- David Bowie. He and his record company played it safe. They chopped shots of *China Girl*'s bare-assed lovemaking scene before submitting the clip to MTV.
- Herbie Hancock. Even though it was hidden under the bedcovers, the BBC took exception to a robot's erection in *Rockit.*
- Joe Perry. The Aerosmith axman had to chop close-ups of a woman wriggling into her *Black Velvet Pants.*
- Rolling Stones. Rock's bad boys managed to run afoul of community standards on both sides of the Atlantic. *Undercover* dramatized the routine violence in El Salvador. But scenes of death-squad operations were too much for the BBC and they refused to air it. [Don't they watch the evening news?] *She Was Hot,* their follow-up video, was too hot for MTV and NBC's *Friday Night Videos.* They objected to scenes in which executives popped their trouser buttons while they watched Anita Morris dance suggestively with Mick Jagger, and to the Tab can used as a prop. "We have to protect our advertisers," said one program's spokesperson.

"I completely respect the industry's standards and practices," says Art Collins, vice president of Rolling Stones Records, "but it boggles my mind that the best complaint anyone could come up with was a soft-drink can. After 20 years of the Stones' sticking it to the world, they're complaining about soft drinks?"

Lou Reed: Live and at his best, he sets the standard for concert videos.

Shifting standards, from program to program, from nation to nation, just adds to the confusion. Noting that MTV has no clearly defined acceptability standards (a practice that they say gives performers greater freedom), director Bob Tingle (*Black Velvet Pants*) declares that its decisions are "made much too subjectively and politically, in terms of who's given leeway and who isn't." John Gaydon, partner in Godley and Creme's production company, which produced *Girls on Film,* observes that while there were some "hoo-hahs from mothers' groups" in England over the Duran Duran video LP, "we do have several national newspapers that have girls with bare tits on page three." "If you really thought about it," declares Collins, "you probably wouldn't even do a video. They're taking the fun out of the whole thing."

As a joke, Godley and Creme edited 18 different versions of Yes's *Leave It* video. In the meantime, Bowie's uncut ***China Girl*** is available on a Sony Video 45 ($17), and the complete ***Girls on Film*** can be found either on a Sony Video 45 or the ***Duran Duran*** full-length album (Thorne EMI; $30, cassette).

For economic reasons, many rock videos are in-concert tapes. Most are pretty dreary, but here are three that deliver: ***A Night with Lou Reed*** (RCA/Columbia, $30 cassette; $20 CED), filmed at The Bottom Line in New York, presents Reed leading his finest band ever (featuring coolly demonic guitarist Robert Quine) through the highlights of his career, which offers some of the best street-level music of the past 15 years.

That Was Rock: The T.A.M.I./T.N.T. Show (Music Media, $30) is one case where the overused adjective "legendary" actually applies. This 90-minute video of dynamite live performances from 1964 and 1965 includes James Brown, Chuck Berry, the Supremes, the late Marvin Gaye, the Stones, Ray Charles, and Smokey Robinson among others. ***The High Road/Roxy Music*** (RCA/Columbia, $30 cassette; $20 CED) showcases the world's smoothest art-rock in a hypnotic performance by Bryan Ferry and Company.

Three ballyhooed films you might have missed have recently been released for home video. The film version of Martin Cruz Smith's best-selling thriller ***Gorky Park*** (Vestron, $80 cassette; $40 LV) casts William Hurt as a Russian detective whose determination to solve a grisly triple murder pits him against both the murderer and the KGB.

Director Bob Fosse peers into the dark corners of centerfold fever in his film, ***Star 80*** (Warner, $80 cassette; $35 LV; $20 CED). Mariel Hemingway was (re-) made for the part of Dorothy Stratton, the beauty everyone wanted to make (a star).

Finally, to succeed as a talent agent, you have to be tough and you need to have an unerring "feel" for talent. Woody Allen's ***Broadway Danny Rose*** (Vestron, $80 cassette; $30 CED; $35 LV) is 0-for-2, but the film is a hit. Terrific performances by Mia Farrow as a tough mob moll and Nick Apollo Forte as a lounge singer on the comeback trail.

Heavy breathing never sounded so good. ***Public Affairs***, starring Kelly Nichols, and ***Insatiable Part 2***, with Marilyn Chambers, are both available in VHS stereo and Beta Hi-Fi (Cabellero, $90, cassette). On the other extreme, Cal Vista is captioning some of their X-rated tapes for the hard-of-hearing. (This may lead to literary breakthroughs in onomatopoeia.) The first two releases are ***Nothing to Hide*** and ***Suzie Superstar.***

Disc-player owners will be happy to hear that Image Entertainment plans to follow *Up 'n' Coming,* the first uncut adult LV title, with uncut LV pressings of ***Insatiable*** (formerly only available as an edited disc), ***Inside Desiree Cousteau***, and ***Swedish Erotica No. 39***, the series' hottest number on tape. Prices range from $50 to $60.—*M. Howell*

ULTRX

THE LEGEND BEGINS.

Certain rare products, through a combination of design integrity and superior performance, become standards against which all competitors are judged.

Presenting the first of a series of such "benchmark" products: the new ULTRX™ automotive receiver/cassette decks.

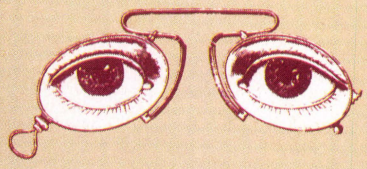
The new UR-80 epitomizes the ULTRX "no compromise" philosophy. Its full-logic cassette mechanism, amorphous tape heads, and Dolby B/C and dbx system achieve an honest 30–17,000Hz response, with noise levels approaching digital audio quality. The CompuLock™ tuner features sophisticated signal processing that minimizes mobile reception problems. And the built-in amplifiers provide 15 watts RMS per channel, 50Hz to 20kHz, at no more than 0.3% Total Harmonic Distortion.

The UR-80's performance is matched by computerized ease of use, with AutoMode™ controls which are logically positioned and labeled, sized for human fingertips, and fitted with an ingenious night illumination system.

ULTRX. Extraordinary design and performance. On the whole, a rather good definition of "legend."

Beyond the Ordinary.

© 1984 ULTRX Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories. dbx is a trademark of dbx, Inc. Features listed not available on all models.



FILMS

AFTERTHOUGHTS Years ago a friend of mine got the assignment to do the picture book *Story Behind the Making of. . . Jaws 2.* But they ran into a delay, he explained, because once they had the title, the stars, the production schedule, and the location, they couldn't settle on what story to put in the movie. Nowadays, of course, they'd have the title, etc., plus the projected box-office gross within a few thousand dollars. As for what to put in the movie? Well (a) nobody will notice if you don't have a story, and (b) if the formula worked before, use it again. In a nutshell, that accounts for ***Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom***, a dumbed-down, hyped-up collection of ideas from *Raiders of the Lost Ark.*

Not the same ideas, similar ideas. Not the same rolling stone chasing Indiana Jones (still Harrison Ford) through a Central American cave, but a similar wall of water smashing toward Indiana, his girl, Willie (Kate Capshaw), and his sidekick, Short Round (Ke Huy Quan), through an endless cave somewhere in India. Add comic-book mysticism, a little sexism, and the usual all-purpose John Williams musical score. These devices have been tested; audience reaction is assured. But I'd guess that audience reaction grows not less frantic but shallower year by year. Everyone knows he's being sold. Everyone should remember that the crowd bringing him *Indiana Jones*—Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, writers Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck—have done great things in the past. They're selling themselves as well as us. This cynical exploitation of effective formulas is the farthest thing from the intensification of a personal style.

On the other hand, what Richard Lester keeps doing in movie after movie may be just such an intensification. Nobody is less consistent than Lester, who, since *A Hard Day's Night* (1964), has had an up-and-down career of such volatility that it seems impossible for him to hold it steady even within a single movie. ***Finders Keepers***, the latest Lester, is no exception; its first several minutes are dreadful, then during most of the remaining hour and a half you get something very close to sublime inspiration. It's the kind of inspiration you occasionally have to search for. As in all Lester movies, you may find it in the background, a few hundred feet from the camera—or up real close, but tucked away in the lower-left- or right-hand corner of the screen.

KEITH HAMSHERE

Indiana Jones: the cynical exploitation of effective formulas.

D'Angelo and O'Keefe.

Finders Keepers belongs to that late, rather lamented sixties-seventies genre—the caper movie. It involves lots of train travel, all the way from California to Nebraska (in fact, the entire movie is shot in Canada), a kidnapped heiress and her conniving chauffeur, a coffin full of money, an AWOL soldier (the time is 1973), two improbable young lovers, and the oldest railroad conductor in the United States. The railroad can't fire old Stapleton (David Wayne), because whenever they try he simply dials the White House. Although he can't recall whether it's President Nixon or "Nickerson" who's having trouble with a cad named "Walter Gate," he sure as hell can remember the name Walter Cronkite, so he can use a bit of media blackmail to insure his job. Wayne is the best thing in *Finders Keepers,* but not far after come Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo as the unlikely lovers, and Jim Carrey as the idiot AWOL.

I especially like the unimposing way Richard Lester shoots the speeding wheels of the cross-continental railroad train. This says something—and means to say something—about one of the great stock images in the history of motion pictures. I suspect that Lester is usually thinking about the medium with which he's playing so fast and loose. The quality of that kind of thinking even livens up the laughter for this very funny movie.

The film medium and the people who invest their lives in it are concerns of ***After the Rehearsal***, the first new Ingmar Bergman movie to play in the United States since his supposedly final work—last year's *Fanny and Alexander. After the Rehearsal,* which is made for television, is restricted to one set and three characters. Though much slighter, it is also better than the Oscar-winning *Fanny and Alexander,* and a better—more rueful, funnier—summing up of a director's career.

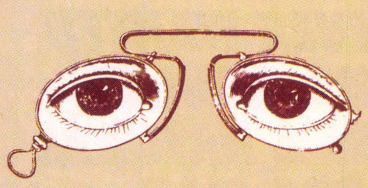
After an afternoon rehearsal of Strindberg's *A Dream Play,* the director Henrik Vogler (Erland Josephson) sits dozing onstage. As if in a dream, his youngest actress, Anna (Lena Olin), and perhaps his oldest, Rakel (Ingrid Thulin), come by to talk to him. To Anna, almost 40 years his junior, he is attracted. With Rakel, he has been a lover. They exchange reminiscences, recriminations, open and not-so-open invitations, and through it all Vogler holds forth on art, on actors, on illusion, on his own old age. The situation is, of course, contrived and immensely artificial—a platform for the filmmaker, who happens to know how and where to construct a stage. His own situation emerges as a kind of theater, balanced between detachment and desire, wisdom and vanity. And with the wonderful inflections given by his three performers—especially the ironic Erland Josephson—all that fabulous nonstop talk, with the fears and feelings it not only hides but also reveals, becomes in itself one reason films should be made.—*Roger Greenspun*

IF YOU EVER WANTED TO CLIMB MT. RAINIER, YOU'RE A NATURAL BACKWOODS MAN.

For an experience that's strictly wild, you can't top a climb like this. But for one that's wild and mild, pack along Backwoods Smokes. Backwoods are all natural tobacco, with genuine Broadleaf wrapper aged one full year to bring out its natural sweetness. Backwoods Smokes. For the man who likes his pleasures wild and mild.

ALL NATURAL TOBACCO

HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SO WILD TASTE SO MILD?



NUTRITION & FITNESS

THE URBAN ATHLETE

American cities are suffocating. The air quality in Los Angeles is the worst of any major city, with New York, Denver, and Chicago not far behind.

The Environmental Protection Agency uses the Pollution Standard Index to measure air pollution on a scale of 0 to 500: 0 to 50 is good air quality, above 100 is unhealthy, anything above 200 is hazardous. New York has 175 days a year that measure above PSI 100. Los Angeles has 95 days a year above PSI 200. At this pollution level it is foolish to exercise outdoors. Joggers, for example, use up to 12 times the air of a sedentary person, thereby inhaling 12 times the pollutants. And, since runners breathe through their mouths, pollutants bypass the protective filtering systems of the nose. Also, they breathe faster and more forcefully, driving the pollutants deep into lung tissue.

Exercising in polluted air also loads the body with free radicals—molecules so destructive that they can cause widespread degenerative damage to skin, eyes, throat, lungs, and internal organs. Professor Harry Demopoulos, of New York University Medical School, and Dr. Roy Walford, of U.C.L.A., both world-renowned researchers on aging, label free radicals a major cause of the degenerative diseases of aging, including cardiovascular diseases and some forms of cancer.

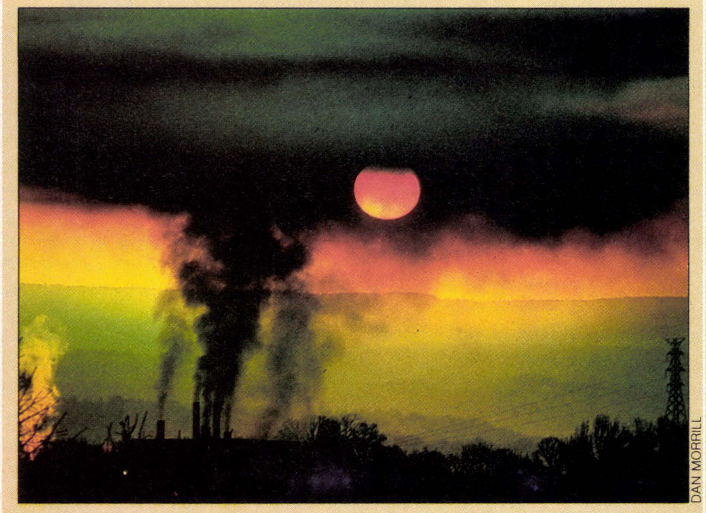
The sweet smell of commercial success has left bitter ashes in the air of most major American cities. Jogging in New York's Central Park is distinctly hazardous to your health. Actor Bruce Dern suffered a collapsed lung from jogging in the prime pollution zone of Griffith Park in Los Angeles. The three worst pollutants are sulfur oxide, nitrogen oxide, and carbon monoxide. You can smell sulfur oxide and see the dirty yellow of nitrogen oxide, but carbon monoxide, stemming mainly from vehicle exhausts, is invisible, odorless, and deadly.

Carbon monoxide is especially detrimental to athletic performance, because when inhaled it combines with the hemoglobin in your blood 200 times more readily than oxygen. That is why it is such a quick way to commit suicide. The body grabs every carbon monoxide molecule and delivers the poison in place of oxygen to every waiting organ. Even levels that produce no more than a tight chest or stuffy nose radically affect health. Studies in Scandinavia and the United States confirm that blood levels of only 5 percent carboxyhemoglobin (the mix of carbon monoxide and hemoglobin), commonly found in urban dwellers, reduce physical performance and affect judgment and other mental functions. Air pollution is now the suspect for many heretofore unexplained smashups in the polluted concrete canyons of our motorways.

On sunny days, carbon monoxide pollution is worse, because the heat facilitates its mingling with oxygen, producing toxic amounts of the gas ozone. *The Journal of Applied Physiology* has reported numerous times that levels of ozone well below those that occur every week in Los Angeles cause swollen lungs and reduced breathing capacity. No wonder case records on runners in New York and Los Angeles show declines in performance during and following periods of high pollution. Athletes tested over a three-day period in a pollution level of PSI 200 were given nutrient supplements that counter the effects of pollution. Still, the detrimental effects lingered for about two weeks.

You can do a lot to avoid it. Pollution levels are at their lowest in the early morning. It builds up during the day until it reaches its highest concentration in early evening. Later in the evening it subsides rapidly. So aim for early-morning and late-evening workouts.

Indoor exercising or running a course that is as far away from traffic as possible may reduce your exposure by three quarters. When the wind is blowing off the East River in New York, air pollution on the popular jogging trails along its bank is less than one quarter of the pollution shrouding Central Park. Running on the beach with the wind blowing off the ocean may reduce your exposure to near zero.



DAN MORRILL

Life in the big city: Keeping fit may be harmful to your health.

The final protective step is to increase your intake of antioxidants. These are nutritive substances that neutralize the impact of free radicals on body tissues. Evidence of which antioxidants confer this protection has recently been published in numerous medical journals. They include: ascorbic acid, calcium ascorbate, and ascorbyl palmitate forms of vitamin C; mixed tocopherols (vitamin E), yeast-grown selenium, and sodium selenite forms of the mineral selenium; beta carotene (the precursor form of vitamin A); and the amino acids cysteine and methionine.

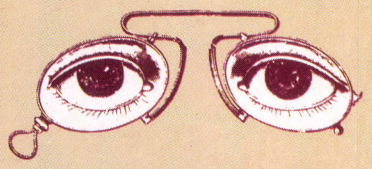
These nutrients are effective only when combined. Synergy—that is, their multiple interactions—is the basis of their biological function. The best common food sources of vitamin C are citrus fruits. The vitamin E family occurs mainly in wheat germ, vegetable oils, leafy green vegetables, and whole grains. Selenium found in wheat germ is often difficult to get naturally since much of the soil in which our food is grown is now depleted of selenium. Common sources of beta carotene are carrots and green and yellow vegetables. The amino acids cysteine and methionine occur widely in grains and vegetables, but in varying quantities.

For anyone who exercises in cities, it is wise to supplement the diet to be sure of obtaining sufficient antioxidants. Estimating the required strength of any individual's antioxidant cocktail, however, requires extensive individual testing. Nevertheless, there is no longer any doubt that modest use of the above supplements and a diet of whole grains, fruits, and vegetables, plus avoidance of concentrated air pollution, will greatly benefit your body.—*Michael Colgan, Ph.D.*

Seagram's Seven gets things stirring.

The sun's beating down and the fun's heating up. The perfect time to stir up the cool, refreshing taste of Seagram's 7 and Coke.® Icy. Delicious. And enjoyed in moderation, the ideal way to beat the heat.

© 1984. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF. "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks of The Coca-Cola Company.



FOOD & WINE

PRIMANTI BROS. Here you are at Primanti's: a plunge into the hardscrabble, vulgar end of the line. You are immersed in noise, sweat, and Formica, where food is not sautéed or flambéed—it's *sizzled*.

"This ain't no restaurant, this is a fruitcake!"

The announcement, the first sensible thing you've heard since you blew into this place, comes *alta voce* at 3:20 A.M. from a dirty-blond waitress in a sleeveless denim top. This is an all-night diner, an authentic American twist on Les Halle's Au Pied de Cochon, smack in the produce yards of Pittsburgh, Peeyay. "Primanti's is a greasy spoon," observes Dennis D'Eramo, senior consultant at Price Waterhouse, "but I love it." And says airman Rich Messina: "The food ain't bad."

Ah, the food. The food is sandwiches, and you eat them with crumbs in your eyes. They start you with a hunk of hamburger, capicolla, or kielbasa seared on the grill and topped by a halo of quick-melting cheese. While it's bubbling, the meat is jammed into a loaf of seeded Italian bread, followed sometimes by eggs and always by handfuls of coleslaw, tomato wedges, and deep-fried potatoes. THE FRENCH FRIES ARE INSIDE THE SANDWICH! "I could have croaked my first time here," confides one of the women at my table, "when they threw everything into the same sandwich." Her companion—a hospital technician—counsels, "You can't say 'Hold the slaw or the fries' or 'Cut it in half.' It comes the way it comes."

Next to her a cardigan-clad black Hercules has turned his chair around and is leaning forward, sleek and easy as a puma. This is Franco Harris of the Pittsburgh Steelers, who is grasping in one huge paw a kielbasa, cheese, and eggs with double meat. "Primanti's is just like Pittsburgh," he avers, "small, noisy, and enthusiastic."

This gastronomical innovation debuted around 1930 when one of the Primanti brothers, either Dick, Stanley, or Lou, found it awkward to operate a pushcart while ingesting his own wares. For convenience's sake he stuffed everything together (*eccolo!*), thus enabling himself to feast with one hand while pushing with the other. Then a star-crossed huckster demanded from atop his wagon, "Hey Dick! (or Stan! or Lou!)—gimme one like that *tutt' insieme!*" so he could grip the horse's reins while eating.

"One night I went in with some friends," remembers Mark Pollock, a young lawyer. "I guess I'd had a few, and I started having eye contact with a sexy woman at my table. When she left with the runty guy she was with, I smiled and said, 'See you later.' The runt took her out to the car and came right back in. 'Excuse me,' he said politely, 'what did you say?'

"I felt chilled. I realized that when a man five foot six comes up to me and my burly buddies there's got to be something scary there. I replied, 'I didn't say anything.' After a few seconds he walked away. Then a waitress whispered to me, 'That's the closest you've ever been to being dead.' "

Owner Demetrios Patrinos (aka "Jimmy D") witnessed the incident from across the room. He identifies the man as a kingpin of the numbers racket. "His wife likes to flirt around," he says. He makes an openhanded gesture. "We're a real melting pot here."

It's something every night since Jimmy bought the place in 1975. "The bar closes by law at two o'clock," he says, "and a few minutes after that, this girl is egging me on, she wants a beer. So she pulls up her blouse and says, 'For these, how about a beer?' I said, 'Honey, after two, you don't get a beer for the whole thing.' "

Jimmy chases hookers away if they are plying their trade, but the welcome mat is out when their work is done. There is also a faithful contingent of gay clients. And as for machismo, there is a black-jacketed motorcyclist tearing in from Wheeling, West Virginia, swigging from a bottle of hot sauce, then posturing as if to pour it down his crotch. "Hey, Kevin," he yells to a waiter, "where'd you get the green shirt?" "Robbed it off a hospital," says Kevin.

At the next table over is John H. Brown, vice president of the Joseph Horne department stores. He and his three guests are in formal duds after opening night at the ballet. "When people from New York come to Pittsburgh," says Mr. Brown, very composed, "I always bring them here."

A disturbance on the other side of the room ascends over the din like a bugle call. A dainty creature in a print dress is insisting on having her sandwich cut in twain. *At Primanti's?* The waitress laughs her off but there is mutiny in the night air. *"Cut it! Cut it!"* The cry goes up throughout the restaurant. "Cut it?" shrieks Joseph "Scar" Scarillo, counterman and formidable-looking character. *"Right! Cut it!"*

A hush falls upon the room as Scar threads his way to the young lady's table, bearing a two-foot knife on high like an Olympic torch. The guillotine drops—the sculpted bread, meat, and fixings give way to the blade—a cheer erupts, and normal pandemonium returns. It's the middle of the night, but it's never too late at Primanti's.—*Stephen Banker*

RALPH GOINGS, COURTESY O.K. HARRIS

Primanti's: an archetypal 24-hour diner in Pittsburgh.

TAKE "THE FIRST LADY" AND FLY TO HONG KONG.

To mark its 15th Anniversary, Penthouse has selected Silversmiths Group International to create a magnificent sailing vessel in sterling silver and gold vermeil.

We have proudly christened this model "The First Lady" and have limited the edition to 1984 units.

The first 365 subscribers to acquire one of these official commemoratives will be the guests of Penthouse for a spectacular week-long celebration in Hong Kong.

"THE FIRST LADY": Containing precious metal in its entirety, each ship will stand majestically at nearly 18 inches high with a massive hull that measures more than one foot from bow to stern.

Limited to a numbered edition of 1984 exemplars only, "The First Lady" is a triumphant achievement in precious metal and a remarkable tribute to the master silversmiths who worked diligently for nearly two months on each model. They hammered and carved piece by piece from raw sheets of silver, without the use of a single casting ...thus creating individual hand-wrought masterpieces with such minute detail. "The First Lady" will evoke endless admiration from all who see this majestic ship.

So rich in authenticity, each ship is equipped with its own dinghy and docking poles. Even the proud name plaque was intricately finished in vivid cloisonné and fitted to the aft of the hull. An elegant display case of oak and glass will be sent to each purchaser at no additional cost, along with a certificate of authenticity and a pair of soft gloves to protect the proof finish during handling.

"The First Lady" is one of the most intricate and detailed models ever created by the renowned Silversmiths Group. It is fair to say that it will be much sought after by collectors and fine art connoisseurs for its beauty. Moreover, it will give countless years of pleasure to its owner and will be worthy of passing on to future generations with pride.

HONG KONG—Land of Mystique: If you are one of the first 365 subscribers to acquire this official commemorative, you will board a wide-body jet from the West Coast and fly halfway around the world as the guest of Penthouse for a spectacular week-long holiday celebration at the crossroads of the Far East...exotic Hong Kong, including round-trip air transportation and first-class hotel accommodations.

There will not be a dull moment in this ancient land. We have planned a week of nonstop excitement, starting with tours of Kowloon and Hong Kong and a special full-day trip on a super hydrofoil to the Portuguese island of Macao, where you will witness, firsthand, China with a European flair. You will be our guest at a sumptuous banquet aboard a boat in Aberdeen Harbor and numerous other exciting events.

To prepare for your Far East adventure, we will send with our compliments a complete guidebook to Hong Kong that will give you advance information on shopping, what to wear and everything else you may want to know.

ENSURE YOUR RESERVATION: If you want to acquire one of these magnificent works of art and qualify for our spectacular Hong Kong adventure, we urge you to respond quickly. To be certain this offer and the trip are still available and to ensure your phone reservation, please call our 24-hour-toll-free number, 1-800-228-2028, extension 55 (Nebraska residents call 1-800-642-8300, extension 55). You may order "The First Lady" with your Visa, American Express, or MasterCard. Checks or money orders must be received within ten days of your phone reservation in order to hold your order.

OFFICIAL ORDER FORM

Please enter my order for _____ model(s) of "The First Lady" commemorative in sterling silver and 24-karat gold vermeil at $2,975 each, plus $25 for handling and shipping. Residents of Florida, please add applicable sales tax.

I understand that if I am among the first 365 subscribers, I will be the guest of Penthouse* for a Hong Kong holiday, including round-trip air transportation (West Coast departure) and first-class hotel accommodations for seven nights (double occupancy). (*All travel arrangements will be provided by a professional tour operator.)

YOU MUST ORDER BY PHONE IF YOU'RE USING VISA, MASTERCARD, OR AMERICAN EXPRESS. Just call 1-800-228-2028, extension 55, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. We pay for the call. (Nebraska residents call 1-800-642-8300, extension 55.)

TO ORDER BY MAIL, PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____
(We cannot ship to P.O. Boxes: Please indicate shipping address.)

State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is payment in full: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Checks or Money Orders must be made payable to "First Lady Offer" (sorry, we cannot take credit-card orders by mail).

Mail this order form and payment to:

First Lady Offer, Post Office Box 8527
Deerfield Beach, Florida 33441

Allow up to 6 months for delivery. All credit-card orders subject to collection before shipment. No further orders can be accepted, once all 1984 units have been subscribed for. Please call our 24-hour-toll-free number 1-800-228-2028, extension 55 (Nebraska residents call 1-800-642-8300, extension 55) to find out whether this offer is still available, and to reserve your First Lady. Checks and money orders must be received within 10 days of your reservation in order to hold your order.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

1. The Hong Kong Holiday will be scheduled, at Penthouse's sole discretion, prior to September, 1985.
2. Qualified subscribers may request special arrangements for guests, at their own expense subject to availability.
3. Qualified subscribers are responsible for travel to and from the West Coast departure/return location.
4. Penthouse reserves the right to expand availability of the Hong Kong Holiday beyond 365 subscribers, and to revoke this offer and cancel all orders in its sole discretion. In the event this offer is cancelled, all money will be refunded.
5. Hong Kong Holiday trip subject to the requirements of the professional tour operator who will provide all travel services.
6. Hong Kong Holiday may not be available if payment is not received by October 20, 1984, so order now.

How a small-time hustler became an international narcotics kingpin . . . with the help of Fidel Castro's Cuba.

THE FRIENDS OF ROBERT VESCO

BY JOHN CUMMINGS AND ERNEST VOLKMAN

It's the little things that count, they say, those little flashes that suddenly illuminate the dark corners of great conspiracies. And so it was in this story: The sea gull that hit the plane over the Gulf of Mexico. The suitcase full of money that suddenly disappeared. The stuttering narcotics dealer who sought out a colleague in a prison cell. These details—flashes—when woven together formed a picture of what may have been, and possibly still is, the most profitable criminal enterprise of all time.

This is a story of greed, money, and power. The story of a great criminal conspiracy. And as in all great criminal conspiracies, there was a mastermind at work: A man whose business acumen, sheer deviousness of mind, and ruthlessness made him one of the biggest narcotics kingpins in the world, according to law-enforcement authorities in several countries. His name is Robert Vesco, and how he got to where he is today is a story of some consequence. Pay attention, for what shall unfold here is a lesson in business strategy, the story of how one man took over a major role in America's fastest-growing industry.

Behold the mastermind. He is usually described in journalese as a "fugitive financier," but he has become much more than that. Vesco's considerable talents for organization and business deals became well known in the world of illegal narcotics trafficking. Briefly, Vesco's talents have revolutionized the system that facilitates the movement of narcotics into the country, and have gone some way to solving the problem of how a major narcotics dealer can hide the vast profits from his business.

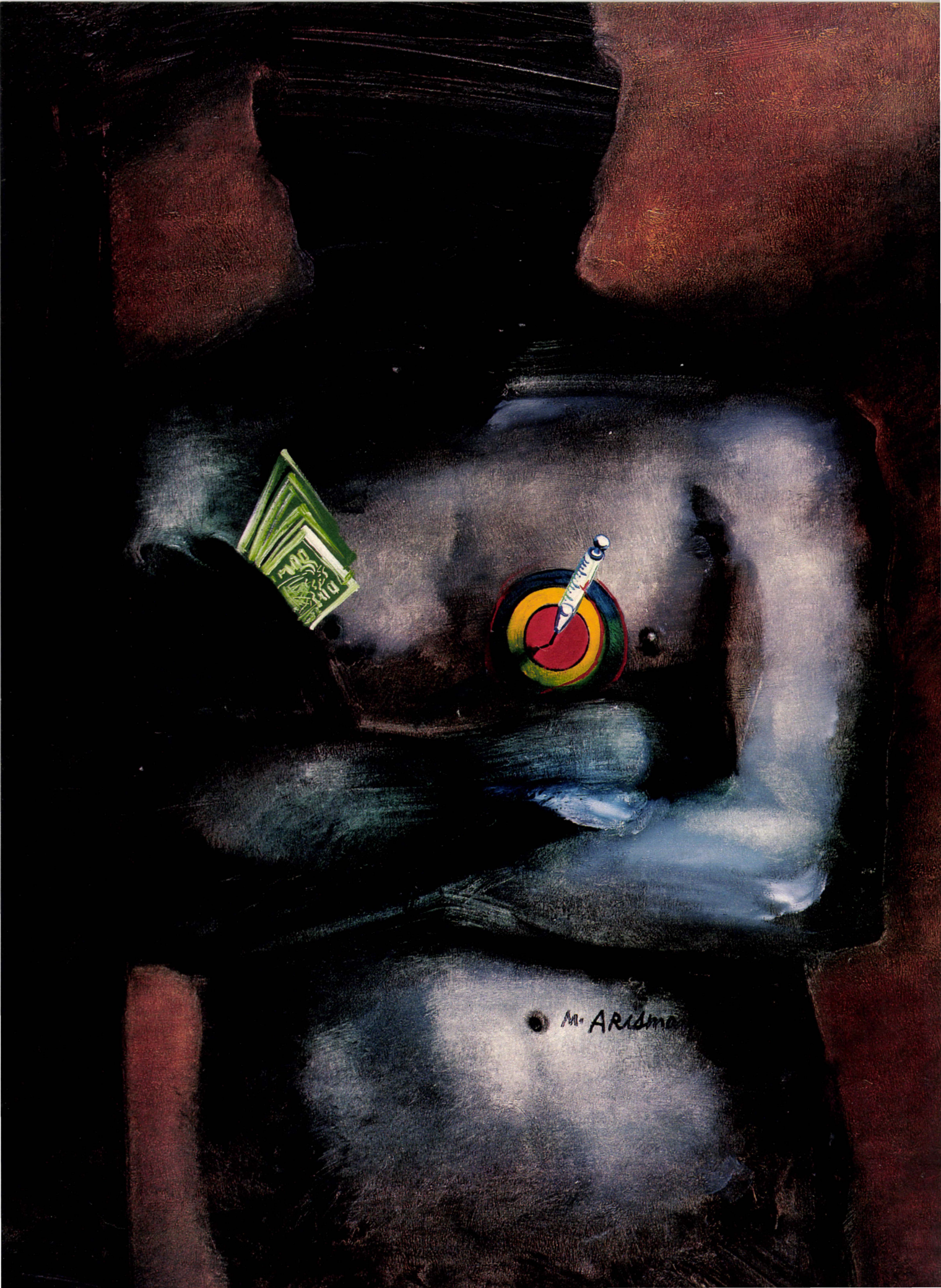
Robert Vesco early in his life acquired a reputation as a hustler and maker of assorted small deals. And he would probably have remained just another small-time hustler were it not for his involvement, in the late 1960s, in Investors Overseas Services (IOS), a worldwide mutual fund based in Switzerland. He first encountered the fund when it was searching desperately for the resolution of certain problems, among them a prohibition by the Securities and Exchange Commission from selling its securities in the United States. IOS was also cash poor; this combination of circumstances attracted Vesco's interest. He proposed a plan: He would provide his help and money to enable IOS to gain a foothold in the United States in exchange for a seat on the fund's board of directors.

The total cost of this rescue operation would be $5 million. At first blush, coming up with that much money seemed far beyond Vesco's reach. He was presiding over a number of small Florida companies, and with luck he might have been able to raise $1 million. But where was the other $4 million to come from?

It was here that Robert Vesco demonstrated his grasp of the shady side of capitalism. In this case, it amounted to saving IOS with its own money. The scheme worked like this: Vesco set his sights on a little bank known as Butler's Bank, in the Bahamian capital of Nassau. The bank was named after its owner, Allan Butler, an ambitious Harvard-educated businessman who wanted to elevate himself from the small world of Bahamian banking to the big time. Vesco turned up, smooth, fast-talking, an almost hypnotic speaker on the subject of money. In short, Vesco seduced the bank into becoming an unwitting partner in his bailout scheme. He got the fund to deposit $4 million in Butler's bank, which served to buttress Vesco's position as a major financier. Then Vesco arranged the "rescue" of the fund via the Butler bank, which meant essentially that he was saving IOS in the United States by using the fund's own money.

The little bank was later to play an even more important role in Vesco's career, but for the moment it is enough to note that in 1970 Vesco pulled off one slick deal, a deal that catapulted him into the rarefied ranks of financial manipulators. More important, the "rescue" permitted him to join the front ranks of the fund, from which he was then able to loot a pile of money. How much? Nobody is quite sure (estimates reckon around $200 million), but the fact

PAINTING BY MARSHAL ARISMAN


M. ARisma

is that Vesco gutted the very fund he had "rescued."

A year after this astounding coup, however, Vesco's luck seemed to run out. On November 30, 1971, he was arrested in Switzerland on charges of attempting to remove securities from a Swiss bank. Held without bail, Vesco appeared remarkably unconcerned, considering that the Swiss take an extremely dim view of anything illegal involving their precious banking industry.

The Swiss did not know it, but Vesco was holding an ace up his sleeve. It came in the form of a telephone call from a senior CIA official to Hans Walder, the chief of Swiss intelligence. There was "unusual interest in high government circles" in Vesco, the CIA man told Walder, and speaking on behalf of the U.S. government—the name of Attorney General John Mitchell was mentioned—it was hoped that the Swiss would release Vesco on his own recognizance. Walder, assuming that Vesco was therefore part of a major intelligence operation, dutifully made the requisite calls, and soon Vesco was released on $125,000 bail. Not surprisingly, he then left Switzerland and hasn't been back.

At this point, the Vesco story becomes extremely intriguing. The general impression has always been that Vesco was released because he made a secret pledge of $200,000 to Richard Nixon's campaign fund. But it has now been learned that the White House aided Vesco for more sinister reasons, and that those reasons had to do with preventing Vesco from coming to trial and talking too much. Put simply, Vesco had become a major narcotics kingpin in deals that involved several politically prominent people—and the White House knew it.

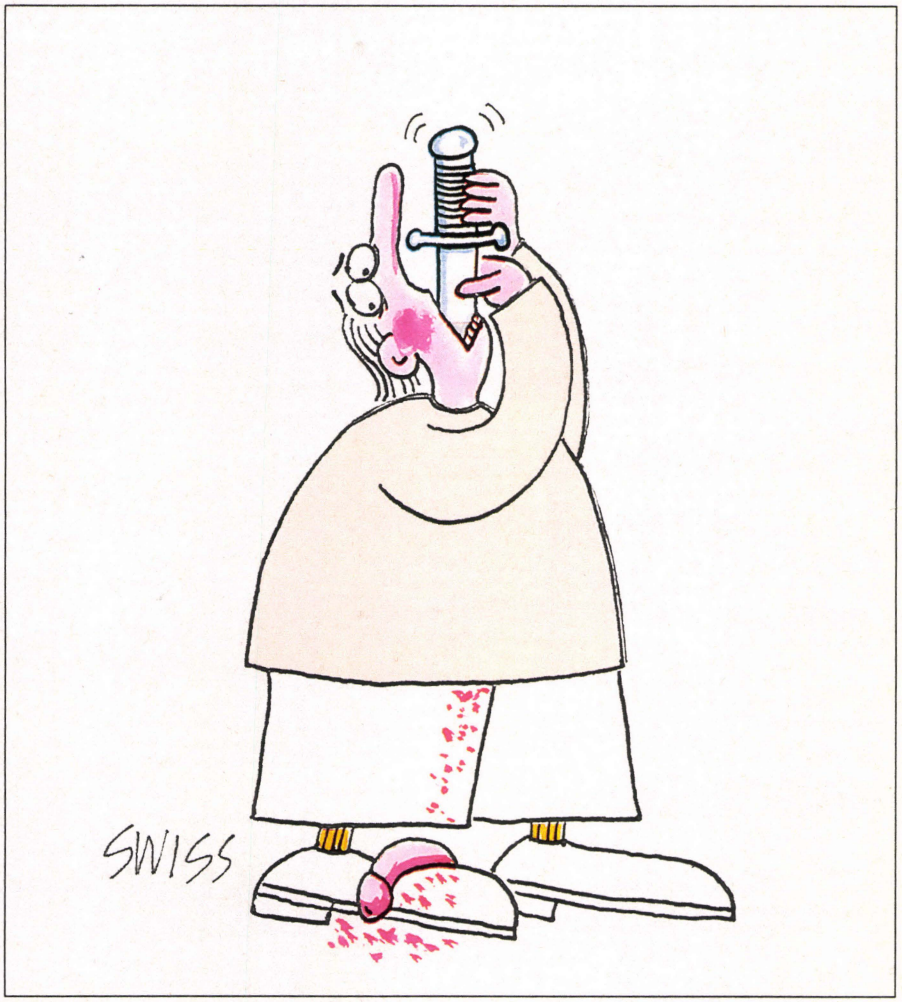
At the time of Vesco's relationship with Nixon's campaign fund, a super-secret federal strike force, known as "Operation Eagle," began to function. Directed by the White House under a Nixon order to "make war on drugs," Eagle had two priorities: (1) connect Fidel Castro to the growing flood of narcotics entering the United States, (2) identify and neutralize the "Mr. Bigs" of the drug trade.

Immediate targets of Operation Eagle were several of the hemisphere's major dealers, a number of whom were based in Miami, a key transshipment point for narcotics—especially cocaine and marijuana—moving north. One of the Miami-based dealers was Juan Cesar Restoy Sanchez, a former Cuban congressman who still had ties to many top Cuban politicians, including, curiously enough, Fidel Castro. Restoy, later killed in a shoot-out with U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents, was interesting for a number of reasons, not the least of which was his habit, unusual for a narcotics dealer, of keeping detailed records of his transactions, with the participants listed under code names. The code names were not difficult to decipher, particularly one referring to a big-money man who was underwriting deals all over the hemisphere, and who had set up major deals working for a number of smuggling rings. The code name *Bigotes* means "mustache" in Spanish, and that clue, combined with other information, pointed to Vesco, who sported a bushy mustache.

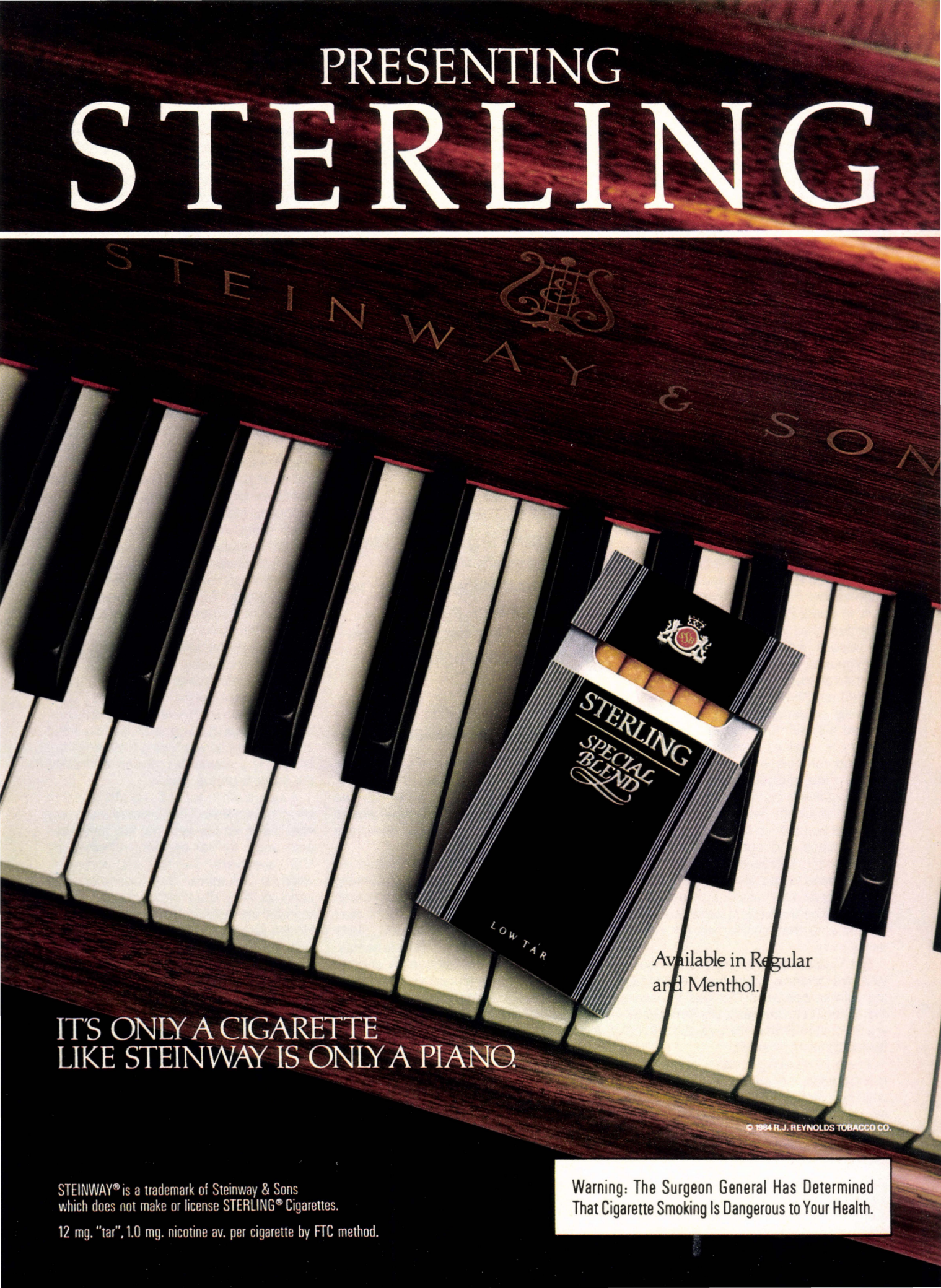
According to Restoy's records, *Bigotes* was a real "Mr. Big," receiving a cut on a long list of major narcotics deals. He did not handle the drugs himself, but he organized the deals, providing the working capital for certain dealers, along with other necessary logistics, notably fast boats. The discovery meant that considerable revision took place in the matter of Robert Vesco. At this point, it was known that Vesco had skipped to Costa Rica after fleeing Switzerland. Supposedly he was trying to buy himself Costa Rican citizenship, the better to avoid extradition problems. He was known to have dabbled in a few deals—one involved the manufacture of illegal machine guns in Costa Rica for shipment to the United States—but until then there had been no hint that Vesco might be mixed up in drugs.

The inner circle of major drug smugglers knew better. They knew that Vesco had arranged to purchase a Miami firm that manufactured high-speed boats. Further, he had also contrived to buy a lot of special radar gear normally used to spot submarines. Then in June 1972, an undercover informant for the DEA recorded a telephone conversation between himself and a major Canadian mobster, during which the mobster ordered the undercover man to go to "Costa" and pick up $300,000 from Vesco to finance a major heroin buy that was to take place in Rome. Shortly after this, a mysterious series of notes were seized in a police bust on a drug deal in Rhode Island. Among the notes was this one: "$ to Vesco 6 million/ he picked up w/shrimper (Lansky)/'curier' beat up." The implication was clear: Vesco's name had become associated with big-time narcotics. Even in this world, $6 million is a lot of money and the reference to Lansky obviously meant mob-money-man Meyer Lansky.

There was plenty of evidence to open a case against Vesco. Obviously, a major narcotics charge, accompanied by strong U.S. pressure, would provide considerable incentive for Costa Rica to dispose of its troublesome resident alien. But it didn't happen. There was only one feeble attempt to extradite Vesco. Additionally, there were a number of high-level attempts to protect him. Most of these were uncovered by a Senate investigative subcommittee. The committee brought out the fact that DEA agents were used at one point to sweep Vesco's New Jersey home for bugging devices. The undercover informant whose 1972 phone call provided the first indication of Vesco's suspected



PRESENTING STERLING



Available in Regular and Menthol.

IT'S ONLY A CIGARETTE
LIKE STEINWAY IS ONLY A PIANO.

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

STEINWAY® is a trademark of Steinway & Sons which does not make or license STERLING® Cigarettes.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

involvement with narcotics activities was abruptly withdrawn from the case. Worse: Operation Eagle itself collapsed. There were a number of curious events, like the day Attorney General John Mitchell told a stunned federal judge that he had neglected to authorize a number of wiretaps on major Operation Eagle cases, thus compelling the judge to dismiss them. This lapse went unexplained, and the mystery deepened when it was discovered later that the wiretap records themselves had disappeared. Unfortunately, the subcommittee's investigation was virtually lost in the growing excitement over Watergate.

The relationship between Vesco and the Nixon White House—first and foremost—amounted to a simple case of blackmail. So long as Vesco was the repository of a dirty little secret—the $200,000 and what he got in return for his investment—he was virtually immune from any prosecutorial move by a government that rightly feared what he might reveal before a grand jury or in open court. The entire episode underscored Vesco's remarkable ability for hustling the most powerful people and the largest institutions in order to help or enrich himself.

In exile in Costa Rica, safe from any U.S. extradition, Vesco could reflect on the maneuvers that had moved him from a small-time hustler to a mover and shaker with international influence. Certainly, his lifestyle in Costa Rica during the early 1970s reflected that success—he lived in a sumptuous walled villa, surrounded by bodyguards. At first glance, it might have seemed an idyllic, if somewhat boring, existence, but Vesco was not sitting around clipping coupons. He appears to have placed his faith firmly in the dictum that money is useless unless it's out there working someplace.

Then, too, despite the vast wealth he had supposedly cached away, life was expensive in Costa Rica. There were payments to be made in order to stay there in the first place, and round-the-clock security to maintain. Moreover, not everything to which Vesco turned his hand panned out. Occasionally, business deals went sour—the narcotics business is notorious for arrangements that sometimes go expensively awry.

But Vesco was working hard to solve whatever financial difficulties he was facing with an operation that was to have a major impact on the narcotics traffic entering the United States. He was about to enter the banking business.

There is a saying among law-enforcement circles: "It sometimes takes us a while to catch on, but when we catch on, we catch on good." Nothing better illustrates that old saw than the case of Columbus Trust, a Bahamian bank that, according to federal investigative reports, laundered at least $100 million—actually, the real total may be much higher—in dirty money (most of it from narcotics deals) over a period of fewer than ten years. For much of that time, authorities were largely unaware of the role the bank was playing in hiding the vast profits of narcotics dealers. When they did catch on, they were confronted with a criminal enterprise of stunning proportions.

It had begun, they discovered, with the acquisition of Butler's Bank, which had unwittingly played so large a role in the Investors Overseas Services scam run by Vesco. In 1971, Vesco had quietly obtained control of Butler's through International Bancorp, one of the dozens of corporate shells he used to funnel IOS funds into the Bahamas. International Bancorp had already purchased Bahamas Commonwealth Bank, which later listed its sole asset as a loan and investment portfolio of Butler's Bank.

In other words, Vesco was pulling one of his shell games, this time building a banking empire out of nothing—or, in financial terms, creating a debt from one paper entity that was listed as an asset by another entity. And through a series of maneuvers too complicated to list here, Vesco, according to testimony—via two confederates acting as front men—wound up secretly controlling a brand-new bank known as Columbus Trust.

> There couldn't be two more unlikely business partners than Fidel Castro and Robert Vesco. Yet, an eventual partnership between the two men was probably inevitable.

By 1973, after Vesco had finished his financial shell game to hide his controlling interest in the bank, what had been created, ostensibly, was a typical Bahamian bank catering to foreign accounts. Bank regulation, nonexistent in the Bahamas, was rendered further opaque by another shrewd Vesco maneuver: Several large blocks of stock in the bank wound up in the hands of leading Bahamian politicians, including Prime Minister Lynden Pindling. And from 1973 until 1981, the bank functioned as a giant money wash, laundering the profits of drug deals. The authorities knew little of the machinations, although there was everlasting curiosity about what the drug dealers were doing with all their profits. This was no idle question, for profits—and what to do with them—lie at the very heart of the drug business.

The problem, substantially, is that narcotics generates money in wholesale lots. Each ton of cocaine is worth about $300 million when sold on the street. That represents a stunning profit margin over the relatively minuscule amount necessary to produce that cocaine in the first place. Indeed, there is so much money in narcotics that major dealers tend to discuss money in terms of "pounds," meaning a certain number of pounds of $20 or $100 bills.

This may not seem like a problem, but vast wealth without the requisite visible means of support tends to attract the authorities, especially the Internal Revenue Service. And the last thing a major narcotics trafficker wants to encourage is attention from law-enforcement officials.

Still, how can all that money be hidden? It was Vesco who provided the answer—a scheme so simple it is a wonder nobody had thought of it before. The key was his bank in the Bahamas where, amid the quiet sounds of shuffling paper and clicking computer keys, several hundred million dollars (perhaps more, nobody knows for sure) in narcotics money passed through.

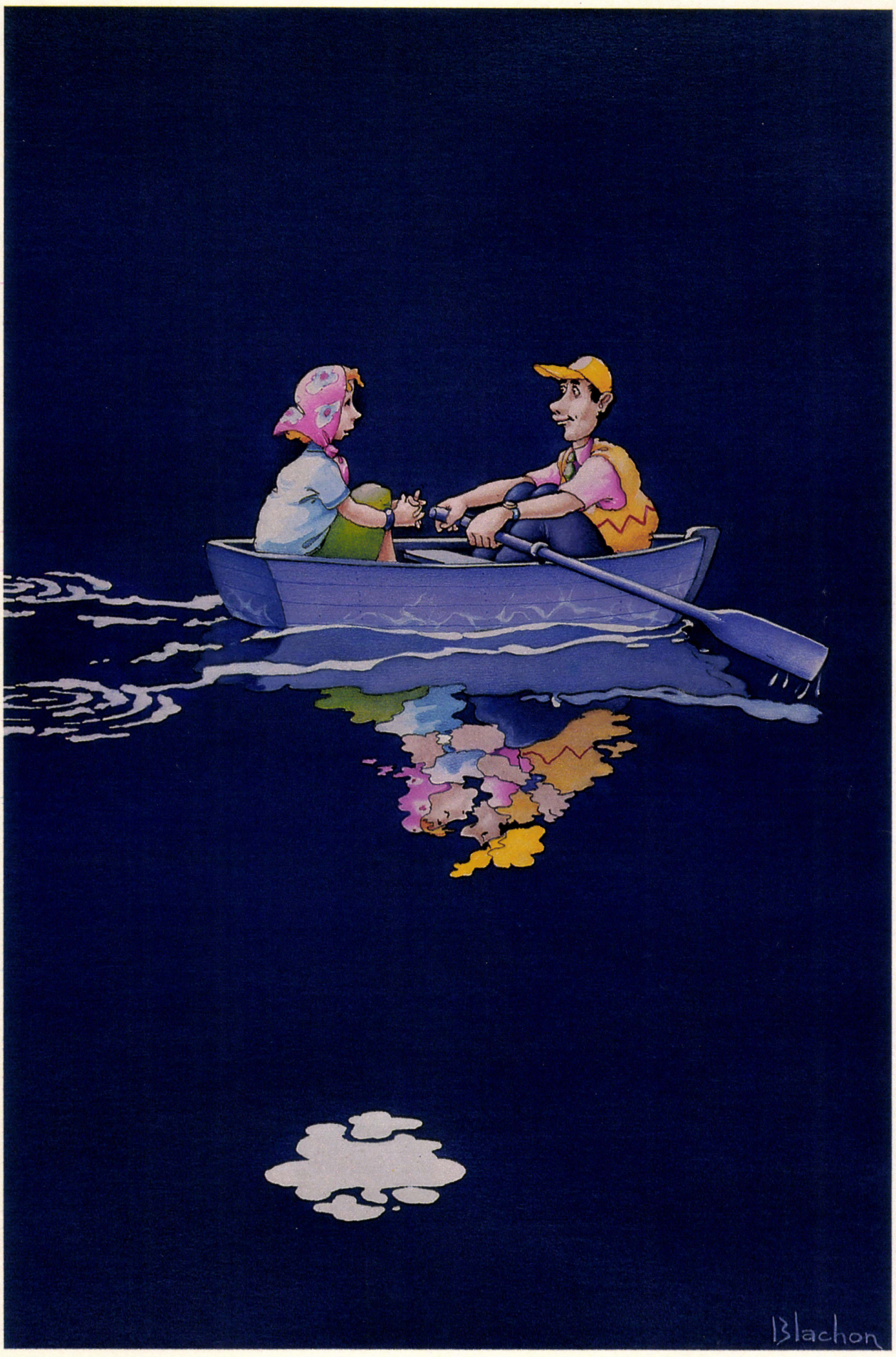
Reduced to its basics, Vesco's laundering scheme worked this way: A major dealer—call him John Doe—scores $2 million in profits on a major drug deal. He wants to hide the money. He gives his profits to Vesco's bank, which then invests them in one or more Caribbean-based, real-estate-development companies. The money is then returned to John Doe in the form of profits from the Caribbean company. Simplicity itself—aided by the fact that most Caribbean countries have strict commercial-secrecy laws, which make checking up on offshore corporations extremely difficult. In another variation on this scheme, the money is given to the bank, which then "loans" John Doe large sums. This variant tends to infuriate IRS agents, who later discover that John Doe is not only hiding his money but is also filing income-tax returns, deducting the interest on the "loans."

It took a while for U.S. agents to catch on to this scheme. Their belated discovery was aided by the fact that the bank was also used for tax-evasion schemes by U.S. taxpayers. But first and foremost, Vesco's Columbus Trust operation was used to hide drug money. How well it worked until Bahamian authorities finally closed down Columbus Trust last year is best exemplified by the case of Vesco's most important Bahamian business connection, Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas.

Lehder was in the Bahamas overseeing a large-scale, drug-smuggling operation. He was one of several Colombian narcotics denizens who found a very hospitable climate in the Caribbean archipelago. The Bahamas, pockmarked by tiny islands and anchorages, are ideal territory for drug smugglers. Moreover, the Bahamas are only about 50 miles from the southeastern U.S. coast, a quick hop across the water in a fast boat.

Lehder's money flowed into Vesco's bank in the form of a corporate fiction Vesco had created for the Colombian. Known as International Dutch Resources,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202


Blachon

HERE SHE COMES MISS AMERICA

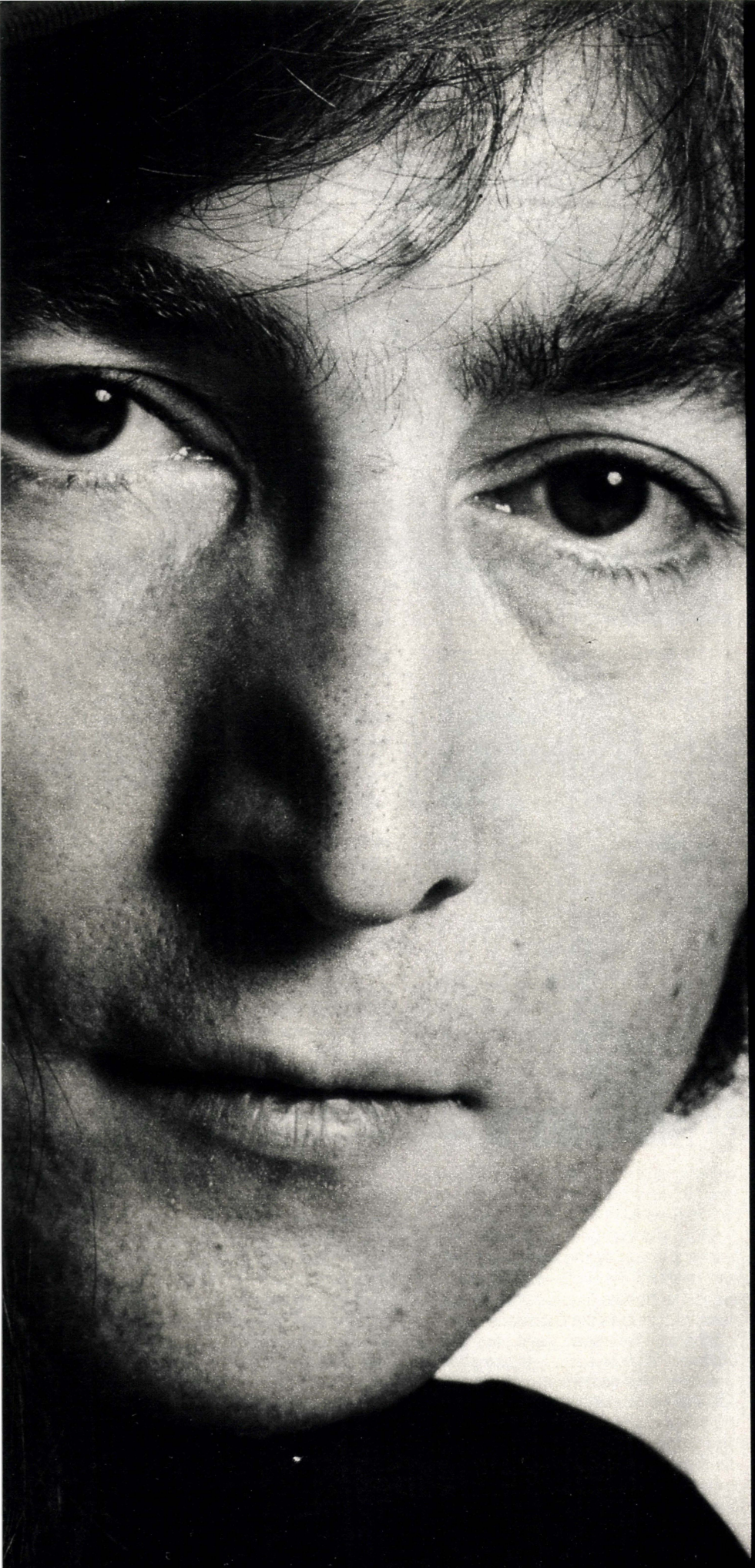
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS
BY TOM CHIAPEL

For decades, we have anxiously anticipated each new-found Miss America as a Queen whose title embodies antiseptic virtue as well as beauty. In reality, however, she may not necessarily conform to this corporate sanctity. In talking with Tom Chiapel—who photographed Vanessa Williams before she won the title—we've uncovered another, more provocative side of our reigning Queen: an erotic, flamboyant, and sometimes aggressive young woman.

(Upper left) the newly crowned Queen; (upper right) chatting with fellow entertainer Ronald Reagan; (middle) with Tommy Tune and Twiggy; (middle right) a candid shot; (bottom) greeting the crowds in New York City.

(Below left) laughing with David Letterman; (right) wearing the crown means grave responsibilities; (bottom left) George Burns provides comic relief; (bottom right) with a news crew, cops, and pageant security on the beach at Atlantic City.

"Vanessa is a nice person," says Tom Chiapel. "In my opinion she is a little manipulative...a little bit of a tease. She is sexy and likes to be sexy." While employed as a makeup artist and receptionist for Tom Chiapel, Vanessa asked him to photograph her. "She said that she would like to do some nudes...so we did some and she was very natural. Vanessa was really kind of daring in front of the camera; she appeared to enjoy taking pictures with her clothes off more than with her clothes on." Pausing, Chiapel continues, "Then she approached me when I was doing some shots of two girls together and said she thought it was a sexy idea. She led me to believe it was an erotic fantasy of hers." Regarding her rise to stardom, did Chiapel feel her title was laced with a sense of irony? Laughing he says, "I was really shocked. My first impression, when she said she was running, was, 'Now I know that Miss America isn't what I thought it was.'"



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JOHN & YOKO

An exclusive, long-lost conversation

John Lennon first met Yoko Ono at a London art gallery in 1967. At that time, he was in the heyday of his recording career as a Beatle and was recognized the world over as one of the greatest performers and writers of popular music. In those days, the name Yoko Ono meant little outside the New York art world. She was from a conservative Japanese family who moved to New York when she was 19. She studied at Sarah Lawrence, dropped out, and married a Japanese musician, then divorced him to mar-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

"When people ask me for a précis of my story, I put "born, lived, met Yoko," because that's what it's been about."

ry American filmmaker Tony Cox, by whom she had a daughter.

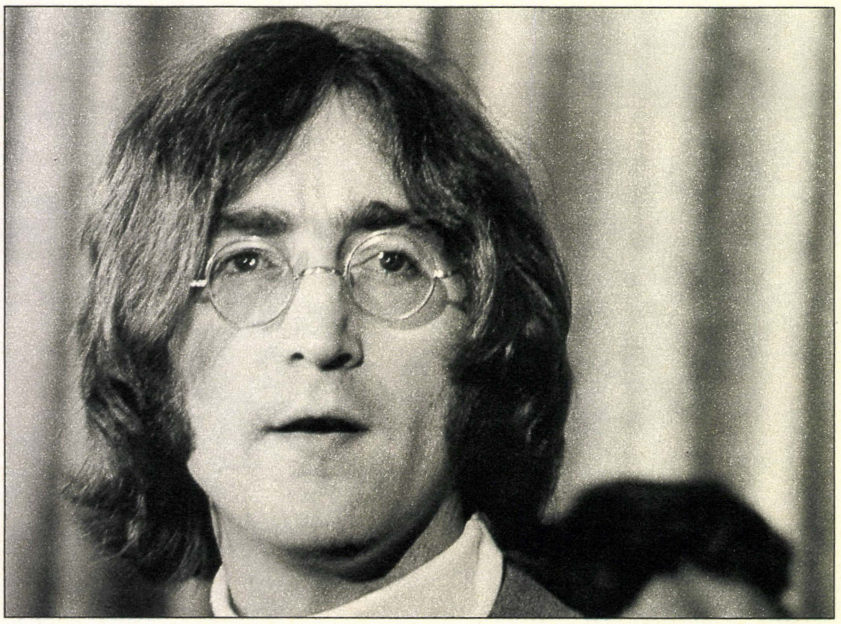
Yoko was a serious artist, but relatively unknown until John Lennon entered that gallery. John walked over to a ladder, climbed it, picked up a magnifying glass, and read some tiny lettering on a canvas. It said "Yes." John then asked to meet the artist.

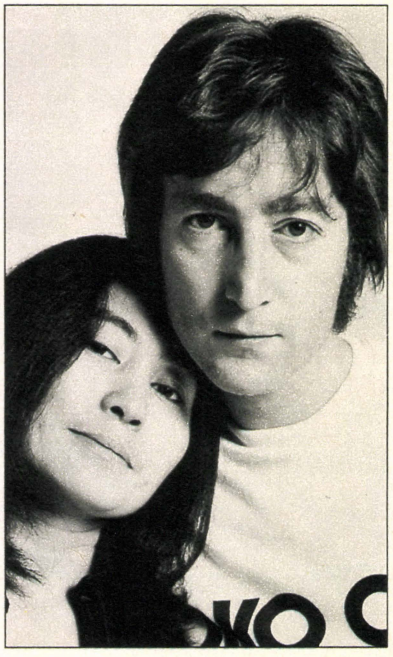
Right away he found her fascinating. "As she was talking to me I would get high," he told me, "and the discussion would get to such a level that I would be going higher and higher." Within a matter of months John and Yoko moved in together. From then on the rest of the Beatles—and the whole world—would have to contend with the couple's togetherness, as John and Yoko embarked on a series of exhibitionist events.

John and Yoko had been together four years when they gave us this interview. It took place at the St. Regis Hotel in New York in 1971. My coauthor, Robert Schonfeld, and I spent nearly three months setting it up, and ironically, when it was done we never published it. The reason was: We were writing a book, *Apple to the Core,* about the Beatles' breakup. By the time we were granted this interview, the book was nearly written, and we used the material from it as background. The interview remained, until now, on a closet shelf.

At the time of our writing, the Beatles were in ruins. They were fighting among themselves, and they were no longer recording together. Many people attributed this to the influence of Yoko, on the one hand, and Linda Eastman, Paul McCartney's wife, on the other. The Beatles' business ventures had proved disastrous. Brian Epstein, their manager, was dead from an overdose of sleeping pills, and nobody was around to make sure the center held. After years of touring, and one successful album after another, their purportedly fabulous wealth was but a fraction of what the public supposed it to be. They were still rich by any standard, but they had lost control of their Northern Songs copyrights to Sir Lew Grade, chairman of ATV, a British entertainment conglomerate, after a long takeover battle. Their Apple venture had turned into a nightmare from which John finally emerged screaming "Help!"—a cry that was heeded by Allen Klein, who was soon to manage John, George, and Ringo.

The rift between John and Paul was huge. It took on every aspect of a celebrity divorce. Paul went into court





seeking to dissolve the Beatles' partnership, and John reacted to this by hanging out all the dirty linen. Typically, Paul did his best to smooth his feathers and look the other way. He had wanted his in-laws, the Eastmans, to handle the Beatles' business, but to John the Eastmans were anathema. He saw them as the dreaded "men in suits," whose posture was "We're here to help you," but who would really take control. On the other hand, he was drawn to Klein, the man the establishment didn't trust.

Had Brian Epstein lived, it is conceivable that he might have been able to resolve the differences between John and Paul. The Beatles might have continued to record together. But who knows? The White Album is testament to their growing need to write and record separately, and as John said in this interview, he and Paul wrote separately far more than the public imagined.

When we turned up at the St. Regis for our first interview, John and Yoko were still in bed. It was early afternoon, and there was a flurry of activity in the adjacent suite of rooms. May Pang was much in evidence, bustling about, her long black hair swirling around her. (This was a year or two before her affair with John.) She told us that our interview would have to be interrupted by a fitting for Yoko, which turned out to be to our advantage, because in Yoko's absence John was prepared to go back into the past and talk about Hamburg and the role of Brian Epstein.

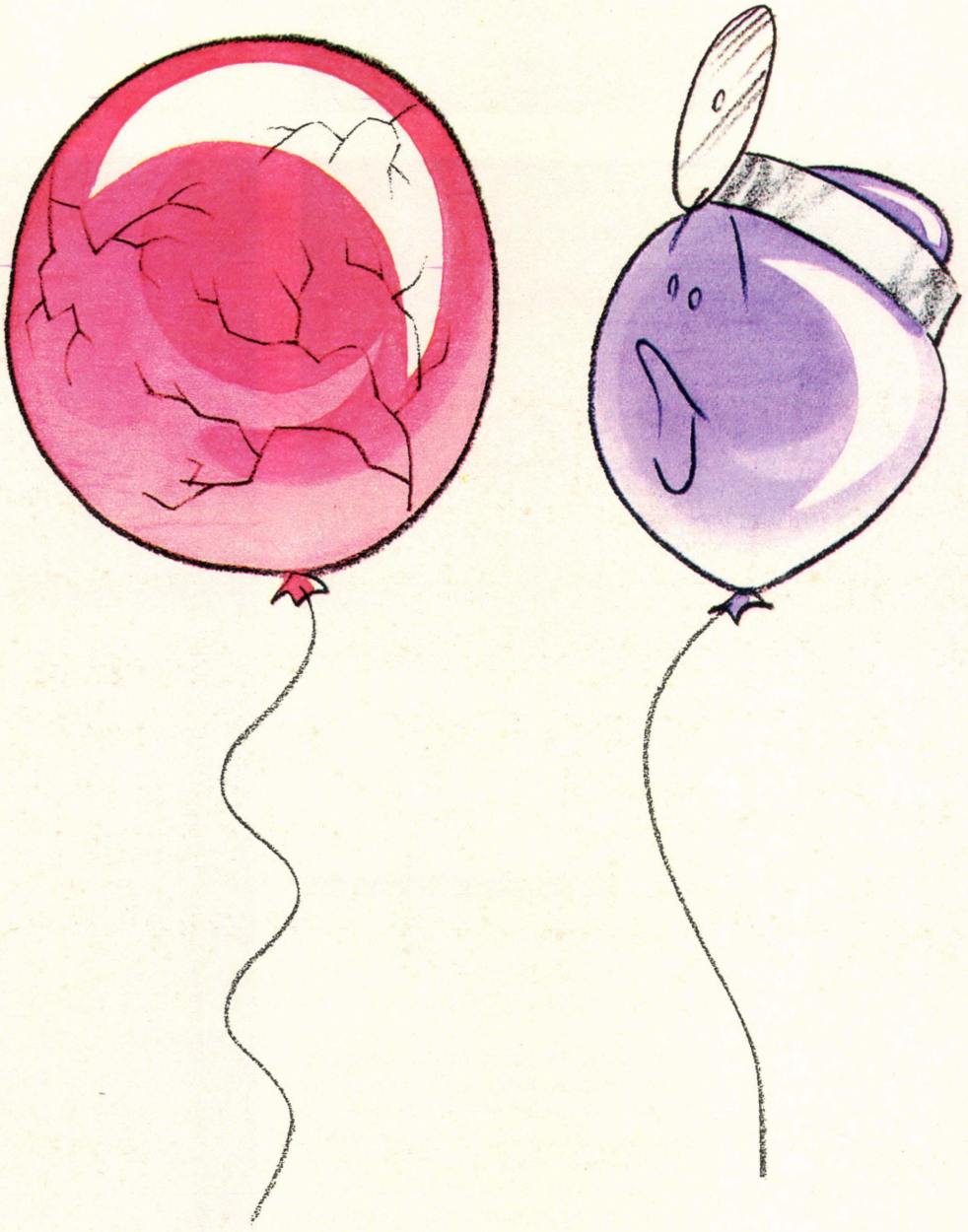
We were served tea on a silver tray. John chain-smoked Gauloises, and the interview proceeded. It was obvious from the start that he was still angry at Paul, but when I played the tapes later, I noticed he did not say anything negative about Paul's music. He attacked Paul for being bossy, arrogant, chauvinistic, etc., but in the next breath he would be telling us about Hamburg, and about Paul having to be onstage for an hour and a half playing "What'd I Say," and you could hear the affection in his voice.

I have listened to these tapes many times, and I have always been struck by the contradictions within John Lennon. He tended to see the world in

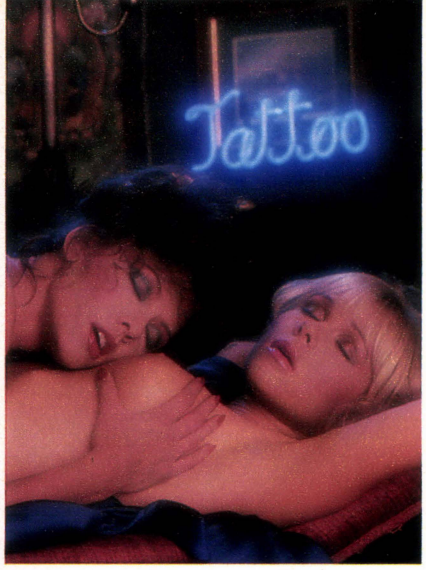
CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

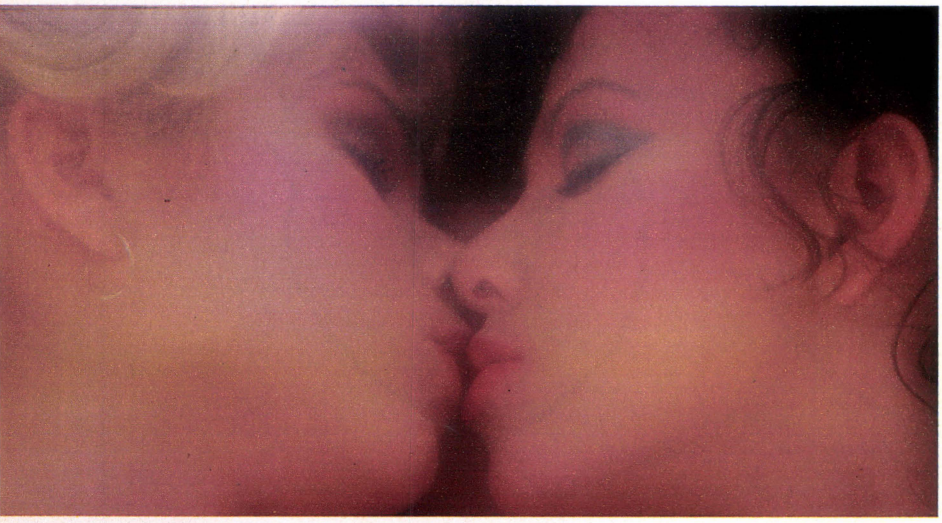
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I don't know whether we have time for a second opinion."



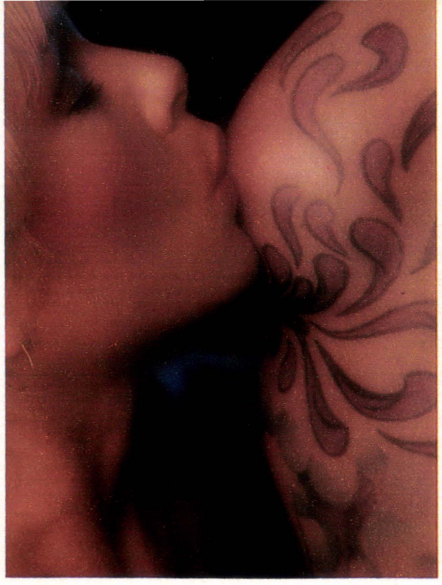


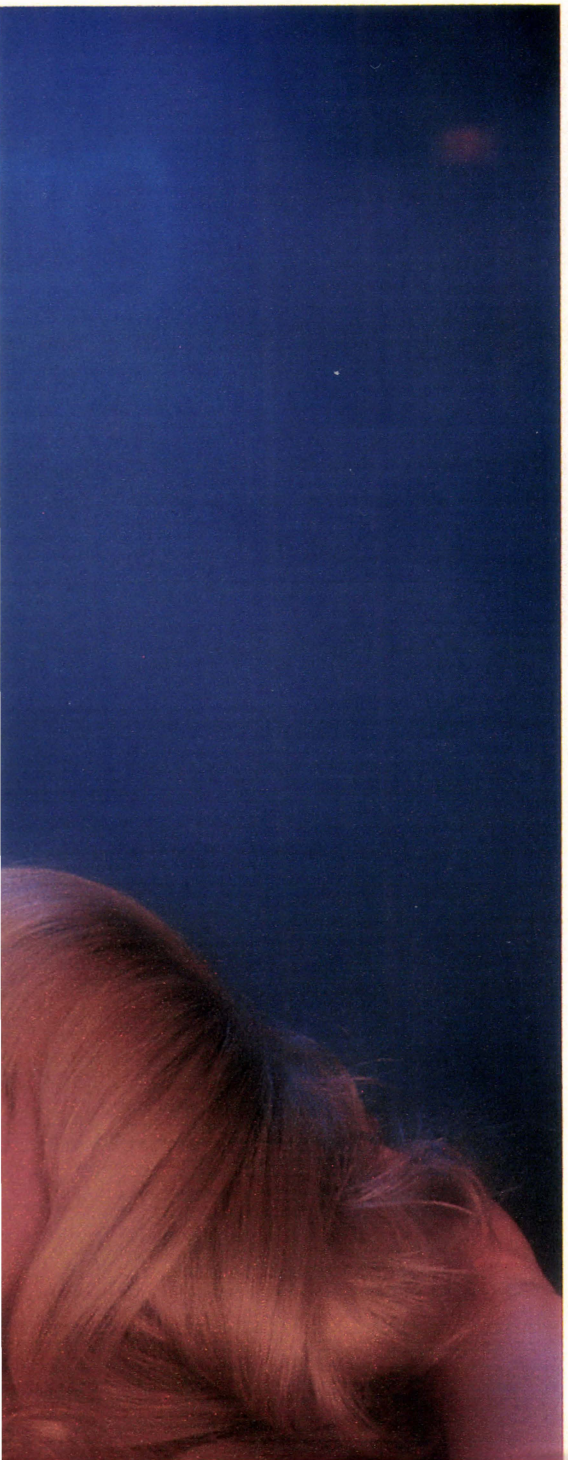
TATTOO

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED HOLZMAN

The blonde had long admired the dark-haired beauty, marveled at the molded curves that were delicately etched with flowers. When she walked along the waterfront, the glowing neon sign often drew her attention. Peering inside, she'd see the artist's graceful hands at work. One evening, as we see in these "stills" from the *Penthouse* video-magazine featurette *Tattoo* produced and directed by Ed Holzman, she succumbed to instinct and stepped into her parlor alone. The artist almost seemed to be expecting her for she'd barely begun her work when their eyes met and held each other's gaze...just as their arms and lips did moments later....

Tattoo

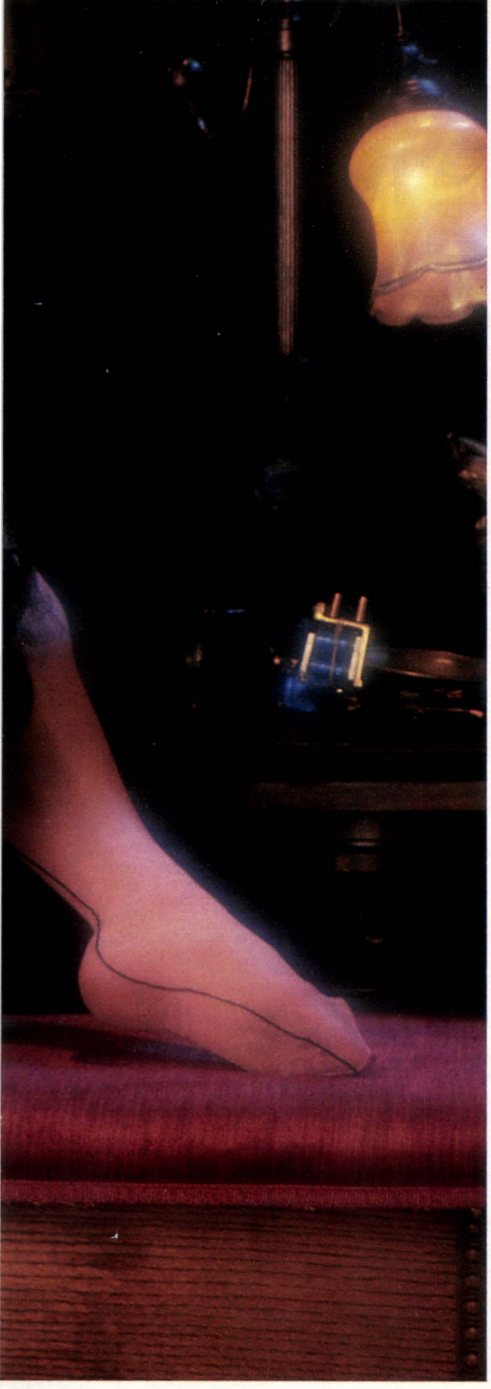




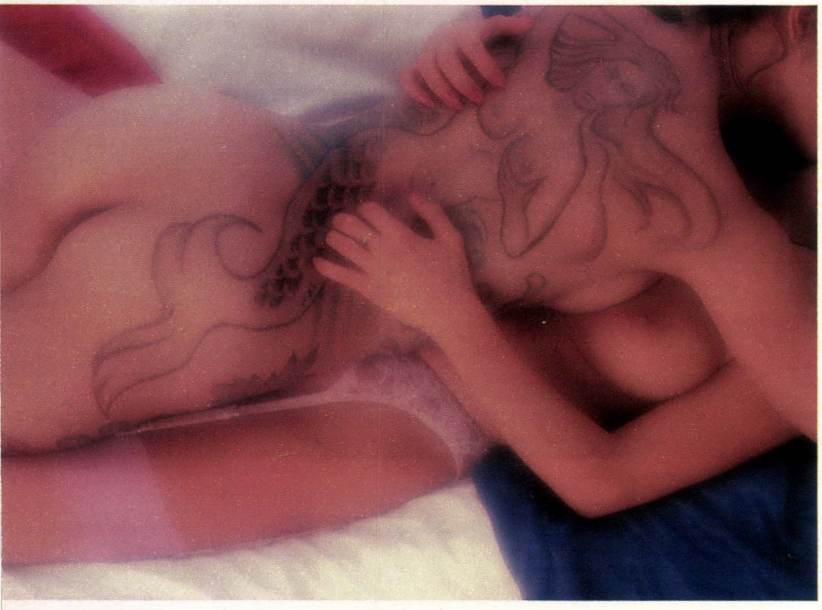
Meekly, the blonde protested, sensing that her surrender could leave a brand more indelible than any tattoo. Too weak with desire to protest, she shuddered as the artist's tongue danced along her body.

Cupping their swelling breasts, they offered them up to each other–women craving another woman's touch....

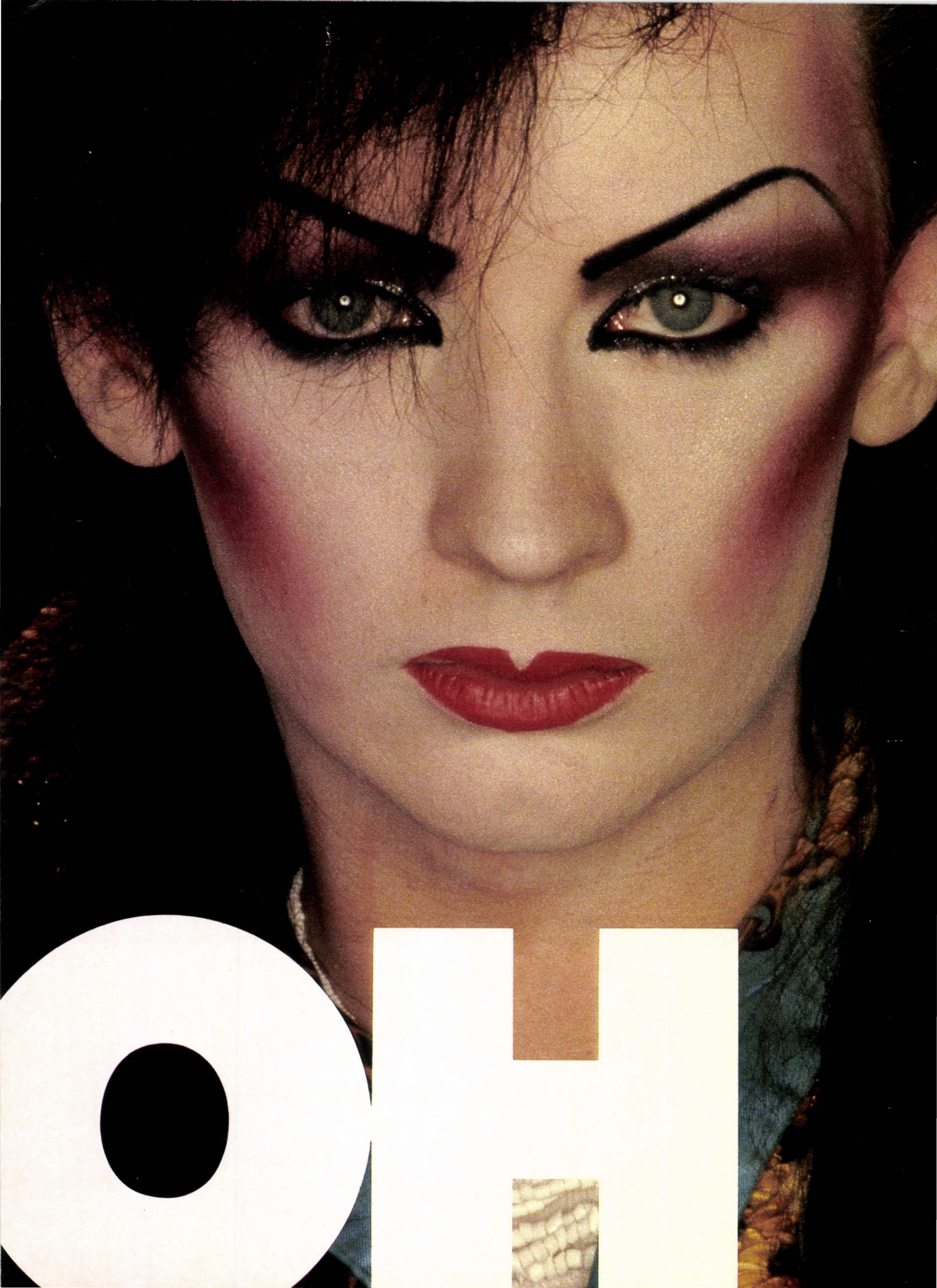
Upstairs in her private room, the bed became a cradle of pleasure, a place where new feelings could develop and flourish, as soft hands explored this foreign but all too familiar terrain....



Later, growing bolder, they allowed their thighs to part–an open admission of the need to delve into unknown realms. Shyly, they felt their passion mounting as they penetrated the secret places where only men had ventured....



The artist and her fair apprentice practiced their craft with abandon; plunging into unfathomed depths, both were swept away by undercurrents of sensation as torrential as the tides...discovering within themselves a sexual force that no man can ever tame.


oh

How George O'Dowd became the world's most unlikely rock superstar.

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

BOY

Even Joan Collins is intimidated.

Striding determinedly down a long corridor backstage at *The Tonight Show* in a clingy silk robe, the British bombshell from TV's *Dynasty* is fresh from a makeup session as she rounds a corner and nearly collides with the fabled Face. He's a tall, hulking harlequin in skull-white Halloween war paint, dressed in a pajamalike getup of tailored bed sheets emblazoned with crayon-colored numerals, his dreadlocked head topped with a linen scarf and a red-banded rabbinic hat. Collins has had her share of brusque sexual run-ins, but she's never had to wriggle past Boy George in a narrow hallway, much less share the spotlight with him and guest host Joan Rivers on the most popular late-night-TV program in history. It's an occasion for firsts, and nothing can prepare even the impervious portrayer of ultrabitch Alexis Carrington Colby for a sudden mug-to-mug staring match with the ballsiest gender bender in rock and roll.

There is a microsecond of startled indecision as Collins's painted gaze finds his mascara glare. It's a hormonal tilt, a skewered male artifice versus smoldering female flash. "Oh, my," she gasps, almost to herself, and hurriedly ducks into her dressing room. The Face explodes with his best satyr's snicker, his pointy tongue licking his scarlet lips in glee as he hastens triumphantly onward.

"Did you see it?" he later titters. "I mean, *really!* Poor Joan didn't know what to think! I can't wait to get on the air! Last night I was watching the program and Joan Rivers told Margot Kidder that she was jealous of the fairy tale Margot's living. Tonight the Joans and I will be a fairy tale together—St. George and the dragons!"

For the last 24 hours, Boy George, soul-crooning lead singer of Culture Club, the upstart British rock band that has mesmerized both international fashion dandies and record-industry denizens for the last year and a half, has been psyching himself for a delicious showdown, anticipating icy on-camera condescension from Collins and catty barbs from Rivers.

If the actress is rude to him, he intends to drop a withering line: "Joan, I thought people in your profession are supposed to *retire* at 65."

Should the comedienne come on too strong, he'll counter with a base gag: "What's the difference between Joan Rivers and the Statue of Liberty? Not everyone's been up the Statue of Liberty!"

Indeed, he was up until the wee hours the previous evening, entertaining an inner circle of associates with his arsenal of raw put-downs and bawdy one-liners. After one particularly nasty quip, a visiting outsider expressed surprise, assuming that Boy George and Rivers were chums.

"I like her," he coos, hand on cocked hip, "but that doesn't mean I *trust* her."

As America discovered on the tube, George had little to fear. A readily rattled Joan Collins, "prudish" about discussing her racy new autobiography, was dismissed by Rivers before he ever got on. And when his turn came—amid roars of approval and glee from the studio audience—Rivers seemed uncommonly intimidated. In her toughest question, she wondered whether he used to pilfer his mother's cosmetics; he smirked and said no—he stole his dad's. After the taping, pandemonium broke loose in the studio when a throng of rabid females tried to rush the set during a Joan-and-George photo session.

"You're creating a dangerous situation, Madam!" yelled one of an alarmed phalanx of security guards as a well-dressed matron tried to dive over his shoulder. Still more frenetic fans of all ages clamored outside as Joan and George sped off in limos to dinner at Spago, the ultrasmart Los Angeles pizzeria. Several months later, the duo still hang tight inside a media corona, Joan giggling like a schoolgirl via satellite from London as George received

So what the devil is going on here? What does the record industry esteem in a swishy misfit who makes David Bowie look like a doorman?

Culture Club's Grammy Award for Best New Artist. Her accolade: "You look like Brooke Shields on steroids." His acceptance speech: "Thanks, America. You've got good taste, style, and you know a good drag queen when you see one."

So what the devil is going on here? Since when does the nation's leading soap-opera hussy cower in the path of a pop poof? How could the nastiest mouth in comedy be reduced to dulcet meekness? Why might housewives risk life and limb to touch a pansexual Pierrot in greasepaint? What does the record industry esteem in a swishy misfit who makes David Bowie look like a doorman? And can voguish designers in New York, London, and Tokyo possibly be serious when they maintain that the Boy's "androgynous clown" look will be a major trend this fall—for both men *and* women?

First, let's consider the self-composed sound track to this tale. Culture Club appeared on the London music scene in the early summer of 1982 with "White Boy" and "I'm Afraid of Me," two potent dance singles issued by Virgin Records that won attention in the tony, style-obsessed club scene. The first was a pumping mixture of synthesized drums and multitracked-cheerleader vocals, featuring the chanted chorus, "You're white! Dance like an enemy!" The overall feel, with a raw, fitful sax break and bit of rap vocals threaded through it, predated the Louis Jordan–inspired rhythm-and-blues party pop of David Bowie's comeback LP *Let's Dance.* "I'm Afraid of Me" was a buoyant bunch of spacy lyric snippets held together with steel pan, calypso horns, and an electronic clap track. Both were competent outings, a bit more engaging than the studied cool of cliquish, club-derived "rumor bands" like Spandau Ballet, ABC, and Wham!, but hardly exceptional.

It wasn't until the release that September of "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me?" that the young and jaded nightclubbers, and the world, listened with new ears. It was a lovely, undulating slice of blue-eyed soul, with a sensational walking bass line, the balladeer boasting a rich, controlled vibrato and a vivid sob. Comparisons with Marvin Gaye, Smokey Robinson, and even Gladys Knight were both inevitable and appropriate. Even the stagy anguish of its adolescent ardor was well-executed, disarming in its winking accuracy. By October, Culture Club's first album, *Kissing To Be Clever,* had appeared, producing another first-rate hit, the Motown-minded "Time (Clock of the Heart)." Suddenly chilly, jaded London was moving to the kind of dance music that bonds or breaks hearts. The shops were incapable of keeping the group's records in stock, and they had been signed to a major deal in America with the Epic label. A mounting buzz, equal parts curiosity and envy, was in the air: Exactly who was responsible for the new sound?

The answers slowly trickled out: The bass player, a non-Rasta Anglo-Jamaican named Mikey Craig, had never been in a band before, although his brother was a percussionist with Funkapolitan, a swank crew that serenaded rich twits at lavish gigs like the Royal Wedding–week nuptials of Damian Harris (actor Richard's son) and model Ann-Abel Brooks. The guitarist, a shy, blond ex-hairdresser named Roy Hay, had signed on from an unknown crew called Russian Bouquet. The drummer, Jon Moss, was once in an outfit called, by turns, Phone Bone Boulevard, Pastrami Barmy, and Eskimo Norbert. Another cursory member was the now-famous Thomas "She Blinded Me with Science" Dolby. Moss was best known as the guy who dared in 1977 to walk out on the Clash (then London's biggest band) after a mere two months, calling leader Mick Jones a "poisonous, arrogant asshole," but he also replaced Rat Scabies in the Damned—until the group broke up—and was a session drummer for Adam Ant.

As for the singer—gad!—it was none other than dodgy Georgie O'Dowd! The drop-dead extravagant dresser and gatecrasher who used to paint his face pale

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT SCHULZ

Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
PALL MALL LIGHTS
9mg. tar
0.8mg. nic.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

green, lacquer his hair into a lethal teddy-boy quiff, and hang 'round the loos of the gay clubs in central London! Several months before, former Sex Pistols' Svengali Malcolm McLaren had renamed the 20-year-old kid "Lieutenant Lush" for a hoot, and he had let him ornament the stage for a few concerts by McLaren's new act, Bow Wow Wow, before bouncing him out on his ear. Every rocker and scene-maker in the city was properly agog. Where did that tacky little male Tallulah learn to croon like Sam Cooke?

Yet for every doubter and vitriolic detractor—and there were many, in the club network, in tightly stratified social circles, and in the press—O'Dowd had boosters. And rather than bursting full-blown into immediate pop stardom, his had been a gradual, bizarre ascension. The real story of Boy George, then and now, is arguably one of the strangest in the rock annals. Before George was widely known for his music, he was notorious for being, well, notorious. Traipsing around to film premieres, gallery and club openings, and the innumerable yearly events that crowd the British calendar so outrageously coiffed and attired that his mere presence sparked shouting matches, fistfights, and a case of the vapors for more than a few fainthearted nannies and mums, he was forever being photographed and written up (although seldom by name) in the *Evening Standard,* the *Daily Mirror, News of the World,* and the *Daily Star* for never looking the same twice. It got to the point where if he didn't appear at an affair it would seem less than complete, even hollow, in defiance of all common sense. Jeremiah O'Dowd, George's mortified, thoroughly exasperated father, used to shout into the phone after spying yet another splashy spread on his delinquent drag queen of a son in the morning press, "Bloody hell! Why is it you get this attention? You haven't a job! You've got no money! You've got no trade! You've become nationally recognized and you don't do *anything!*"

"But Daddy, it's a new form of fame," his boy would cluck in glee. "I'm a Nothing Celebrity!"

Or a "face," as the term is known among the cognoscenti in the foggy metropolis on the Thames—and the most celebrated one ever at that.

"When you talk about the cult of fashion in England, it's been going on a good long time," says a pensive Boy George, seating himself before a room-service supper of a cheeseburger and chips (as Brits like to call French fries, in this case a double order of them) in the suite of a well-appointed Beverly Hills hotel. "Before punk and those things, there were a lot of fragmented fashion movements in England. There was a disco thing, a Bowie–Ziggy Stardust look-alike thing, a Roxy Music chic thing, and in 1975, when I was very young—14 years old—there was a Glenn Miller revival. People were listening to old swing records, Manhattan Transfer, and the 'Theme from *Jaws,*' dressing up in their fathers' 1940s suits, GI uniforms, forage caps, and their mothers' party dresses. There was a place in Canvey Island in the South End called the Goldmine, which was like a huge oil refinery, and we'd all go down there in a big troop of cars and . . . 'Dance the Night Away'! "

George merrily sings this bit of lyric, his strikingly powerful vibrato easily cutting through the din of the heated deliberations going on in the adjacent living room. Culture Club is in town for a mid-winter publicity siege, taping a series of network, cable, and video spots to be staggered over the course of 1984 to support *Colour by Numbers,* their second LP, and its four carefully timed hit singles, "Church of the Poison Mind," "Karma Chameleon," "Miss Me Blind," and "It's a Miracle," thus ensuring the product will be a vital presence in the States. Portly, middle-aged Tony Gordon, who looks more like a weary greengrocer than the manager of one of the world's biggest new rock attractions, has invited a portion of Culture Club's personnel and its record-company operatives up to his room for a post-midnight bull session. But as is typical in rock and roll, the champagne and fine wine being consumed have led to a suitably exotic digression, in this case the predictions of Nostradamus. "They're uncanny!" says the manager. "They're incredibly troubling!" says the drummer. "They're like a secret language!" says the record company's A&R man.

> "I simply feel ugly without the makeup, like a pig or a dog. As it is, I'm always thinking someone's counting my chins or guessing my weight."

"They're getting pissed out of their fool heads," says an aloof George, nodding stiffly in the direction of the noise, as he resumes his reminiscence. "But anyhow, it wasn't until about 1976, when Bowie returned to England after the Thin White Duke tour, that things really got started. Everybody would go off and see Bowie or Roxy Music, and it was irrelevant if you bought their records. Everybody who was weird and wonderful went to the radio station, the airport, or, if you had the money, to the concert. Outside of London, in Eltham, Kent, where I come from, there were people we called the Arnolds who were wearing bin liners—plastic trash or shopping bags—which they would cut the bottom out of and turn into a T-shirt, arms through the handles. Their hair was cut in a modified Lady Di, but dyed red, with baby-pacifier earrings. In the city, the punks were happening, but all this was completely suburban and very effeminate."

A compulsive talker, George pauses for a moment to pinch a mass of catsup-soaked fries with his large, oddly delicate fingers, lowering them into his small mouth with several gasping swallows.

"Now then—what I remember is that when I started to take the train to London to go to clubs, everybody went to the gay ones. There was a club called Shaguarama's in central London, and it was full of bitchy transvestites with turbans and caftans and sex changes—really lowlife. And there was another one called Madame Louisa's, where I used to run into Siouxsie Banshee in the loo, but she was nobody then, not a singer, just a freak. I knew her from Kent, where she worked as a waitress in a pub a few doors away from another one where I had a part-time job collecting empty glasses. I was 15 and spending all my money on clothes and junk jewelry!"

He erupts in his distinctive hair-trigger chortle, a throaty, oscillating expression of immense self-amusement that issues from his pursed Kewpie-doll lips with such velocity it's a wonder his pointy white teeth aren't vibrating. He leans back in his chair, adjusting the billowy knee-length, black-and-white patchwork smock that he's wearing over tight white jeans, primping purposefully as if he were a grande dame holding court in her salon. It's a practiced gesture that has long since been reduced to nervous habit, as is the rapid flutter of his hand beside his cheek at regular intervals. While the former tendency is mere affectation, it slowly sinks in that the latter one has a practical application; what at first glance passes as a fey symbol for exaggerated excitement is actually a vigorous and necessary fanning of what must be an excruciatingly itchy countenance.

The makeup is plenty heavy but well-applied in the manner of, say, a Kabuki tart, tonight's off-white foundation accented by splayed layers of ruby and ice-blue eye shadow. This faintly demonic cosmetic embellishment is framed by starkly plucked and penciled gull-wing eyebrows, with wide crescents of aqua eyeliner that flow into acute triangles of rose rouge. Matted, reddish-brown plaits of ragtag and beribboned hair swirl with impunity around the whole moon-shaped spectacle.

Even when it isn't animated by brittle jocularity or staccato chatter, it is a visage that radiates an illusion of forward dispatch, leaping at onlookers the way the nightmarish demons unleashed from the tabernacle in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* overwhelmed Nazi desecrators; neither grotesque nor elegant, its visual mystique is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

TRACY

"Now that sex is so easy to get, I think men find it a bigger challenge to get you into their kitchens than into their bedrooms...."

"I like sociable *sports. Exercise is okay, but I'd rather have a partner to flirt with."*

SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

September Pet of the Month Tracy Lords has spent her 22 formative years in a series of sunny locales: Nevada, Florida, South Carolina, and now Redondo Beach, California. But despite this constantly shifting itinerary, her final destination stays the same.

"I've studied interior design at El Camino College, but I intend to study acting at U.C.L.A. I want to do high-fashion modeling in New York and set designs for movies–maybe perform in some, too."

Meanwhile, other modeling jobs keep her in the swim of things—literally. Tracy does runway and print work for a swimwear manufacturer. Clearly her pretty pout and leggy 36-23-36-inch slimness auger well for her future with the firm.

Actually, swimming bores her. "I prefer skating, jogging, and dancing–*sociable* sports. Exercise is okay, but I'd rather have a partner to flirt with." Having been a virgin until 19, Tracy loves doing the latter. Her attention span, however, is brief.

"My theme song is 'Slip Slidin' Away.' I've never even once gone steady, and though several guys have asked me to live with them, I

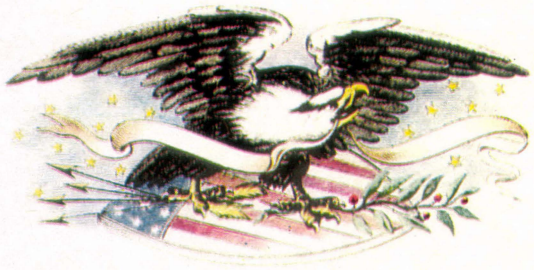
can't stand the idea of being domestic—doing cooking, errands, and housework. I want to be a mistress, not a housewife."

"Now that sex is so easy to get, I think men find it a bigger challenge to get you into their kitchens than into their bedrooms." Her rule is never to fix men anything but breakfast–preferably Instant Breakfast.

But Tracy's biggest thrill to date was riding her dirt bike on Catalina Island half looped.

She hears that falling in love is an even bigger thrill. "But," she reasons, "I'll still have to feel it to believe it!"

MISS TRACY LORDS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Over ten years ago, Bob Guccione and *Penthouse* made a commitment to support the cause of Vietnam veterans. At that time, their needs were barely recognized or acknowledged by the federal government or the general public. Furthermore, Vietnam veterans were being stereotyped by the media; this made it even more difficult to keep attention focused on the real problems these men and women faced.

In consequence, *Penthouse* pursued two strategies. First, we explained to our readers the actual nature of veterans' problems—"bad paper discharges," inadequate job opportunities, an inequitable GI Bill, a lack of adequate drug- and alcohol-abuse programs, and Veteran's Administration insensitivity. We took this approach because both the public and the federal government considered these issues "nonproblems." Second, we tried to separate the warrior from the war, and argued that the Vietnam veteran not be made the scapegoat for America's involvement in Vietnam.

The pursuit of these strategies has been helpful not only to Vietnam veterans but also to their families. Today, the problems that Vietnam veterans face are considered a reality. There is an informed body of opinion that recognizes an important need to search for solutions. Some problems, such as post-traumatic-stress disorder, are not easy to solve. Others, such as exposure to Agent Orange and radioactive ionization, are being taken more seriously as more information about the nature and conduct of the Vietnam war has come to the forefront.

The Agent Orange lawsuit (the result of which established a $180-million fund to compensate Vietnam veterans) appears to have been resolved. But it has not. The chemical companies that engineered the out-of-court settlement still maintain that the dioxin in Agent Orange is not the causal factor for the maladies that have afflicted veterans who were exposed to it. The scientific evidence compiled so far has been, at best, inconclusive or contradictory. Nonetheless, these maladies are real, but the isolated veteran is left in the dark over its symptoms. He fears that the effects of exposure to Agent Orange may be transmitted to his children.

Also, many accomplishments gained by Vietnam veterans in a number of areas are now imperiled. For example, judging from testimony delivered by members of the Reagan administration to the Senate and House veterans' committees, it seems clear that changes are being contemplated in the VA's pension and benefits programs and in its medical-care system. Each of these changes is being advanced in the name of "fiscal responsibility"; however, their net effect will diminish or take away services or rights that were previously deemed responsible and proper. Consider the plight of the indigent veteran, 65 years or older, who lacks a "service connected" disability. In his case, the VA will admit the veteran to one of its hospitals only on a "space available" basis. Thus, the veteran must fend for himself.

> The assault on veterans' programs and benefits will begin in earnest next year regardless of who ends up in the White House.

We believe that the assault on veterans' programs, benefits, and health care will begin in earnest next year. We further believe that this assault will take place regardless of who ends up in the White House, and regardless of which party controls the House of Representatives or the Senate. As suggested above, looming federal deficits will serve as justification for changing the rules. Though we do not anticipate an outright repeal of veterans' benefits and programs, there is a strong likelihood that what was once defined as veterans' "eligibility" will soon be reevaluated in order for the U.S. government to cut back on its provisions. For example, recipients of disability pensions may find their present tax-free payments for loss of limbs, sight, etc., redefined as "ordinary" income for tax purposes. Similarly, those with service-connected disabilities who are presently covered by private medical insurance may wake up one day to find the VA's medical system turned into a health-care system of last resort, despite the VA medical system's unique qualifications for dealing with service-related illnesses and disabilities. These and other assaults like them will succeed if the public becomes indifferent to those individuals who have served their country. More than equity is at stake here: The Roman Empire fell because its army was neither "cost effective," nor effective in battle.—*William R. Corson*

U.S. Gov't Report

Carlton Box 100's
1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

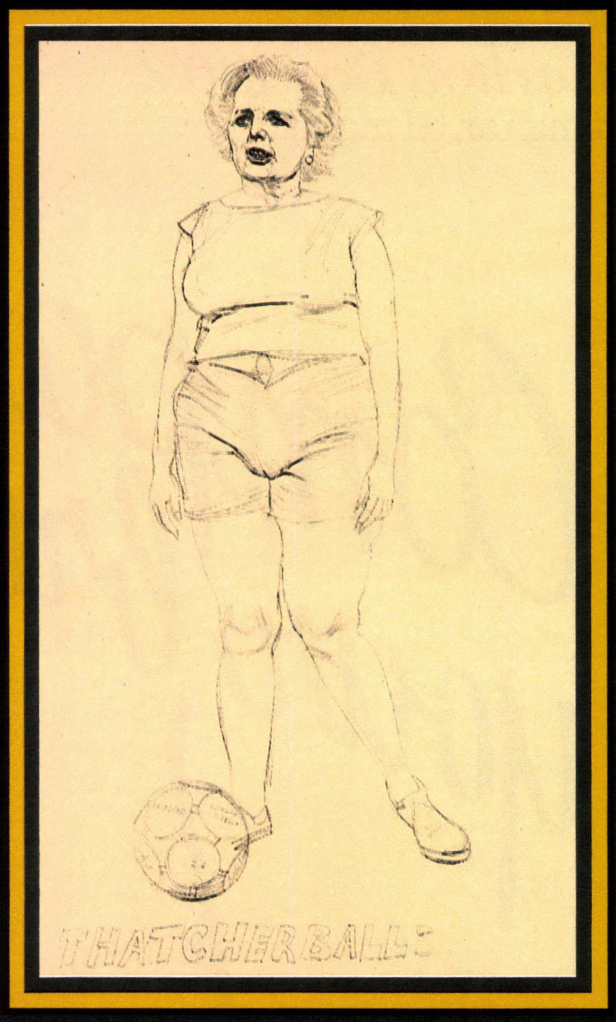
Compare to your brand

Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.

U.S. Gov't Report—no brand lower than Carlton Box King—less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 17

When her people first voted her in
She seemed like a true heroine,
But her love for the Bomb
Made her lose all her charm;
Now you see why she's called "Iron Maiden."

OLYMPIC NUCLEAR WALL
NATO

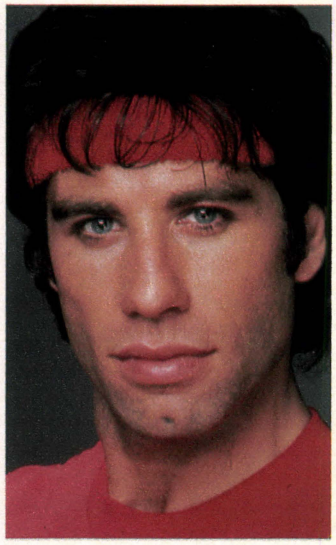
Working out alone can be boring. Now John Travolta shares with you his own "partner exercises"—a fitness program he used to transform his body for *Staying Alive.*

GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER

BY JOHN TRAVOLTA

In order to play professional dancer Tony Manero in *Staying Alive,* I needed a lean, muscular body with strong, supple lines. I had four months to get into the best shape of my life. This was a terrific challenge—because I was in the worst shape of my life. I was 20 pounds overweight, and I hadn't done any regular exercise for almost a year. If I was to reach my goal, I would need to work out full time—and I did! I worked six days a week for a minimum of five hours a day—and sometimes for 14 hours a day!—throughout the entire rehearsal and shooting of the film. By the end of this program I hardly recognized myself. I had really developed the strong, lithe body I wanted.

That experience taught me incredible things about the body and what it can do—how it can be reshaped so you can make yourself over completely, creating an entirely new you. I now look at bodies as pieces of clay that can be molded. All the potential is there, and great results can be achieved if you are willing to work at it, and if you have someone to show you the way. It will also help if you exercise with a partner.



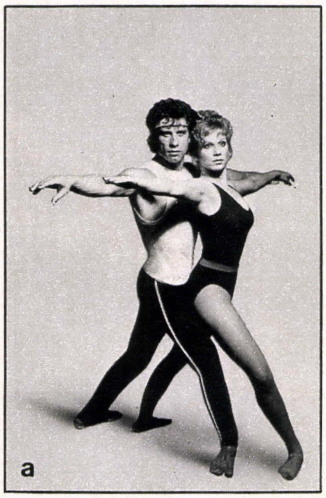
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK MITCHELL/OUTLINE

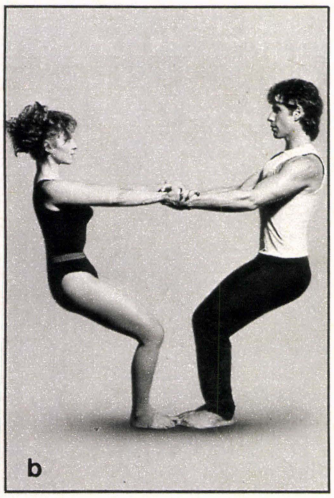
The following is a ten-minute continuous-stretch routine. It may take you a few times to memorize it, but when you have it down, begin to dance it. Make it flow smoothly from one exercise to the next. Pay particular attention to the transitions, so that you progress without stopping from one exercise to the next. Each transition should take eight counts to execute. However, when you are first learning the movements, take all the time you need to execute them correctly.

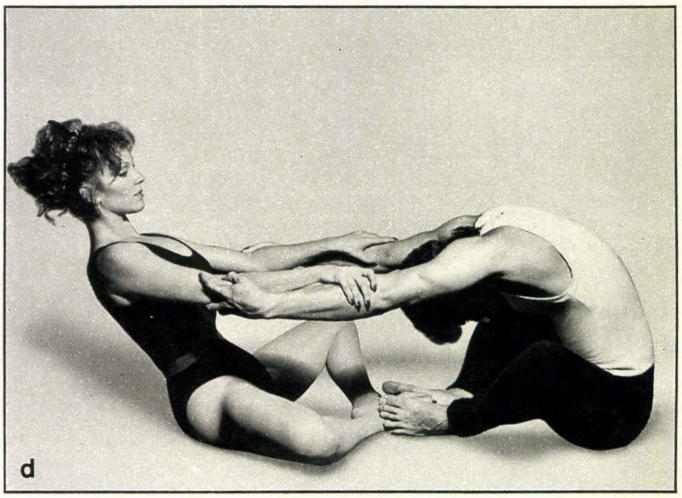
1. Arm Resistance: Great as an overall arm stretch and for the shoulder area.

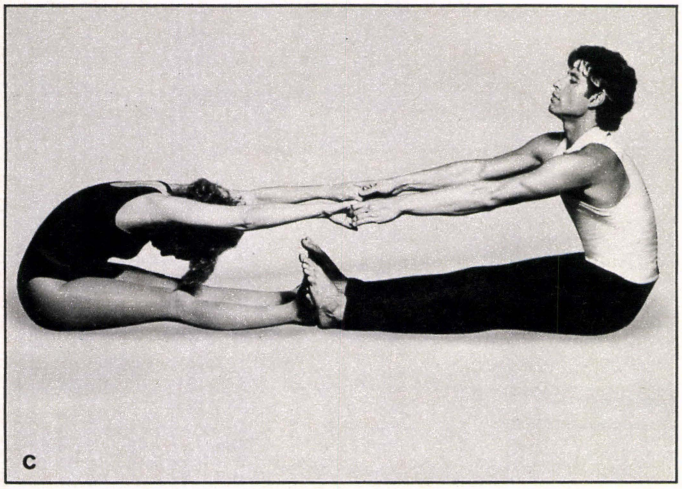
Starting Position: With your partner, start by facing the same direction, with the man standing so close behind the woman that there is no space between both of you. Place your feet in a parallel position, with the woman's feet slightly inside the man's. Place your arms down to your sides with the woman's hands resting on top of the man's wrists.

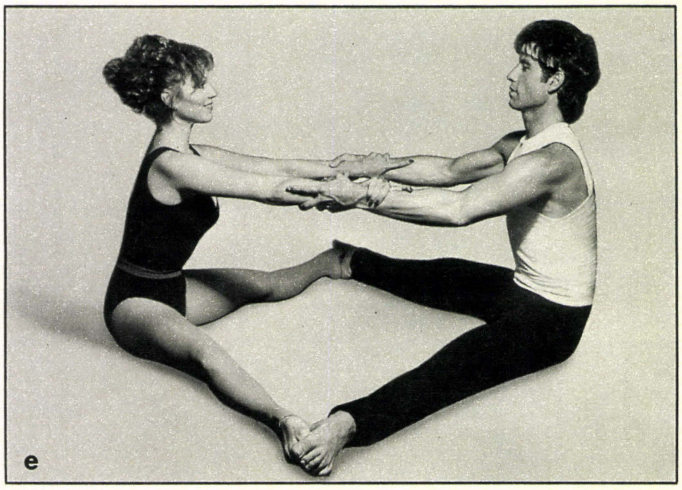
Description: The man begins by lifting his arms sideways above head level. While he does this, the woman presses











PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM FRIDLEY

John Travolta and *Taxi* star Marilu Henner demonstrate partner exercises, a sensuous physical-fitness regimen for couples who want to work out together. Front lunges (a) develop leg strength while mirror-image pliés (b) are great for upper-body strength. The forward stretch (c) extends your hamstrings, and it also works the back. To tone up your hips, the mirror lotus (d) is preferred, and another good exercise for stretching legs and hamstrings is the open-split–mirror-image routine (e and f). Stomach muscles get a good working over from mirror sit-ups (g). Buttocks can be tightened with knee hinges (h), and the waist gets needed help from side stretches (i). While these routines are great for keeping in shape, they are also terrific warm-ups for more strenuous exercises.

down on his arms to provide strong resistance to his movement. The man stops his arms when he gets them to the *V* position above his head.

Then, in reverse, the woman brings her arms back down to her sides while pressing on the man's. The man resists so that she has to work to bring her arms down.

Repetitions: Take eight full counts to go up, and eight counts to come down. Do this twice in eight counts and then twice using only four counts.

When doing this exercise, keep your stomach muscles pulled up and your shoulders down. The amount of pressure applied by each partner should supply only enough resistance so you can feel the arm and back muscles work. The resistance should not keep your partner from completing the movement.

Transition: With the man still behind the woman—make sure that each of you has your right leg in so it is next to your left leg—slide your right foot forward about two and a half feet. The right foot should be slightly turned out about 45 degrees. Your legs should be straight and your arms straight out to the sides.

2. Front Lunges: This works the thighs and develops overall leg strength. In addition, it develops side and front stretch.

Description: To begin, both of you should bend your right leg into a lunge position. Make sure that your knees are in direct alignment with your feet. Also, keep your heels down on the floor. After you have reached the full-lunge position, straighten up.

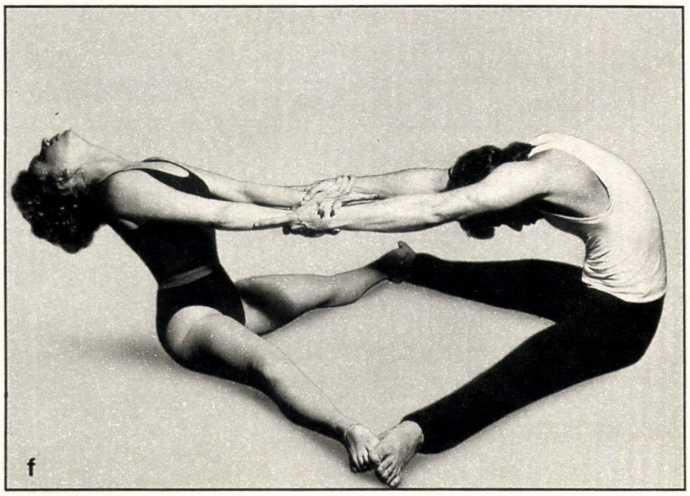
Repetitions: Do two complete lunges, using four counts to bend and four counts to straighten. Then hold the straight position and take four counts to bend sideways to the right, and four counts to straighten up. Then bend to the left four counts and take four counts to straighten up. Repeat the two lunges, then bend forward, keeping your back straight and your arms out to the sides. Now bend forward, using four counts to do four relaxed, easy bounces, and then straighten up in four counts.

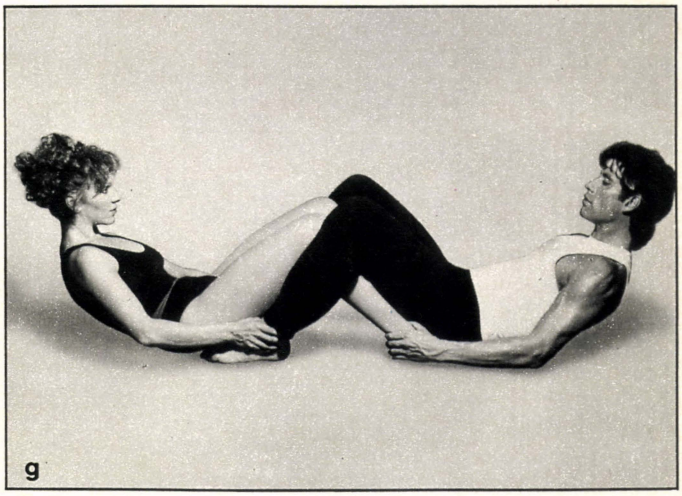
To change legs, you should bring your right leg back to your left leg, then slide your left foot forward. Repeat the exercise on your left leg.

Transition: After completing the lunge exercise on your left leg, the woman should step forward, bringing her legs together, and turn to face the man. The man should bring his left foot back next to his right and place his feet together. You are now facing each other with your legs together. You should be about a foot apart. Reach out and take hold of each other's wrists. The palms of the man's hands should face up. The woman's palms should face down. Keep your legs straight. Lean away from each other, keeping the body straight, like a slant board. You will be leaning away from each other at about a 30-degree angle.

3. Mirror-Image Pliés: These are great for upper-body strength as well as for legs.

Description: Do two demi-pliés. Hold onto each other's wrists and keep your arms straight. When doing the demi-pliés, you should feel as


f


g

h

i

though you're sitting in a chair. Then do two grand pliés. Here continue down past the halfway point until you are almost sitting on the floor.

Repetitions: Take four counts down on the demi-plié and four counts up. Take eight counts down on the grand plié and eight counts up. During the exercise, maintain the pull-away resistance.

This exercise may take some practice before you get the right amount of tension in your arms so that one of you doesn't fall off-balance.

Transition: After the second set of pliés, do one more. This time go all the way down and sit on the floor. Keep holding onto each other's wrists. Place the soles of your feet against each other's and straighten your legs so you slide away from each other. If you don't have the flexibility in your legs to extend them all the way out, keep them slightly bent.

4. Forward Stretch: This stretches your hamstrings and works the back muscles.

Description: Start by sitting up with your back as straight as possible. The man leans back as he pulls the woman forward. This is a slow stretch. Be careful not to pull too hard or in a jerky fashion. Return to an upright position. Now the woman leans back, pulling the man forward, and they both return to the upright position.

Repetitions: Use eight slow counts for the man to lean away from the woman, and eight counts to come to the upright position. Then use eight counts for the woman to lean away, and eight counts to come up. Repeat twice.

Transition: Still holding onto your partner's wrists, pull yourselves in close to each other by bending your legs. Then let your knees fall open to the sides in a turned-out position. Now that you are closer to each other you will need to grip higher on each other's arms.

5. Mirror Lotus: This exercise works your hips, inside thighs, and back.

Description: Do the same movement as you did for the forward stretch. Start with a straight back. The man will lean back for eight counts, then come up to the straight-back position for eight counts. Then the woman leans back. Repeat.

Transition: Slide your grip down to your wrists and open your legs out to the sides. Let your feet touch, keeping them braced against each other as you open your legs as wide as you can. Straighten your back.

6. Open Split (Mirror Image): This widens the stretch in your legs and hamstrings.

Description: Look directly at the other person as you mirror each other's movements. The man will be leaning back as the woman stretches forward. The man should pull gently so that his partner can extend her stretch forward a little more each time. The woman should tell her partner how far she can stretch. Return to the upright position. Now it's the woman's turn to lean back and stretch the man. During the exercise, always keep the feet pointed.

Repetitions: Take eight counts for the man to lean back as the woman stretches forward. Then take eight counts to come up to a straight-back position. Use the same counts while the woman leans back and comes up. Do these stretches smoothly without jerking suddenly.

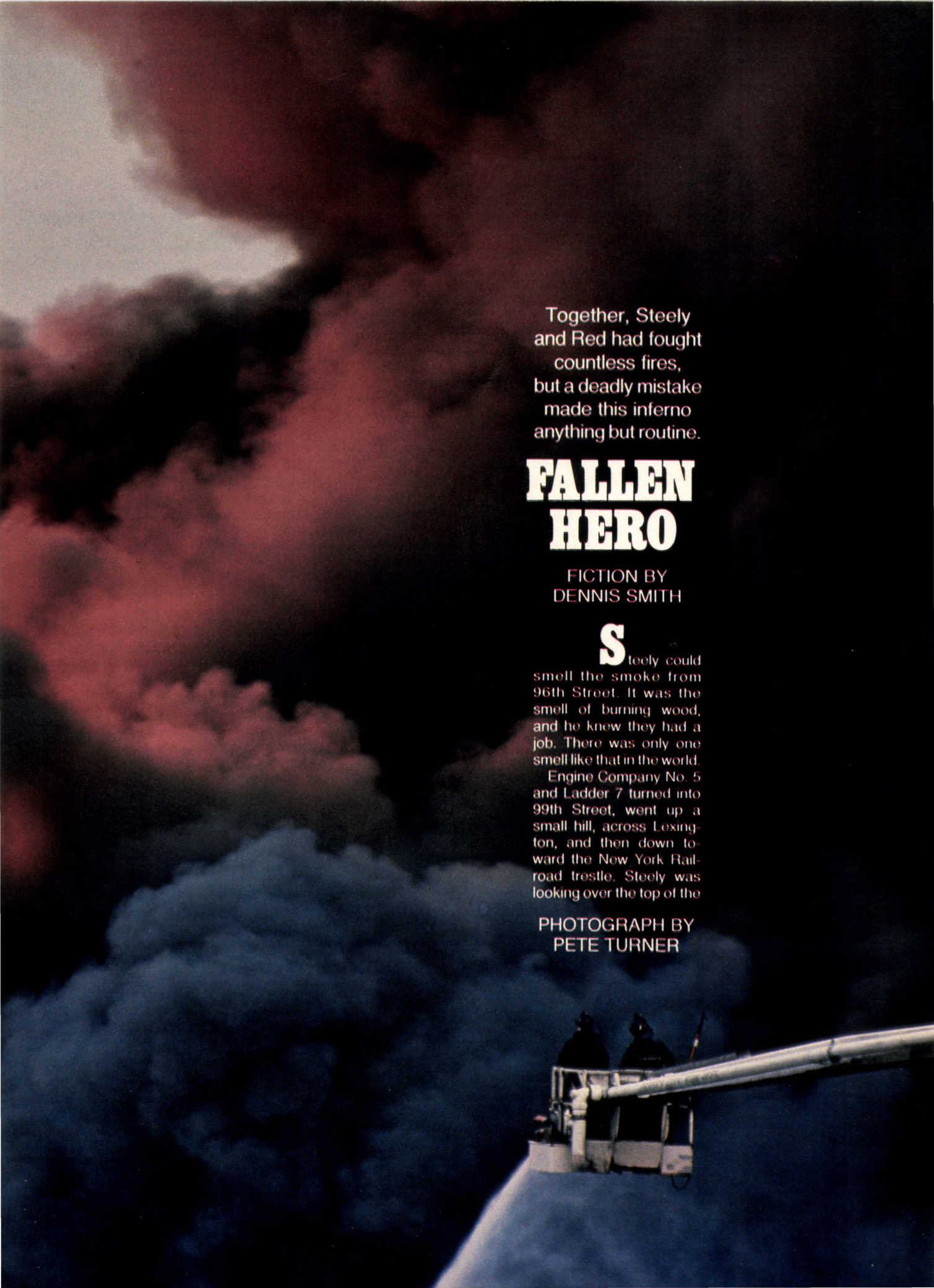
As your body stretches more and more, you may need to grip higher on the arm: Instead of holding onto the wrists, try holding onto the elbows.

Transition: Now release your grip and lie down on the floor. As you do this, bend your knees and place both feet flat on the floor. The man's legs should overlap his partner's legs so that his feet are positioned on the outside of her hips and her feet are inside his thighs. Your feet should be near your buttocks. Place your hands on your partner's feet. Apply enough pressure to keep your partner's feet on the floor during the sit-up exercise.

7. Mirror Sit-Ups: This exercise tightens and strengthens stomach muscles.

Description: These are regular sit-ups, done while facing each other. Begin by lifting your torso up off the floor while your back is held in a rounded contraction. Tuck your chin into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184



Together, Steely and Red had fought countless fires, but a deadly mistake made this inferno anything but routine.

FALLEN HERO

FICTION BY
DENNIS SMITH

Steely could smell the smoke from 96th Street. It was the smell of burning wood, and he knew they had a job. There was only one smell like that in the world.

Engine Company No. 5 and Ladder 7 turned into 99th Street, went up a small hill, across Lexington, and then down toward the New York Railroad trestle. Steely was looking over the top of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY
PETE TURNER

fire truck's cab at the yellow, leaping flames shooting out of a window on the top floor of the abandoned building.

"Better take a mask," Steely said in a quiet, steady voice to Kathy Angelli as he pulled up his boots, while the apparatus screeched to a halt and the air horn blasted furiously. It was going to be a tough job, a good job, as they say in the department, and he wanted to convey a sense of calmness to her. It was only her second fire.

"Leave the extinguisher there," he called to Kathy as he watched Lieutenant Jackson and Red Hadley run toward the burning building. "And take the power saw, because chances are we'll have to cut a hole in the roof, before the fire takes the whole top floor."

Kathy was on his heels as he turned into the center court. He saw Hadley drop the ladder of the fire escape to the cracked and crumbling concrete of the courtyard. Today, Hadley had the outside-vent position and would ventilate the fire whenever possible from the outside of the building. Steely was assigned the forcible-entry tools, and Kathy the extinguishing can, which she wouldn't need now anyway.

Lieutenant Jackson was on the sixth floor, kneeling on the rubble-covered marble of the landing, waiting for them.

"The fire's in the end apartment," Lieutenant Jackson said, "in the rear corner. The engine company will be up soon, but I think we'd better go up to the roof and make a trench cut just to make sure."

"Right," Steely said, following Jackson up the stairs to the roof. If the fire were traveling across the ceiling from one end of the building to the other, a trench cut across the center of the roof would force it out into the open air, like steam coming up through the grating on the street.

On the roof the smoke and fire were dancing up toward the sky, like a reverse waterfall of gas and flame. Jackson was standing in the middle of the roof, pointing to the soft, bubbled tar of its surface. "Better start a cut here, Steely," he said.

Without saying a word, Steely went to the saw and bent over it. He primed it a little, pulled the rubber T-handle once, twice, then on the third try the large circular blade began to revolve, and the motor roared like a World War I fighter plane. He picked up the saw and yelled at the top of his lungs to Kathy, "Just stay behind me, for safety. Put your hand on my back, and hold it there."

Suddenly, Steely felt a hard slap on his back, and he took the saw blade out of the roof. He looked around and saw Lieutenant Jackson, who was yelling at him over the sound of the motor. "I think we should back off," Jackson was saying, "the roof is getting very soft, like sand at the goddamned beach."

"I don't think so," Steely yelled back in return. "I know these roofs, and we still have a few minutes left before it really begins to shift and wobble."

Just then a message was transmitted over Jackson's portable radio. It was a loud squawk from the lieutenant of Engine Company No. 5: "ENGINE FIVE TO LADDER SEVEN. WE HAVE HAD A BURST LENGTH IN THE HOSE AND IT WILL BE SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE WE HAVE WATER ON THE FIRE."

"All the more reason to get this hole done," Steely said. "Otherwise we'll lose the building completely, and we'll be here for the whole day."

"Right," Lieutenant Jackson said, now coughing in the smoke that was getting thicker and heavier.

Steely finished the first cut, about 12 feet long, and then returned to the parapet wall to begin a parallel cut just 12 inches away from the first. The motor started to fade down then rev up in the swirling smoke, as it lost then regained the oxygen it needed for combustion.

Finally, the second cut was completed, and Steely returned again to the parapet wall to make a crosscut at the end. With that done, he killed the motor and told Kathy to begin to pry open the roofing.

Steely picked up his halligan tool and, using its adze end, began to lift the plywood, the slats, the paper, and the tar. The smoke billowed up in chimneylike puffs as the trench hole was made, forcing Steely and Kathy to step back every few seconds to look for cleaner air. Both of them were coughing and choking now.

Suddenly the smoke disappeared, and a large, bright ball of fire shot up through the trench cut, as if someone below had ignited a tank of gasoline.

"Bail out," Steely said, running quickly toward the roof stairs, pushing Kathy before him. Lieutenant Jackson was right next to him, puffing in exhaustion.

"We can take the fire escape down," Jackson said, heading toward the gooseneck steel that led to the courtyard fire escape.

Just then they heard a loud call come from the front end of the building. Actually, it was more a screech than a call. "Jesus-s-s," it said, the voice cracking on the final long *s*.

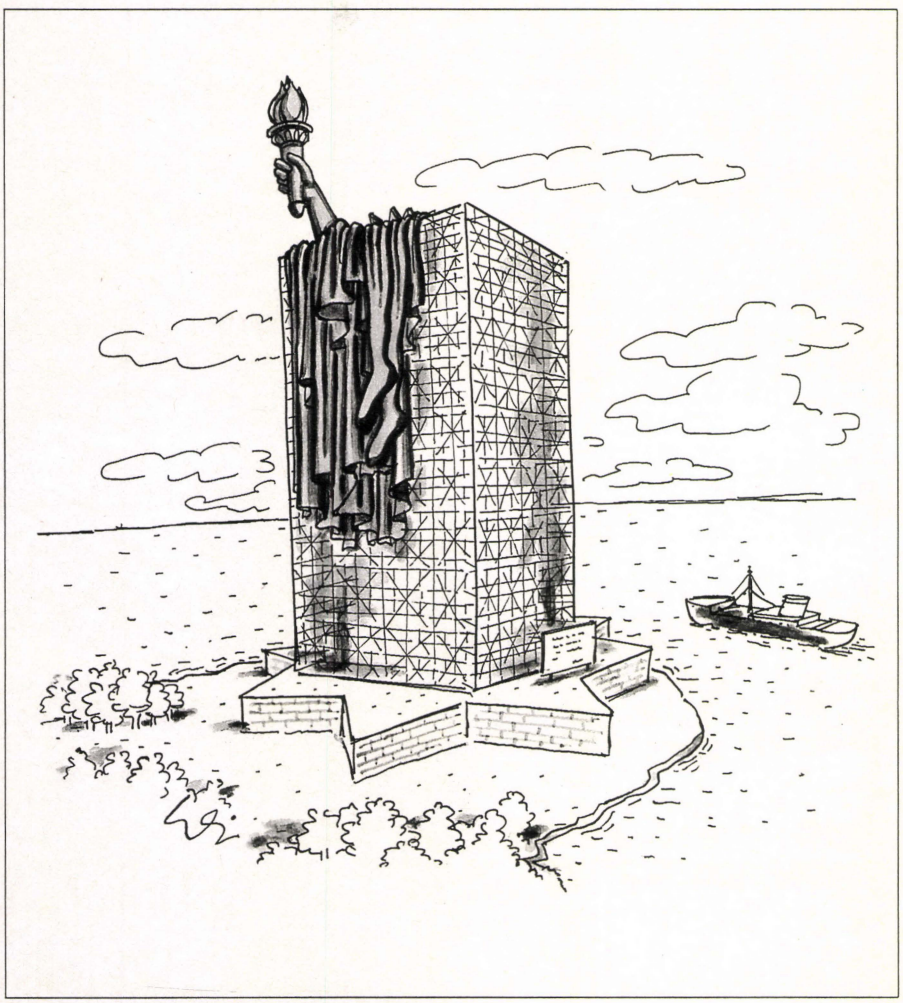
"That's Red," Steely said, running back toward the fire, over the soft, lumpy tar to the parapet wall at the front of the building.

There he looked over the four-foot-high wall and saw Red Hadley, his face a mask of fear and anguish, standing on the top-floor-window ledge, wedging himself as far to one side of the window as he possibly could. God, Steely thought, how'd he get there? Must've been venting when the fire blew him back.

Behind Hadley was the fire. Rushing out furiously from the adjoining window and lapping quickly from the top of the window frame where he was silhouetted, the flames of the fire were just inches away.

Hadley was being burned, and there was no way he could escape. Except to jump the 50 feet to the sidewalk below.

"Hold on, Red," Steely yelled. "Hold on. I'm here."

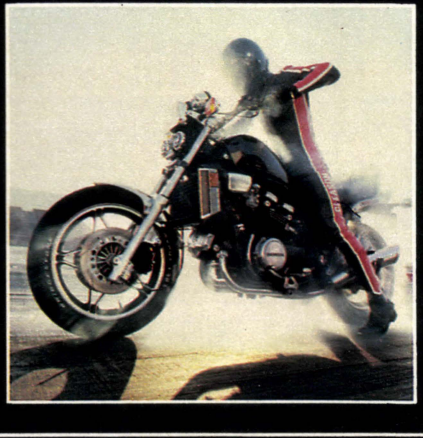


CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN THESE SENSATIONAL PRIZES!

TO FIND OUT HOW YOU CAN WIN, TURN TO PAGE 8.



If you are the type who relishes finding a "good thing," then you will have in these pages the opportunity of a lifetime: a chance to win many sensational prizes. Search for the 15 clues cleverly buried throughout this issue and you can win every prize on these three pages. Remember, good things get better! The grand prize is the $43,000 Classic Tiffany Elite (top). First-prize winners will ride home in either an Audi 4000S or a Toyota 4Runner (middle). And second-prize winners will receive a hot Honda V65 Magna or ParaPlane (bottom).

THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

A BOUNTIFUL BOUNTY

To tantalize you we have featured some extravagant prizes, and we are sure you won't resist the temptation: (Top row) Sound off with this Sansui PC-V300 compact-disc player, which features front loading, and shape up with these Nautilus abdominal and lower-back machines that you can assemble in minutes. (Second row) In pursuit of style, we reward you with Sahara Club suits, Nino Cerruti shirts, and Wembley ties. To further address your needs, we offer Daniel Hechter suits and a Brooks Leather Sportswear "Riders Only" jacket. (Third row) And there's more to boot! A selection of Georgia and Durango boots and the Canon T-70 35-mm or Canon Snappy compact-35-mm camera for focusing on those fleeting moments. (Bottom row) Making itself heard is a Sparkomatic AM-FM stereo (with auto-reverse cassette and high-powered, bi-amplified system). And enter the video age with TDK videotape cassettes. If you decide to forget the red tape, sit back and listen to your favorite sounds on TDK AD90 audiocassettes or Fuji GTI cassettes.

The overwhelming abundance of gifts continues. (Top row) Visual Scene sunglasses, a nine-liter bottle of Mumm champagne, cases of Smirnoff, Dewar's, B&B, Black Velvet, and Wodka Wyborowa, plus a case of Yukon Jack. (Second row) Canon Flashcard electronic calculators; Campero boots, made of alligator skin, by Foti Shoe Company; a Eurotan tanning machine. (Third row) Casio KX101 sound studio, Panasonic stereo VCR PV-1730, and *The Takers* from Harlequin Books. (Bottom row) Tiffen Filters master-control system, Bose speakers, and JVC compact VCR. Additional gifts not featured are: getaway for two at Caesar's Pocono Resorts at either Cove Haven, Paradise Stream, Pocono Resorts, or Brookdale; diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls, with gold from Richters Jewelers; and from Zestron, ten superpowered negative ionizers, called "the Collector," and five System 3600 air-cleaning systems. Keep cool–and keep collecting–with a Windjammer Cruise and a fine selection from Lois sportswear. For further product information, the manufacturers' addresses are listed on page 224. And don't forget to read the rules on page 8.

FALLEN HERO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

Lieutenant Jackson was now beside him. "Think if I held your wrists he could grab your legs?" he asked after looking over the parapet wall.

Steely looked at him with disgust. There was an easy 14 feet between the top of the parapet and the top of the window frame, and any fool could see that even the length of a basketball player's body wouldn't be long enough.

"Jesus-s-s," Red Hadley yelled again. He was being burned now, Steely knew.

"Call for a roof rope, Lieutenant," Steely said, beginning to rush away. "I'm going down to try to reach him from inside, maybe through a wall."

"I've got a rope," Kathy said then, bending over in a burst of coughing.

"What rope?" Steely yelled.

"Here," she cried, pulling a plastic bag from the oversized pocket of her Nomex coat.

"I don't like it," Lieutenant Jackson called. "That's nylon, the new navy utility rope."

"I don't give a damn what it is," Steely said, grabbing the package violently from Kathy's hands. "How long is it?"

"Seventy-five feet," she gasped, leaning over again in a coughing fit.

"That will make it," Steely said.

But there was no point in just dropping the rope to Hadley, he thought, for if he's burned he'll never have the strength to hold it. I'll have to drop. Christ, with the fire like this, I hope the roof holds. He pulled Kathy to the vertical surface of the parapet wall. He could see that she was scared, but who wouldn't be?

He quickly made a bowline knot at the end of the rope and snapped its open circle into the hook of the rescue-V-rig tied around his waist. He handed the other end of the rope to Kathy. "Tie this around that vent pipe and then lower me down," he said, putting his leg over the parapet wall.

"Lord, Lord," came the cry from below, and then a fierce scream. Steely looked down quickly, hoping that Hadley had not jumped. "Hang on, Red," he yelled. "I'm coming."

Lieutenant Jackson edged Kathy back with his forearm. "I'll lower you down, Steely," he said. "I've got it."

Steely looked at him and then at Kathy. At least the lieutenant had experience, he thought. At least he had been here before and could hold the weight of two people on a rope.

Did Kathy know how to do that? What if she slips? What if she lets the smoke get to her? I'm on the end of the rope for Chrissakes.

The seconds were speeding by. Steely looked hard into the eyes of Lieutenant Jackson, and then back to Kathy. Finally he said, "She has the rope, Lou, and she'll be the one to lower. Got it?"

There was no mistake about the threat that was thick in Steely's voice, and Jackson just nodded his head.

"Put three turns of the rope around your rescue-V-rig hook," he said, as he began to swing over the parapet wall. "And buttress the hook up against the wall itself. Then let the rope down steadily, until I yell. Hook goes on top of the rope."

"I know how to do it," Kathy said, as she turned the rope into the snap hook.

"Lord Jesus," Hadley yelled as the fire now began to wrap around him like burning cellophane.

Steely dropped over the roof wall and descended, first in jerks, then steadily, until he was lowered just to the left of the window parallel to Hadley, coughing all the while in the smoke, feeling the radiation currents of the heat. "Stop," he yelled, when he was level with Hadley. The rope stopped short, and just then Hadley jumped at him, grabbing him.

"I'm here, Red," Steely yelled, remembering then how Hadley had chopped through a wall to pull him out of the fire on 90th Street. I owe you plenty, Red.

"Lord, Lord," came the cry from below and then a fierce scream. Steely looked down quickly, hoping that Hadley had not jumped. "Hang on Red," he yelled. "I'm coming."

"Steely," Hadley yelled in return as he pulled himself into Steely's neck.

"I got you, Red," Steely said, wrapping his arms around the Nomex coat, looking down and seeing that Hadley's dungarees had been burned away just at the tops of his boots. The pain, Steely thought, the pain he must be feeling. He felt the great heat come out of the figure that was now clamped to his body.

He looked up at the roof edge and yelled, "Okay, Kathy." His voice carried through the smoke. A crucial life-and-death command, yet he tried to make it a request. Kathy was there, damn it, just like Red. "Lower," he yelled, "lower easy."

Then, just below them, beyond the murmuring agonizing sounds coming from Hadley, Steely thought he heard a rip, like a rough zipper being violently pulled. Was it a tear, he wondered, or something cracking? It happened so fast, and then there were Hadley's cries.

Suddenly, there was a jerk. Steely and Hadley had been swinging, and now they were falling. The rope that had hung between them, Kathy Angelli's utility rope, attached to the hook of the rescue-V-rig, was gone, and they were falling. "Christ, Kathy," Steely thought, "you were there. But what did you do? God help us."

"Jesus," Hadley yelled. "Steely."

They fell to the ground in two or three seconds. Hadley held furiously onto Steely's neck with one hand and held the other hand up, as if reaching for something—reaching toward heaven. The weight of the coupled men had shifted just a little bit with his raised hand, but it was enough to change the angle of their feet in relation to the ground. It was as if they were beginning to move in a circle now, like the hands of a clock, and then they hit the ground. Hadley struck the pavement first, almost perfectly flat, like a hamburger thrown on a grill. His helmet was knocked away, and his head splattered as it forcibly hit the concrete, the cold and indifferent concrete of New York's Spanish Harlem.

Steely felt his chin go into Hadley's shoulder and sink deeply into his skin. Then he felt his wrist and ankle hit the concrete with a thud.

The pain shot threw him like venom. His whole body surged into Red Hadley, pushing every bit of oxygen out from within. And now, as he caved into Hadley with his entire body, he felt the blood that was forced up from the body of the man below him splatter against his face and neck, drip down his shoulders, then under his shirt to his chest.

Then he heard Hadley attempt to say something, but it was only a gurgled, blood-choked sound of despair. He tried to move his head slightly, fearfully, and found that it moved with little effort. He raised his head away from Hadley's cheek and turned toward him, wondering why he could move at all. He looked at the face of his friend, a face that was oozing blood out of his nose and ears, almost floating in a pool of blood, and he saw that Red Hadley was smiling.

When Steely awakened he thought for just a moment that he was in the first apartment he and Maryanne had rented after their wedding, the three-room flat up on Bainbridge Avenue in the Bronx. They had painted all the rooms white to make the place look clean.

He looked around. Everything was white here, too—the ceiling, the walls, the doors, even the blanket. He realized that he had a headache. Whiskey, probably, he thought—boilermakers. And his mouth was dry, too, terribly dry. He narrowed his eyes a little, squinting, and found the window. It was a bright, sunny day, but what was that, he thought? What's that track on the ceiling and the curtain? Christ, oh, Christ, yes, he said to himself. A hospital. Red. Oh, God. Red. What. . .?

"I was there, Red," he repeated to himself over and over, his head throbbing. "I had you. It was the rope. Something happened to the rope. Kathy, he said, shaking his head to clear his thoughts. Where were you, Kathy? I gave you the chance, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

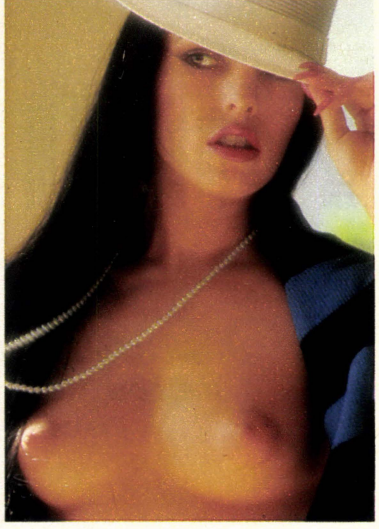
"If I like what the actor is doing to me, I don't have trouble coming while the camera is rolling...."

INDIAN GIVER

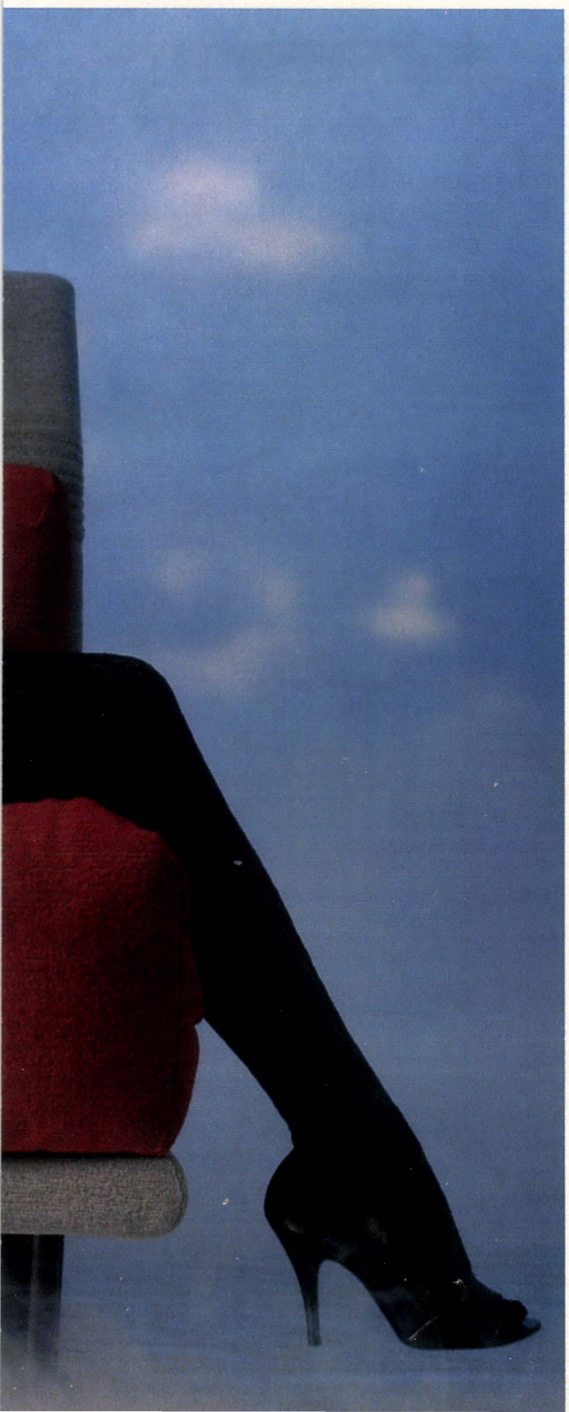
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

When Hyapatia Lee was a little girl taking piano, ballet, and violin lessons and dreaming of being a star, she never thought her firmament would be above a world of X-rated movies. Today, she considers the porn business a dream job come true. "Making love for a living means never getting bored, getting to be your own boss, and giving of yourself for fun and profit—not to mention having plenty of creative freedom."

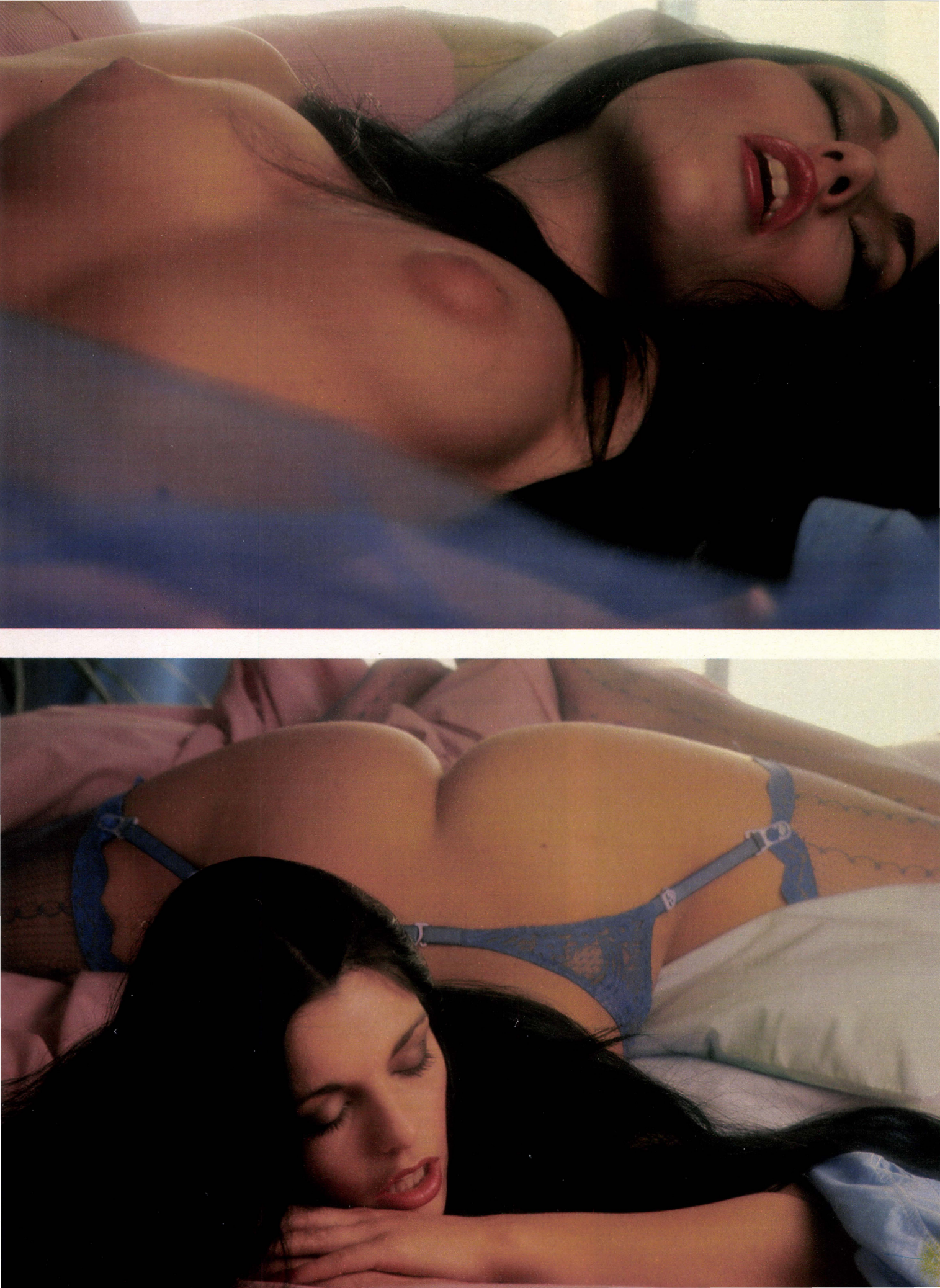
"I'm only 23, but I've already been able to write, help direct, and star in two successful films—*Body Girls* and *Let's Get Physical*. That's something Barbra Streisand took 20 more years to accomplish!" She clearly has the basic prerequisites for stardom. Like her beautifully melodic name, Hyapatia comes from Cherokee extraction, boasting the exotic, darkly sensuous good looks of an Indian princess.



Despite her seductive 36-24-36-inch silhouette, this five-foot-five-inch siren thinks she's much too short. Hardly—judging from the size of her fan club.



Hyapatia says she's not surprised that she has so many fans: "I guess I've always been a touchy, tactile person—and something of an exhibitionist. Sex is never boring to me—whether it's professional sex on camera, emotional sex with my lover, or strictly fun group sex with friends. I think it bodes well for my career that I simply can't seem to get enough!"

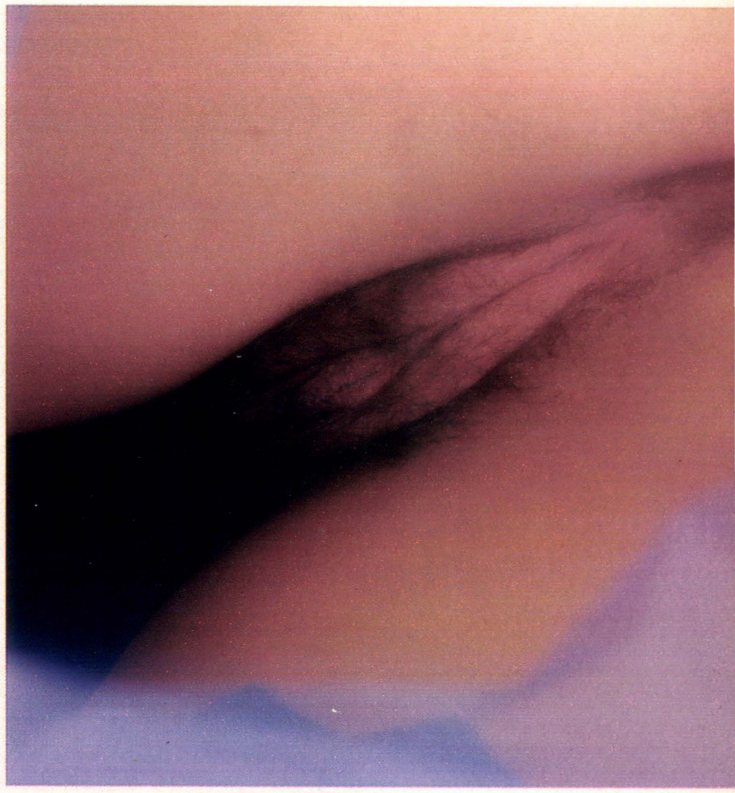


Sometimes, however, Hyapatia's vivid sensuality forces her to resort to her own devices, since she's on the road several months a year, spending the night in strange and often lonely hotels.

But in many ways, she's never off duty, gladly mixing business with pleasure. "I vacation at a nudist colony, The Ponderosa Sun Club, and I was also crowned Miss Nude Galaxy there in 1979 and 1981. It's a great place to get an allover suntan and enjoy the pleasures of nature, which is really my only religion. Why tear down a tree to build a church when you can simply worship the tree?"

When the camera is worshiping Hyapatia, she admits she's not the least bit inhibited. "Rehearsals get me pretty worked up, and if the actor I'm with is doing things to me that I like, I find it very easy to come while the camera's rolling."

"It's all arousing," she admits. "The lights, the camera, the action." Her most remarkable on-camera high jinks? "The time I gave Eric Edwards and François Arnaud each a blow-job in 15 minutes flat while shooting *Body Girls*. And that includes time in between to fix my makeup."



Hyapatia obviously doesn't mince words, as befits an actress who "scored" sensationally as a telephone-operator supervisor in *The Young Like It Hot.* But she also has a penchant for letter writing, and, she tells us, would be happy to hear from any interested readers.

There have been many horror stories told recently about the century's most famous athlete. A recent visit with "the Greatest" sets the record straight.

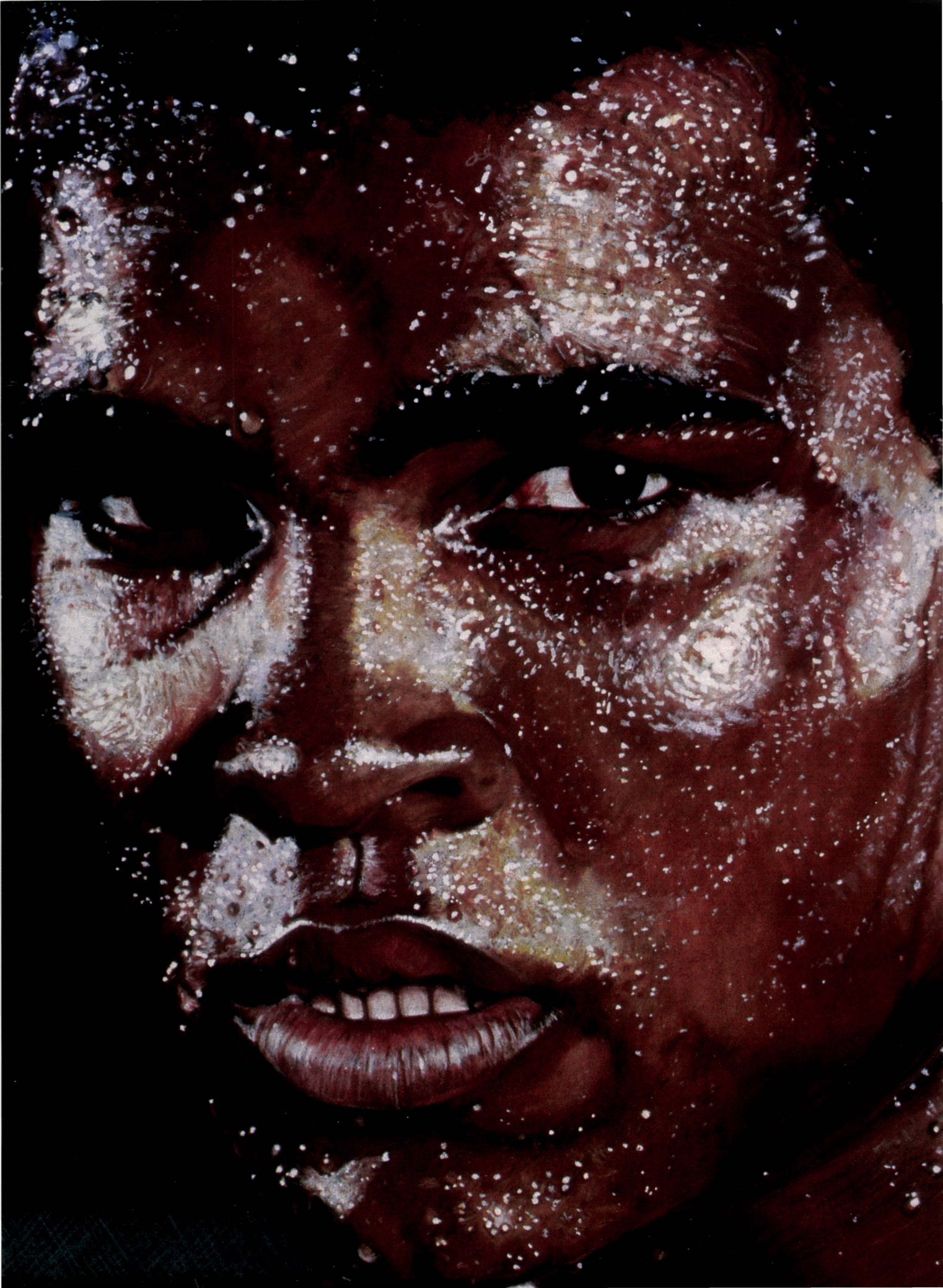
CHAMP

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

True, he no longer floats like a butterfly, nor does he sting like a bee. True, he is 20 pounds overweight and at least a step or two slower. But a recent visit with the quick-witted, engaging, and fast-moving Muhammad Ali belies the media mythmakers' claim that, at 42, "the Greatest" is now a punch-drunk, poverty-stricken, ex-pug basket case.

There have been many horror stories told over the last several years about what has happened to the century's most famous athlete: Ali has suffered extensive brain damage; Ali is heading for the welfare rolls; Ali is a heroin addict; Ali has given all of his money away to the Black Muslims. To add credibility to these fairy tales, doctors who have neither seen nor examined the former three-time-world-heavyweight champion have given expert

PAINTING BY TIMOTHY SCOGGINS



opinions that he has suffered some brain damage by taking too many punches in the head during his long career. Writers who cannot even balance their own checkbooks have written pages about the dissolution of Ali's wealth. And strangers who have witnessed a tired Ali at airports after 10- and 15-hour plane trips have testified that the champ has become a spaced-out junkie. To find out the truth, I visited the champ a few months ago at his home in Los Angeles.

It was late in the afternoon on a rare smog-free day as my car turned the corner into the cul-de-sac where Ali's estate is located, inside exclusive Hancock Park (an area where a real-estate broker would laugh at you if you told him that you were willing to spend a million dollars on a home). Ali was on the front steps of his house posing for a group of local photographers. Even at a distance, the face is unmistakable. Up close, he looks older, heavier, yet surprisingly little different from the brash Cassius Clay who burst into celebrity: a 22-year-old heavyweight champion, in 1964.

Ali greeted me warmly as we walked to the back patio, but he appeared sluggish and distracted. His mind seemed to be focused elsewhere. In barely audible tones, Ali told me that he was tired of answering questions. He expressed regret at having agreed over the telephone to be interviewed and said he'd like to forget about the whole thing. It occurred to me that perhaps the stories I had heard about him were true.

I tried to explain to Ali why I wanted to interview him: "Champ" (I was almost pleading), "you're one of the most important figures. . . ." Feigning shock and anger, Ali interrupted me: "Did you say that I'm an important nigger?"

Taken aback, I clearly repeated the word "figure." With mock anger Ali said: "I heard you say 'nigger.' " Then flashing the famous Muhammad Ali grin he agreed that I surely would have to be a fool to call the only three-time-heavyweight champion in the history of boxing a "nigger."

Becoming serious, Ali then explained why he wanted to postpone our discussion. "I have this problem with hypoglycemia. I eat too many sweets during the day . . ."—Ali's day is a long one, since he usually rises before five in the morning—"and by this time I'm not myself. Come back tomorrow at nine to see the real Muhammad Ali."

But as I turned to leave, Ali called me back, along with the photographers who had accompanied me. "Do you people like magic tricks?" he asked. Removing and opening a large suitcase from beneath the table, he displayed the coins, dice, ropes, playing cards, and other tools of a magician's trade. For the next two hours Muhammad Ali was onstage. The dazzling hands that once amazed us in the ring were now the eye-defying hands of a professional magician.

Pennies turned into dimes. The ace of spades suddenly became the jack of diamonds. Severed pieces of rope became whole. We once witnessed Ali destroy the likes of Sonny Liston and Joe Frazier, and now, like children at a birthday party, we watched "the Greatest" create sleight-of-hand illusions.

I recalled that Ali had been thrown out of a society for magicians in England a few years back. I asked him why.

Once again he turned serious: "I'm a Muslim. It's against my religion to fool people, so I told everyone how the tricks were done." He then proceeded to tell the small audience sitting in his backyard the tricks of his trade. The next day I learned just how important religion is to Muhammad Ali.

Muhammad Ali, aka Cassius Clay, has always been a boxing champion. As a 17-year-old he was both American Amateur Union and Golden Gloves light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion. In 1960, he won a gold medal at the Olympics. Turning professional, Clay became heavyweight champion of the world when he demolished the seemingly indestructible "Big Bear," Sonny Liston, in 1964. Like most of us, the new champion was not unaffected by the turbulent sixties. Unlike most of us, however, the champion did not follow the calls for rebellion and dissent but rather became a moral leader who spoke out for his people and against the Vietnam War.

> Speaking of Louis Farrakhan, Jesse Jackson's supporter, Ali said, "Farrakhan is not a Muslim. . . . A Muslim doesn't look at race and color."

Sportswriters and fans were simply not prepared for a heavyweight champion of the world who behaved the way young Clay behaved. He was not modest and humble, nor was he removed from the social and political turmoil of the decade. Taken under wing by the late Malcolm X (although Ali told me that Malcolm X's influence in his conversion to Islam has been overstated), Cassius Clay announced to the world that he had become a member of the Black Muslims. He changed his name to Muhammad Ali, although it took several years before some reactionary sportswriters stopped calling him Cassius Clay. Next, Ali announced his opposition to the war in Vietnam. ("It took a few years," Ali told me, "but I was proven right.") Ali swore that if he was drafted he would "go to jail rather than fight the Vietnamese."

Once the darling of the sports world, Cassius Clay quickly became the hated Muhammad Ali. Sportswriters and editorial-page scribes were aghast at what they deemed the unpatriotic behavior of the new heavyweight champion. Why wasn't he more like the humble and acceptable Negro heavyweight champion Joe Louis? They should have realized that the legendary and flamboyant Jack Johnson had always been Ali's hero.

In 1967, patriotic zealots in the world of boxing and in the media began to put the screws to Ali. He was stripped of his title. Pressure was put to bear on state athletic commissions to deny Ali the right to earn a living. He was out of work, and the world lost its champion.

But then, as now, Ali was a man of principle. He never backed down. He remained firm in his refusal to fight in a war he did not believe in. He became more involved in his new religion. But he also fought back. And Ali, being Ali, became the winner. A Supreme Court decision in the early seventies made it possible for him to return to the ring. It took a few years, but in 1974 he became, once more, the heavyweight champion of the world.

By 1980, Ali's fighting days were over. The body, strength, and reflexes of the 38-year-old Ali were not those of the 22-year-old Clay. After a disastrous attempt to regain the title a fourth time from Larry Holmes, he knew it was time to quit. It was then that the rumors and gossip about Muhammad Ali's decline began.

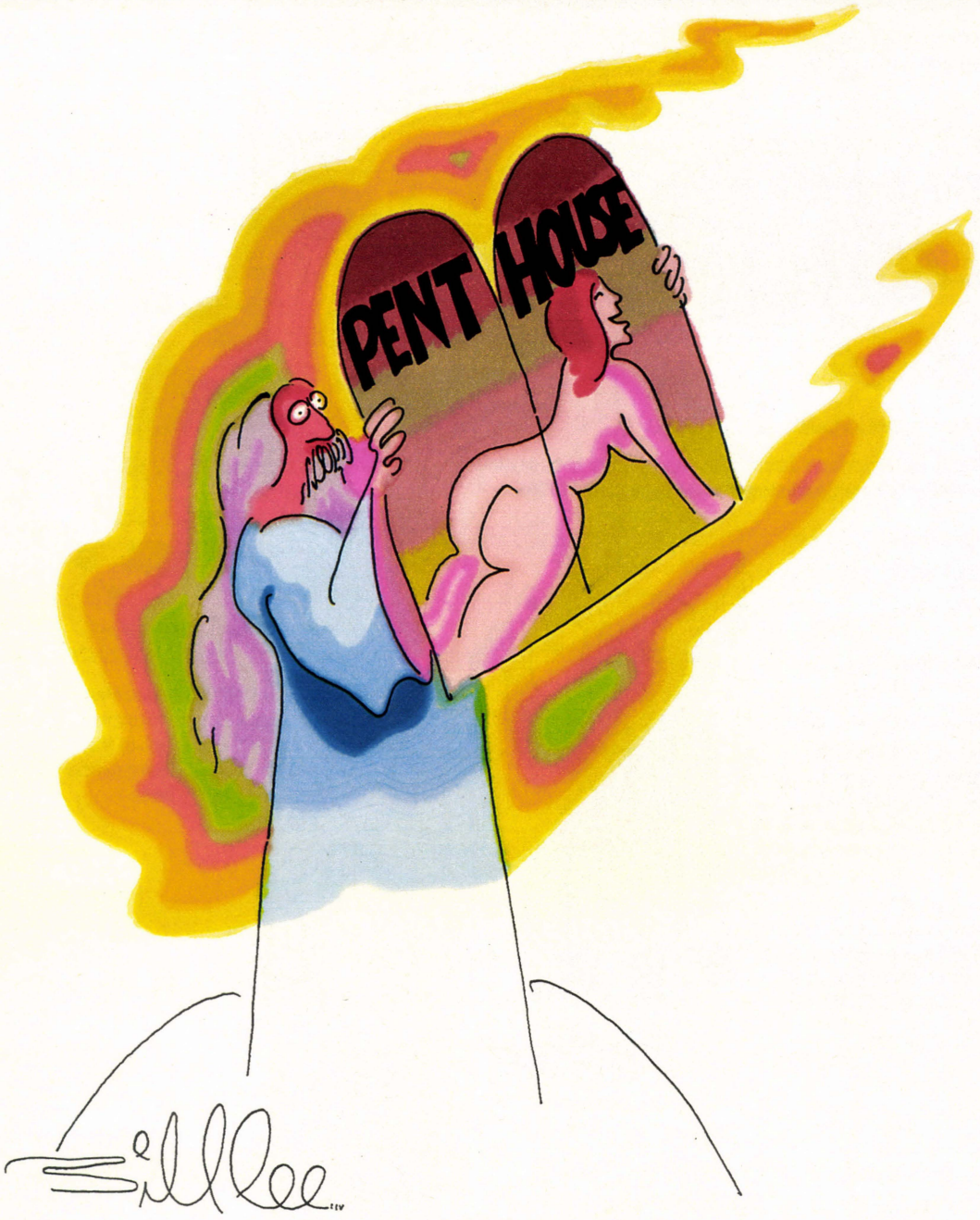
The next morning, we told Ali what Angelo Dundee, his former manager, had said recently: "I think Muhammad Ali right now is a bored individual. I feel badly for him because he's not in the glow anymore, the limelight. How do you replace what he was? You don't."

Ali smiled and shook his head. He had already been up for five hours, traveling to a Muslim mosque for morning prayers, then later walking his two daughters to a neighborhood school. He was alert, fresh-looking, and eager to talk.

"I don't miss the excitement of boxing. I get *more* excitement these days. See, when I was boxing I would be training, say, for three months in one location. You're just stuck there, and the only people who I would see were those who were paid to see me. Now that I'm retired, I'm out in the public, not confined to three months in camp. I'm always traveling. I meet thousands of people at airports, in hotels, on the street. So I'm more busy now, more active than when I was in boxing."

Ali's activities these days are varied, but nothing is more important to him, nothing keeps him more involved in life, than his religion. Much has been written about Ali's conversion to Islam in 1964. Little of it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166



IN THE BEGINNING...

A Privileged Peek at
the Inner Workings of Penthouse

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

THE ATLANTIC CITY CASINO

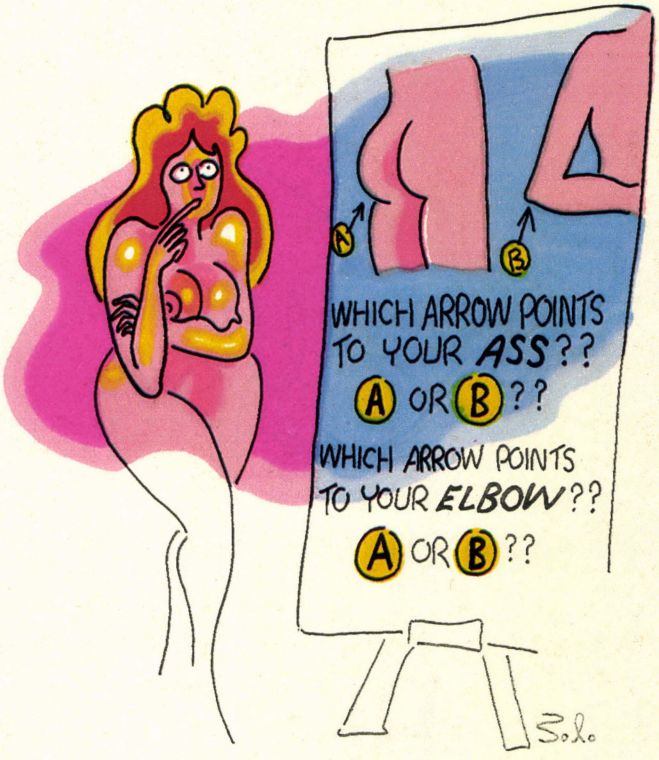
Future plans for a glorious addition to the Atlantic City skyline include the *Penthouse* Casino Hotel, due to open late in 1985.

PENTHOUSE
COMMAND CENTER

Much has been said of the *Penthouse* Mansion, rising mightily from the nineteenth-century splendor of two united town houses. Yet, few words have been uttered on the subject of the command center, located within the very heart and soul of that cavernous mansion. Less said the better!

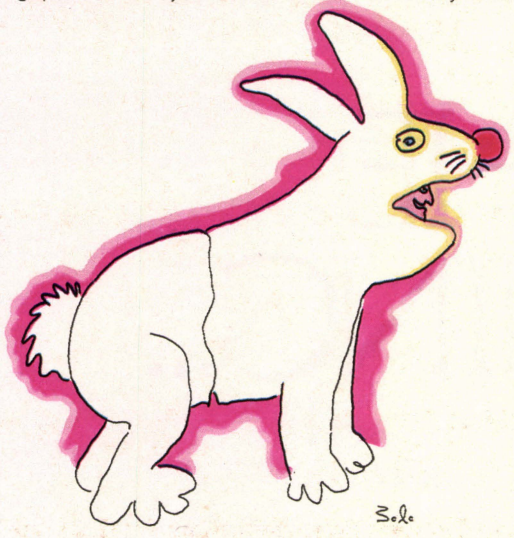
THE PENTHOUSE
MEDICAL PLAN

We offer thorough, comprehensive coverage that includes the use of leeches (cures anything from rabies to writer's block) to the good-old reliable process of *bleeding,* a sure cure for something as rare as AIDS or as commonplace as teenage acne. Our on-the-premises medical staff (shown here) is also well trained in the craft of acupuncture and the ever-popular bourbon enema.



THE P.I.A.
(PENTHOUSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY)

Our agents working under (and over) cover will continue their never-ending quest for truth, justice, and the *Penthouse* way of life.



PENTHOUSE PET
TESTING PROCEDURE

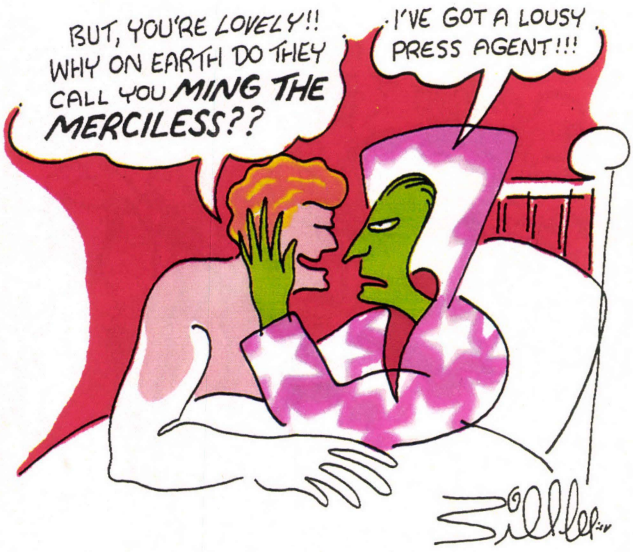
It's not easy to beome a "Pet," photographed and published in the pages of *Penthouse* magazine. Stringent testing of mental skills is required before the applicant can apply for the job, proving once and for all that *good looks ain't everything.*

COMMUNITY SERVICE: THE PENTHOUSE
PET PROMOTIONS ALL-VOLUNTEER FIRING SQUAD

The renewed popularity of capital punishment has not gone unnoticed by those dedicated public servants of the *Penthouse* Pet Promotions department. Just give them a call and before you can say "Jack the Ripper" we'll send six lovely ladies over to your favorite penitentiary to add a sensual choral tone to your favorite executioner's song.*
*Bullets not included.

OFFICE POLITICS:
ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!!!

The *Penthouse* staff is a perfect meld of charming, cooperative humanist spirit, socially and spiritually united in the true, productive happiness of a typical American workplace.



PENTHOUSE GIVES BIRTH TO OMNI: THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE, FACT, AND FRICTION

By way of flaunting the extraordinary quality of its macho genes, *Penthouse*, in a moment of passion, conceived of *Omni*, the most successful science magazine in the world today.

PENTHOUSE EDITORIAL STAFF

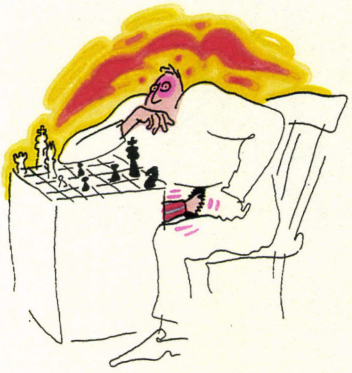
Gathered together, one flowing mass of united talent working in unison to produce the product you see before you. Keep up (or down) the good work.

THE PENTHOUSE RECEPTION AREA!!!

The welcome mat is always out at *Penthouse* for the thousands of people who pass through our gilded portals. As a matter of fact, some of them even get to leave...unharmed.

THE PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS DIVISION: INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S FIRST (COMBINATION) CHESS-MASTURBATION COMPUTER

We at *Penthouse* have developed a computer that plays with you in more ways than one. Our machine will actually *masturbate the player between moves*, allowing for an extremely pleasant pause between moves in the world's *second* most tedious game (second only to the vice presidency of the United States of America).



THE "PET" MUSEUM:
DEPARTMENT OF MAMMARABILIA

Curator Neville Snif, of the *Penthouse* Pet Museum, located in the quaint little Druid farming village of Merde on Denim, has maintained a magnificent collection of valuable articles, formerly owned by one of the many beautiful women who've graced the pages of *Penthouse* magazine. A small admission fee consisting of one brief glimpse of your private body part will gain entrance to this chic addition to your British tour package.

THE WORLD'S FIRST
BILLION-DOLLAR PET
OF THE YEAR CONTEST

A former physical-ed major at Uranus U. has been chosen from an intergalactic field of 12,000 mutants, androids, and humans to become the world's first ALL-GALAXY PET OF THE YEAR. Good luck to you, whatever you are.

INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONING

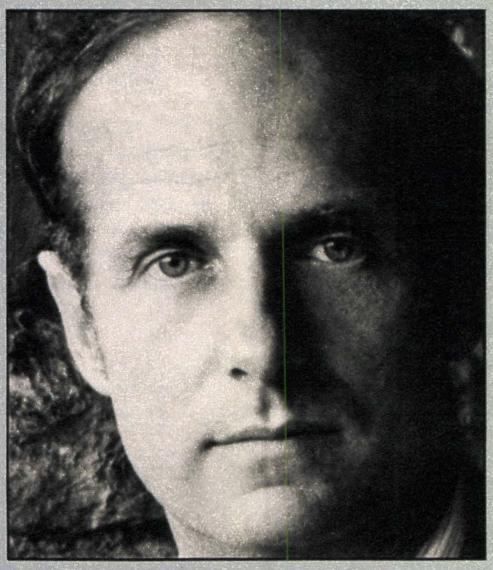
"*Penthouse* humor editor, Bill Lee, is sent to the far corners of the globe in search of truth, justice, influenza, dysentery, sclerosis of the liver, gonorrhea, and seriously funny articles."

—Bill Lee

THE PENTHOUSE LEGAL DEPARTMENT:
NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL

Our dauntless legal department has been the veritable backbone of defense of our nation's First Amendment rights for many years in the past and will undoubtedly (after publishing this drawing) continue to function under duress.

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY COUNT NIKOLAI TOLSTOY

The author, who lives near Oxford, England, has written several books, including *Stalin's Secret War* and *Victims of Yalta*. His most recent book, *The Tolstoys* (William Morrow), is the story of 20 generations of his famous and distinguished family.

STAND UP TO SOVIET AGGRESSION

The United States' intervention in Grenada earlier this year aroused a frenzied outcry in predictable quarters. However, the barbarity of the deposed regime and the popularity of the move within Grenada itself compelled critics to restrict themselves to playing up the danger to international peace the intervention was supposed to have caused. Indeed, any U.S. action beyond passive acceptance of Soviet expansion and subversion habitually tends to be excoriated on these grounds.

Of course, the Grenada operation was only secondarily designed to remove an obnoxious regime. The prime purpose of the offensive was the strategic defense of the United States itself. The deposed Grenadan regime was fast falling into the grip of the Soviet Union's Cuban agents, and this was viewed, understandably, as one tactical move in an overall Soviet strategy whose aim is the installation of regimes throughout South America that are subservient to Soviet interests.

Vociferous objection to the American operation, and indeed to any anticommunist operation, is generally grounded in two major propositions: First, that the Soviet Union is essentially not an expansionist power; second, that any forthright action directly countering Soviet interests is dangerously provocative—to a greater or lesser degree risking the horrors of nuclear warfare. It is my belief that these views (which in any case appear at least in part to be mutually contradictory) are manifestly false.

That the Soviet Union has long been an aggressively expansionist power can be, of course, proven by glancing at an atlas. There is no need to go over familiar ground here, but I believe there exists a profound misunderstanding of the *nature* of Soviet aggrandizement. There is a widespread view that Russia even before the Revolution had been expansionist, and that the Soviets have merely inherited and continued the process. Frequently, one encounters maps showing how the fourteenth-century Grand Duchy of Muscovy swelled inexorably into an enormous empire, which in 1914 covered one sixth of the world.

This is an obvious truth but a much concealed fallacy in this simplistic explanation of Soviet expansionism. For example, that Muscovy reabsorbed the former Russian heartland centered in Kiev; that Russia expanded southward during the expulsion of the Turks and their Tartar protégés; and that much of her eastward expansion was into scarcely populated regions. The north was actually uninhabitable and was Russian only on the map. And how often is it mentioned in propaganda that the nineteenth-century Russian empire voluntarily *reduced* its size by over half a million square miles, i.e., an area twice the size of Texas? I refer, of course, to the sale of Alaska in 1867.

Much more instructive, to my mind, would be a map illustrating the expansion not of Russia but of Soviet communism, because it is too often forgotten that before the Red Army set out

As a killing machine, the Soviet Union has been responsible for victims comparable in number to estimates of how many would be destroyed in a nuclear war. Appeasers cry "Better Red than dead!" but the Soviets are not always so obliging as to provide a choice.

to subjugate Russia's neighbors, it had to conquer Russia herself. In October 1917, the Bolsheviks, in armed coups, seized the twin capitals of Petrograd and Moscow. Heavily defeated in the elections for the Provisional Assembly the following year, they then launched a civil war, which lasted four years before the country was finally conquered.

Prior to the conquest of Russia, the Bolsheviks made it clear that their ambitions extended far beyond the frontiers of old Russia. In 1920, it was only the gallantry of the Polish Army that halted the Red Army at the gates of Warsaw. And as Soviet leaders openly avowed, the absorption of Poland represented but a prelude to greater expansion. Stalin confessed in 1923 that "we undertook a task that was beyond our strength, the task of breaking into Europe through Warsaw."

Henceforth, the Soviet Union was more cautious in realizing her ambitions, a caution that increased as Stalin, a most cautious and apprehensive dictator, established his power. The first flush of revolutionary euphoria was gone forever. Only when conditions appeared triple safe would the Red Army again venture outside the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. Conditions were finally right when the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany became allies and carved up Eastern Europe between them. Then came World War II, whose outcome enabled Soviet power to extend far into Central Europe, and eastward to absorb Sakhalin and the Kurils.

Strong evidence exists to show that in 1951 Stalin drew up plans for the conquest of Europe to the Atlantic, a scheme from which he was deterred only by the nascent American nuclear-strike capacity. Since then, the existence of an armed and vigilant NATO has alone stemmed further conquests and aggression in Europe. But the Soviet Union continues to organize its society on a war footing and maintains armed forces of a size far beyond any predictable defensive need.

Since 1920, the Soviets have launched unprovoked armed aggression against 11 independent states: an average of one every six years. Moreover, in every case save one the invasion was launched without any declaration of war. (The exception was the declaration of war against Japan on August 8, 1945, a week before her surrender. The motive was the acquisition of Japanese territory.) Ten Pearl Harbors in the space of just over half a century might convey an obvious warning, though apparently not obvious enough for some. An additional factor in Soviet military planning is the tendency to attack with overwhelming superiority of numbers and with maximum initial devastation against military forces and civilian population alike. For example, when the U.S.S.R. invaded Finland in 1939 it hurled 25 heavily armed divisions and 500 warplanes against seven Finnish divisions (possessing no armor and little artillery) and 100 antiquated airplanes. The attack began with a massive aerial blitzkrieg on undefended Helsinki, a stratagem acquired, along with the goose step and many others, from their Nazi mentors. Two months earlier, Stalin's foreign minister claimed that the Soviet Union mobilized 3 million men in order to attack defeated Poland in her rear.

This exaggerated caution does not arise from excessive confidence. Soviet bureaucratic inefficiency required some counterpoise, and it is seen as vital that an aggressive war should be over as quickly as possible. For the regime can never be quite sure on whose side its troops will fight.

In World War II, over a million served in the German Army, despite Nazi atrocities. Today a tempting strategy for the Soviet general staff might well be the use of devastating long-range ballistic weaponry, rather than the dangerous deployment of huge bodies of unreliable troops; again, provided the risk is justified.

The same insecurity requires that a defeated country be not merely militarily occupied, but also actually destroyed as an organic entity. At home, the Soviet goverment "pacified" the Ukraine in 1932 by arranging the deaths of 5.5 million people through hunger and hunger-induced disease. (So far no TV company has been offered financial inducement to stage *The Day After* for *that* little episode.) During the war, the Soviet government actually killed more of its own people than were killed by the Germans (see my book *Stalin's Secret War,* Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Predictably, they were not more tender toward their enemies than they were to their own people. When the Red Army occupied eastern Poland in 1939, the secret police (NKVD), following on its heels, deported to Siberia about 1.5 million of 13 million inhabitants. Within three years, some 270,000 died from murder, cold, starvation, and disease. When the tiny Baltic states were occupied a year later, tens of thousands of men, women, and children were massacred, tortured, and exiled, despite the fact that the occupation took place without a shot being fired. The same grim procedure took place in Karelian, Finland, Romania, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. "Better Red than dead!" is the appeasers' cry, but the Soviets are not always so obliging as to provide a choice.

As a killing machine, the Soviet Union has been responsible for victims comparable in number to estimates of how many would be destroyed in a nuclear war. Nuclear war, of course, brings with it hideous dangers beyond the number of people killed. The same might be said of Soviet occupation, but there is a consoling thought. Throughout its history, the Soviet Union has displayed consistent respect for one quality, and one quality alone. That is militant strength and national resolution. She was never so respectful as when subjected to Hitler's bullying tirades and has never voluntarily attacked a country more powerful than Finland.

Accordingly, I remain convinced that world peace is better preserved by the responses of a Truman than those of a Chamberlain. The record is there to be read, after all.

Pet of the Year

"THIS PICTORIAL TRIBUTE IS AN UNAPOLOGETIC EXERCISE IN NOSTALGIA—THAT UNIVERSAL SENTIMENT ALL TRUE ANNIVERSARIES EVOKE."

Normally, we look toward the future, but the whole point of anniversaries is remembering the past...with affection. As we celebrate the 15 fulfilling years that *Penthouse* has spent in America, we're proud of our pioneering role in the vanguard of the sexual revolution—and the unqualified success achieved by this socially progressive cause.

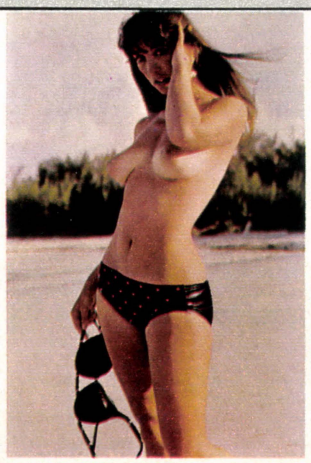
However, if you ask which came first, beautiful girls or *Penthouse*, we're quick to admit that beautiful girls came first and we followed—which is what we do best. Our contribution has been merely to discover, uncover, and share this bounty with the masses instead of keeping it all to ourselves. No doubt cavemen and spacemen alike would agree that there are never enough beautiful women to go around. Though hardly an endangered species, these sweet young things are a still-rare phenomenon; we hope that introducing them to millions of readers will help them go forth and multiply. They've certainly been exposed to a potential (and eager) gene pool of oceanic proportions.

Though there's plenty of room in our hearts to accommodate the hundreds of voluptuously varied beauties who've graced our issues, the space in this special edition is limited. So our ravishing Pet review will of necessity confine itself to presenting those special few who each year most epitomized the standards of feminine perfection our readers have come to expect from us. We hope you'll enjoy this refreshment course on *Penthouse*'s Pets of the Year from 1970 to 1984—a year not quite so grimly depressing as George Orwell envisioned, judging by the unsurpassed success of this magazine, that is.

Faithful readers will find many of these ladies familiar; they might even recall how difficult it has been every year to choose a favorite from among that annum's devastating dozen. New or occasional readers, on the other hand, will find some pleasant surprises in store for them. In either case, here they are in all their splendor, forever young and appealing, as unabashedly alluring today as they were when their first issue hit the stands. This pictorial tribute, to some if not all the girls we've ever loved, is an unapologetic exercise in nostalgia—that universal sentiment all true anniversaries evoke. We suspect that if every memory were as sweet as these young ladies, living in the past might well become the wave of the future.

PENTHOUSE

cameras recorded her charms for world-wide admiration. Indeed the Pet of the Month pictures (vol 3 no 11) that have brought her this latest honour were reprinted in the first American issue of Penthouse, bringing her fabulous features before a new audience of some 350,000. Following her initial appearance in Penthouse, the aesthetic Evelyn has already been beckoned into films, transferring herself to the U.S. to pursue this opportunity. We are confident that a further acceleration in the pace of her career can be expected from her present preferment as 1968's Pet of Pets. Be that as it may, there can be no uncertainties at all concerning the admirably regal figure with which Evelyn matches the distinction of her new office as Pet of the Year.



1970 EVELYN TREACHER—The first U.S. edition of *Penthouse* was off to a rousing start when Evelyn, a 36-23-36-inch London-based air-line hostess, doubled as our cover girl and centerfold. Readers thought it would be lover-ly to be Treacher's pet and crowned her Britain's Pet of the Year.

1971 STEPHANIE MC LEAN—When Bob Guccione spotted this gorgeous 40-25-26-inch knockout, he knew she was championship material. As our first U.S. Pet of the Year, she cemented Anglo-American relations with a common bond of lust, eliciting tidal waves of pleasure from fans on both sides of the Atlantic.

the glamorous group of uniformed Pets tending the needs of members and visitors at London's celebrated Penthouse Club. She was there for the star-studded opening and quickly became a favorite with members and celebrities alike. She has since discarded her earlier ambitions of acting in favor of more mature and serious pursuits, notably involvement with a well-known charity. "Acting is fine," she attests, "as long as you're a genius. But I'm frank enough to admit that I'll never be a Sarah Bernhardt or a Greta Garbo. I don't even know if I'll be an Annette Funicello. And since my motto is never do anything unless you're the best at it, I'm not going to do it any more." Stephanie's self-deprecation belies a natural talent for catching and holding the attention, and her crowning as Pet of the Year

Pet of the Year

issues ago, Vida Farthing and Cassandra Harrington, both attracted substantial enthusiasm. But in the final analysis it was the memorable Miss McDowall who had what it takes to be top Pet of two continents. Tina, 22, was first seen as Pet of the Month two years ago—September 1970 in the U.S. edition and U.K. vol 5 no. 6. She is a career Pet who was reception Pet at the Penthouse Club in London from its inception. First of the Pet executives, she will shortly be leaving England to take up new duties as Pet Promotions Manager in New York. Glasgow-born, she has become a constant traveler since joining Penthouse, acting as Penthouse envoy in France, Italy, Germany, the Middle East and north America, and making several promotional trips to the Penthouse Adriatic resort in Yugoslavia, during one of which her first Pet portfolio was photographed. Now a seasoned publicist and executive, our comely titleholder (36-23-36) treats calmly the bright lights and ballyhoo that inevitably accompany Penthouse tours, and she retains a genuine concern for the personal contentment and welfare of fellow Club Pets. It was she

1972 TINA MC DOWALL—When Glasgow-born Tina became our first International Pet of the Year, she shed her shyness like an outgrown cocoon. The beautiful 36-24-35-inch Tina worked in New York as our first Pet promotions manager and as Bob Guccione's assistant. *This* butterfly, at least, was free.

1973 PATRICIA CHEROKEE BARRETT—In a year when Watergate cover-ups monopolized the news, this 36-22-35-inch Dallas-born delight bared her beauty, proving she had nothing at all to hide. Our statuesque stunner rightly pointed out that "God didn't make clothes." Luckily, he *did* make Patricia!

we reached the Hungarian border we were refused entry. We must have looked like something else! The truck driver was smuggling goods into Rumania for his family and he got through. We went down to Yugoslavia and smartened ourselves up a bit at the frontier. My friend had to shave off his beard and cut his hair. We hitchhiked through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to Istanbul and took the train to Teheran. It was a four-day trip. Then we took different buses to Afghanistan, Pakistan, and finally India. We spent five months crossing most of the country on foot. My shoes had given out and I made most of the trek barefooted. We visited all of the

Avril Lund. Sensitive, green-eyed, 22 year-old ex-Dubinite. Stands 5'7" on her bare feet and measures a disquieting 40-24-36½. Loves people. Especially men. Complains bitterly about the natural inadequacies of social relationships. "People *are* islands after all." Her logic is simplistic, almost ruthless. Intellectually reminiscent of other dissident generations. The Lost and the Beat. "We are all self-contained beings. Little islands. Pokey, little human islands surrounded on four sides by indifference. The fact that we *need* each other doesn't make us any closer. It simply proves how very insular we really are!"

Avril cares. "Being yourself is a state of mind. My life style is the *vision I have of myself*. Not what I do! I develop my own friends for my own reasons. Social values... I mean *traditional* social values are mostly nonsense. I go where I want. I do what I want. I have my own ethic for living and it's very agreeable, doesn't hurt anybody and it works for me.

"I love men. I mean I really love men and I can't live without them. The more insular you are the more you need the closeness and interdependency that love and sex provide. The right man could make me jump through

1974 AVRIL LUND—It's not enough to look good; sexy, green-eyed Avril also *does* good. A former nurse and Sunday-school teacher, she does admit to one naughty wish: "to live with a man and a woman—as long as I'm the center of interest." As if 38-26-37-inch Avril could ever be otherwise.

1975 ANNEKA DE LORENZO—True to her Midwestern Farm Belt heritage, plowing new fields has always appealed to Anneka. Becoming Pet of the Year fulfilled one fantasy; becoming an actress fulfilled another. When she appeared in Guccione's epic *Caligula*, her career was launched with a "big bang."

"When we're in bed my man should be sensitive to my desires and my body.... I don't want to always be the one that says 'Hey, I've got a new game.' "

a sense of humor. When we're in bed, he should be sensitive to my moods, my desires, and my body. He doesn't have to be totally aggressive, but he should know where to go and what to do. I don't want to always be the one that says 'Hey, I've got a new game. Taking the initiative is the key to life as well as love. I've always believed in that myself and it has worked out beautifully.

"The only time I really didn't believe what was happening to me was when Bob Guccione told me I was going to be the Penthouse Pet of the Year. Even now, when it's really come true—with the Jensen-Interceptor, the money, all the other prizes—and my career is just

"I think the sexiest thing in the world is to make love with a bit of clothing on."

"Perhaps it's because I give so much of myself, physically and otherwise, when I'm with a man that I could never dream of cheating on someone I love," sighs Laura in a voice that retains just a trace of her native New Orleans. "Or perhaps it's because I can remember every man I've ever been to bed with, in great detail. There aren't any regrets, and I don't want there ever to be any in the future. I'm a true romantic. I must have a man I can depend on, someone who makes me feel secure. In the winter I like to make love by the fire and then share a bottle of wine. In summer the best place for sex is in the water or on the beach. The idea that someone might come along and catch us does add to the excitement, I must admit."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

1976 LAURA DOONE—Laura Doone, a sensuous Southern belle from New Orleans, boasts a 37-18-36-inch hourglass figure that even Scarlett O'Hara would have envied. The South rose again when she became our Bicentennial Pet of the Year, winning herself a Porsche that spun her into life in the fast lane.

1977 VICTORIA JOHNSON—Georgia-born Vikki was reluctant to step into the limelight that comes with *Penthouse* Petdom. Still, she was glad her 36-23-36-inch body helped reduce all that tension in the world—and even gladder that the business and entertainment career launched here is still going strong.

"I see being the Pet of the Year as a huge responsibility as well as an honor," says Vicki with all her southern softness and determination. "Sometimes it's difficult to see myself as beautiful, but I am deeply moved that others see me that way. I am an intensely private person, and when *Penthouse* first asked me to pose, I refused—I was too young and just not ready yet. But I've come to understand that if there's anything my body can do to help the sexually hung-up world, then I can really accomplish something. That way I feel very fulfilled. If I can use the beauty that others see in me to release the sense of wonder and adventure of life, then the pleasure is all mine." All Vicki's and 35 million of her adoring admirers, that is. ○

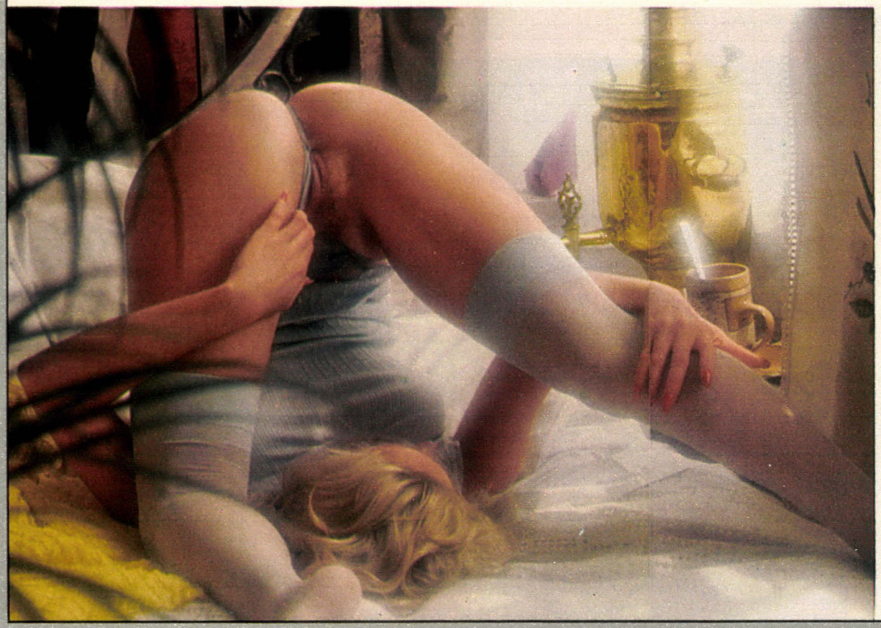
Her favorite sexual experience took place in her lover's sports car, in broad daylight. "I'll never get over how passionately insistent he was," she smiles. "He couldn't even wait to get me to a rest stop!" Dominique prefers very intelligent men who are also "sensitive but dominating" in bed. "I don't care about *any* special physical type—I'm concerned most about what's going on inside." Her sentiments are admirable, of course. But with a spectacular exterior like hers, Dominique's *inner* beauty faces pretty stiff competition . . .

1978 DOMINIQUE MAURE—It's fitting that tawny five-foot-eleven Dominique has such towering ambitions. Our gregarious public-relations whiz finds that a fast-paced career and a movable feast of a sex life are perfectly compatible. After all, she loves dealing with people—especially men.

1979 CHERYL RIXON—Our flaxen-haired 37-23-35-inch Australian import has always been a reader favorite. They loved her pixie spirit, as intoxicating and bubbly as champagne. Her show-biz career includes film work, dancing, and a TV talk show Down Under that keeps viewers up for anything.

Cheryl has filmed an Australian television special on her life in New York, and she's also involved in launching a singing career and in producing a rock variety television series. Despite her many professional triumphs, however, Cheryl has her priorities in order. "Without a strong, totally devoted relationship to give me strength," she says, "I wouldn't accomplish anything. I need the constant affection and attention of love. It's the fuel I run on." If so, Cheryl doesn't have a single worry, despite the energy crisis. A lady who wins hearts so easily will always be an inexhaustible natural resource.

"Without a strong relationship to give me strength, I wouldn't accomplish anything. I need the constant affection and attention of love."

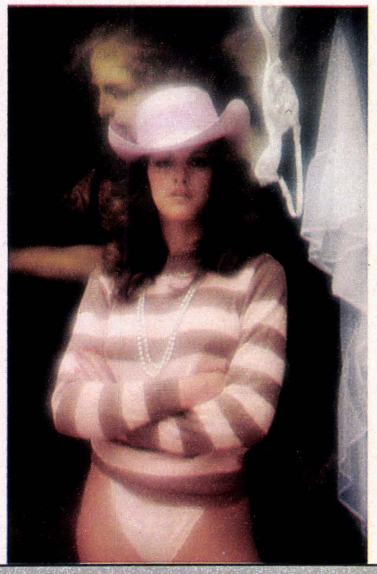


For relaxation, Isabella exercises her considerable equestrian talents doing what she calls "cross-country cantering—any country will do." An appropriate remark, since traveling is a consuming passion for her

1980 ISABELLA ARDIGO—The regal looks and bearing of elegant Isabella made her a favored European fashion model long before we discovered her. But this Rome-born beauty is also a gifted intellectual, a talented designer, and a linguist. In any language, this Renaissance Woman translates into terrific.

1981 DANIELLE DENEUX—Our most widely traveled Pet, 38-20-36-inch Danielle, is still on automatic pilot in more ways than one. Our University of Miami graduate has a dual career as a model and an accountant, proving even girls with knockout figures can have a winsome way with numbers.

It was Bob, along with Kathy Keeton, Danielle adds, who talked her into leaving L.A. and coming to New York—a smart move, she believes. "California was so full of phonies—garbage men who drive Rolls-Royces and one 'oil sheikh' I met who turned out to be a grease monkey. L.A. is Plexiglas City...New York is Tiffany glass!"



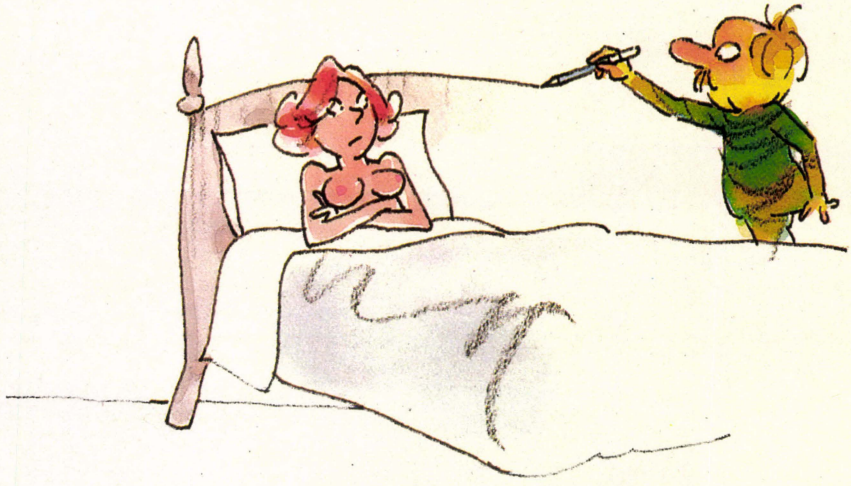
Hair by Matthew of Guy Vohra Salon

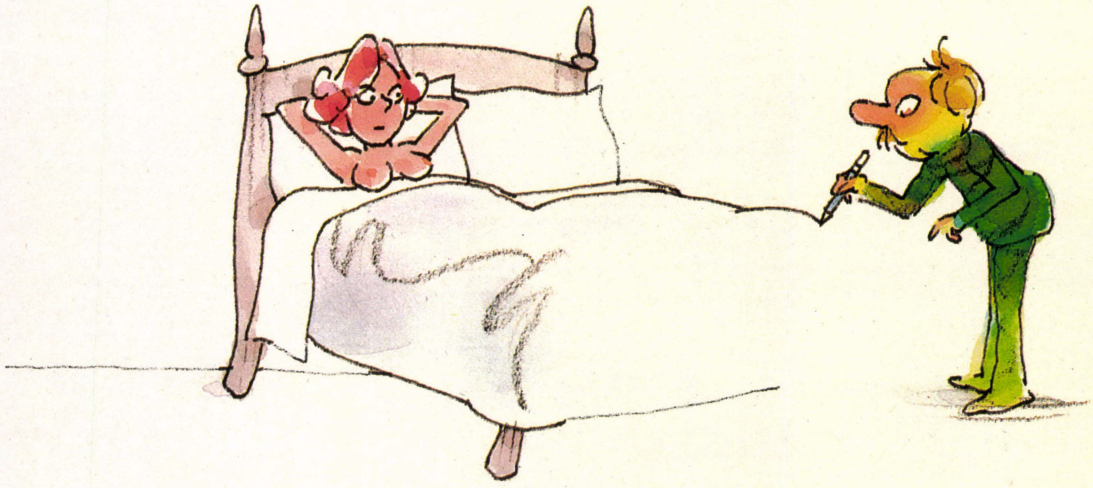
"I'm determined to make the big leap from celebrity/beauty queen to recognition as a serious film star," she confesses. "And I owe it all to Bob and Kathy (Guccione and Keeton)."

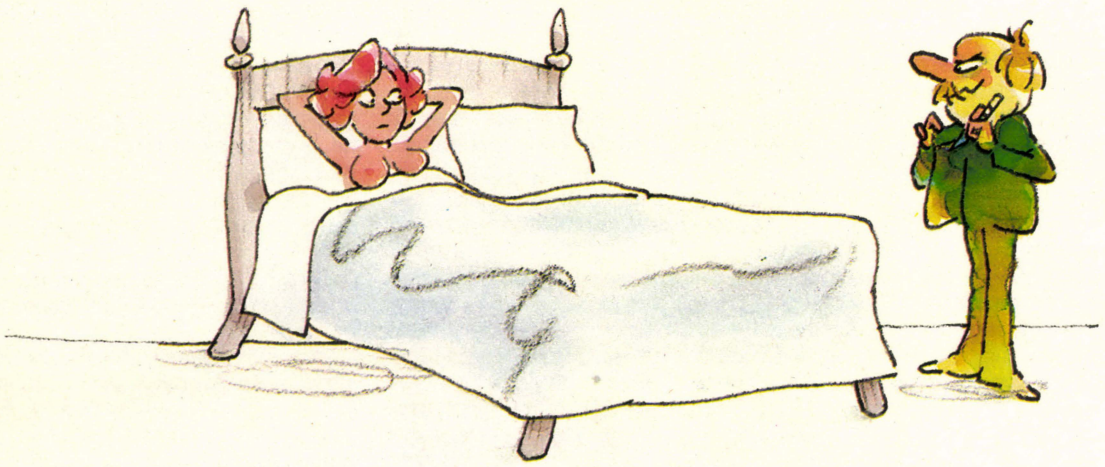
1982 CORINNE ALPHEN—This 37-23-36-inch Massachusetts marvel has the face and figure of a doll, and a disposition to match. She's appeared in *Penthouse* many times during our history and opinions such as "I like my lovemaking wet, wild, and hard" make her a sentimental favorite.

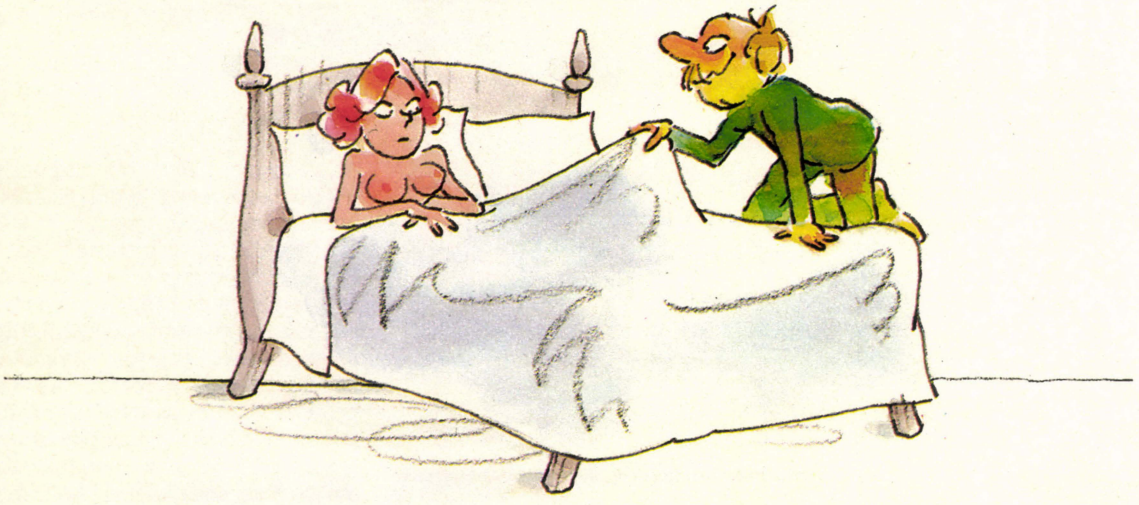
1983 SHEILA KENNEDY—Sumptuous 35-23-35-inch Sheila Kennedy is the latest in our delectable dynasty of beauties. She credits Bob Guccione's pioneering genius for the magazine's continued success. We'd say these lavishly lovely ladies are much too modest, for we'd literally be nothing without them....

"I'll never, ever allow another man to photograph me in the nude!" A dedicated film buff, Sheila likens Guccione's talent to that of Bertolucci in the highly acclaimed *Last Tango in Paris*: "He elevates the depiction of human sexuality to the level of fine art." Another favorite movie is *The Godfather*—and Francis Ford Coppola is at the top of her list of dream directors. Landing a role opposite Richard Gere is another cherished fantasy.

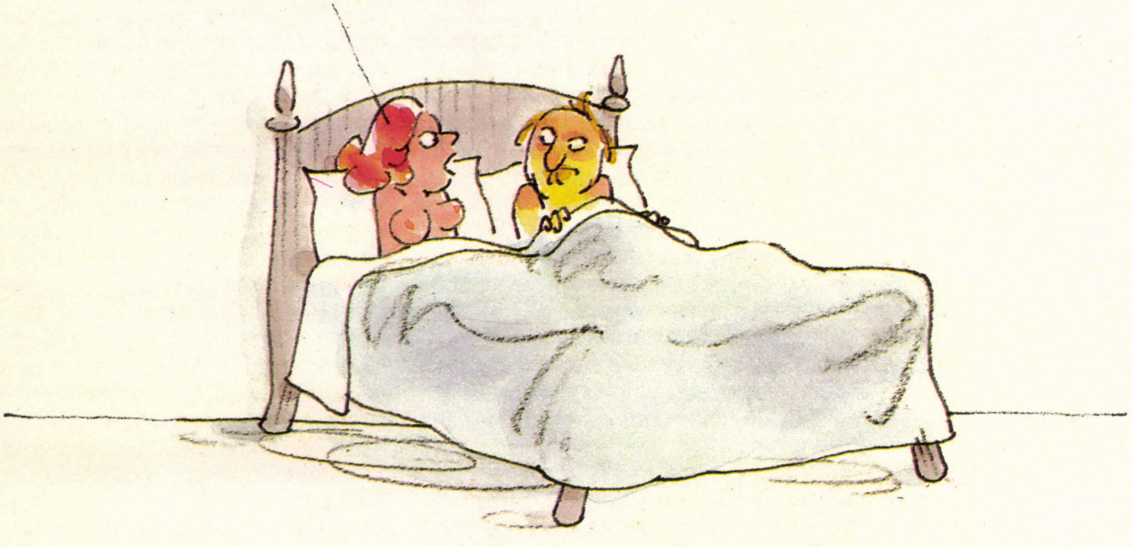








Sorry, I don't fuck artists



CHAMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

bears any resemblance to the truth. A current theme, in 1964 as well as in 1984, is that the Black Muslims brainwashed and took advantage of Ali. It has been implied that the Muslims have taken most of Ali's money and that he does not take the faith seriously. But Ali vigorously discounts these stories:

"I don't contribute money to Muslim temples. They wouldn't let me. I have tried, but they wouldn't take it. They have told me, 'We don't want your money, because the press will say that we have you just for the money.' I couldn't give my money to them, though I've tried. Listen, I've made money because I'm a Muslim. If I wasn't a Muslim you wouldn't be here now. If I was Cassius Clay, had a white Christ on my wall, still a Christian, I wouldn't be nobody. It's my uniqueness, my boldness, my name Muhammad that has made me what I am."

Ali cares deeply about his religion. It is the only subject that he discusses without the usual Ali flair and hyperbole. His religious beliefs may sound very simple, but as he says, "It's my life. Faith and obedience to God." Whether at home or on the road, Ali listens to cassettes of religious sermons. He also writes and delivers dozens of sermons at mosques around the world. At one point in the interview Ali asked us to listen to two of the sermons he wrote and recorded. If anybody believes that he is tuned out from the world around him, they ought to hear him talk about his religion.

Ali addresses most issues in the context of religion. When asked about Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign, Ali said that he had no wish to be involved: "Well, I'm for him to have success. I'd love to see a black president, but I'm not getting out in the streets, working to make it happen. I'm more into the spiritual thing." Although he wouldn't say, it may very well be that Louis Farrakhan's support of Jackson has kept Ali out of the campaign. He is not fond of the Chicago minister. "Farrakhan is not a Muslim. He calls himself that, but a Muslim doesn't look at race and color. All people are God's people, all races." Ali was critical of the press for making Farrakhan, "who teaches supremacy and black power," a leader and spokesman of the Muslim movement in the United States: "The real leader, the one I follow, is Wallace Muhammad. These other people are made by the press to throw people off. The real leader is Wallace."

Ali was also dubious about Jackson's announcement that he wanted to go to Moscow to persuade the Kremlin leaders to change their minds about the Olympic boycott: "I wish him luck, but I think that it's going to be an impossible task. They seem to be sticking to their decision. They have their reasons; I think no outside force can persuade them to compromise their belief. If I felt that my going to Russia would persuade them—or if I believed that I could be effective—I would go. But I think that my wishing they would come means nothing to them."

It was nearly noontime, and Ali interrupted our interview to leave for the gym. He works out about three times a week. Although some people have said that he doesn't care about his body any longer, Ali has remained very serious about maintaining his physical condition.

It seemed like a good idea to ride with Ali to his gym in Santa Monica in order to continue our interview. It was a mistake. Riding in a car with Muhammad Ali behind the wheel is an experience best forgotten. Ali decided to leave his Rolls-Royce back at the house and chose to drive the sleek $70,000 Stutz Bearcat to the gym. Larry Kolb, Ali's financial adviser, who had just flown in from London, and Ali's longtime aide and close friend Abdel Koder Mondir were also in the car.

"When I look back now," Ali said, "it scares me. . . . Oh, I was bad. There was nowhere in the world you could find another Negro, a black man, who acted like me!"

Everything was fine until we hit the freeway. Kolb told me to sit back and not to worry. "Worry about what?" I asked. Kolb said, "You'll see." Ali may no longer be lightning fast in the ring, but he is a silver streak on the freeway. We must have been doing 80, 90 miles an hour on the Santa Monica Freeway. Just as it was once impossible to corner Ali in one area of the ring, it is now just as impossible to contain him in one lane of the road. In an instant we were in the left lane, then the center, then the right lane. When Ali found any of those lanes restrictive of his desire to keep our stomachs in our throats, he would ride the exit ramps before returning to the road at the last instant. There was no way I was going to interview him in the car. I did what Ali's more experienced passengers did. I closed my eyes and found religion.

The Joe Louis Gym in Santa Monica is little different from any other boxing gym in the country. Here, in this converted bungalow, located a few hundred yards from the beach, is where Ali returns to the world he once reigned over. His presence is felt as soon as he enters the gym. Heads turn, the tattooing of punching bags stops, and greetings are called out from all over the room. Before he can work out, Ali has to give a few minutes of his time to managers who want to talk about their fighters, fighters who want to talk about their managers, and hangers-on who want something from him. One down-and-out character talks Ali into allowing him to wash his car for a few bucks. An elderly trainer gets Ali to pose for a picture with his crippled granddaughter. A manager of an up-and-coming middleweight asks Ali to call a mutual friend who is dying of cancer. Promoter Bob Arum once said that Ali's biggest problem is that he can never say no. Watching Ali patiently and graciously grant these requests, one realizes what a decent human being he is.

Ali's workout lasts about an hour. Wearing a canvas workout suit that makes him sweat more, Ali spends most of his time punching both the light and heavy bags. His hands blur as he raps the light punching bag, and when he hits the heavy canvas one, I shudder at the thought of what those punches must have felt like when they connected with the midsections of his opponents.

After Ali finished his workout and shower, we headed back to his home. To keep my mind off Ali's unique driving technique, I asked Larry Kolb about the rumors of Ali's financial plight. Kolb laughed: "I can't tell you everything about Ali's finances, but I'll give you an idea just how good a shape he is in. Ali's monthly tax-free income, now I'm only talking about tax shelters, is more than $35,000 a month." I also learned that Ali has more than $400,000 in an account set up for him 20 years ago in a Louisville bank. Kolb told me that Ali's home, which was purchased for $800,000, is now worth four times that amount. Ali himself may not be a good businessman, but he has always had, from the earliest days of his boxing career, sharp, trustworthy moneymakers in his corner. No, Muhammad Ali is not heading for the welfare rolls.

No interview with "the Greatest" can be complete without hearing Ali expound on the state of boxing. He agreed that boxing may be hurting today, but that it is to be expected: "Boxing is like other things—ups and downs. One year you got a president that the people like, the next year you don't. One year there's a song or dance you like. Well, it's the same with boxing. During the days of Joe Louis, Rocky Graziano, myself, people loved boxing. During the days of Sonny Liston, and now with Larry Holmes, it's dead."

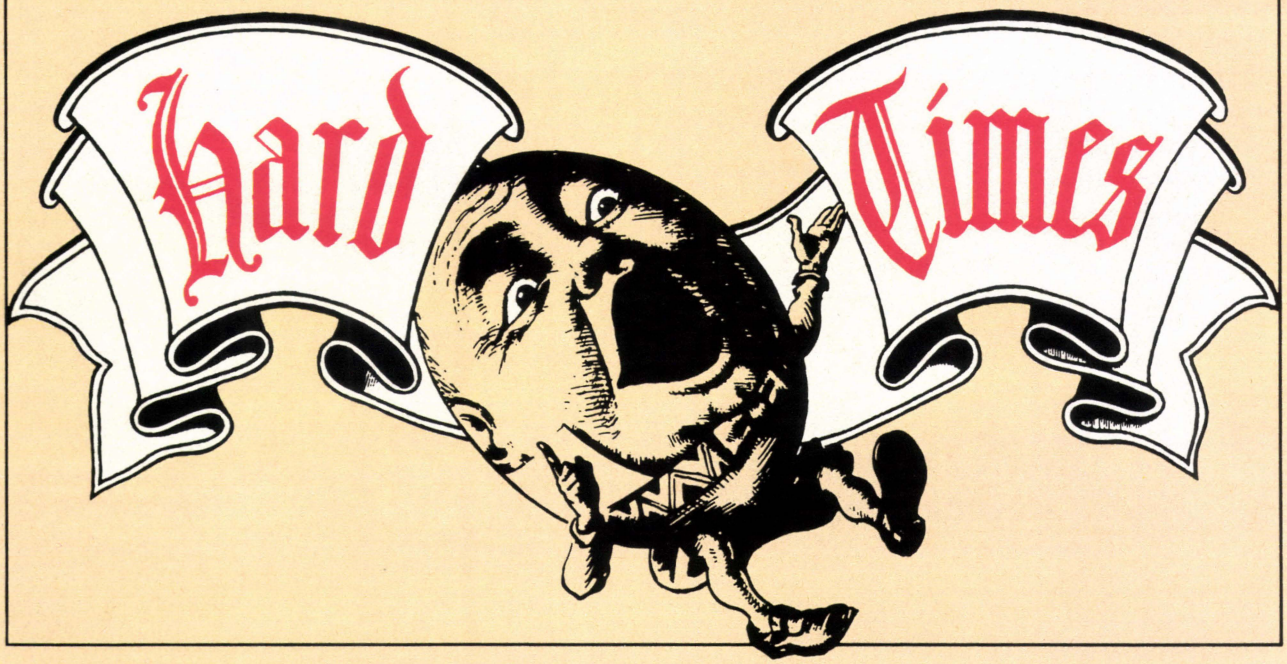
With typical Ali modesty, he explained his responsibility for boxing's recent unpopularity. "Well, I started the $2- and $3-million gates, but now they can't keep those up. I had a following in countries that don't follow boxing. I spoiled the people. They got used to my crowns, my world attention. When I left, they thought that they could keep it up. But when I left, my followers left,—men, women, and children from all countries. They followed me, but they don't follow boxing now."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

EXTRA

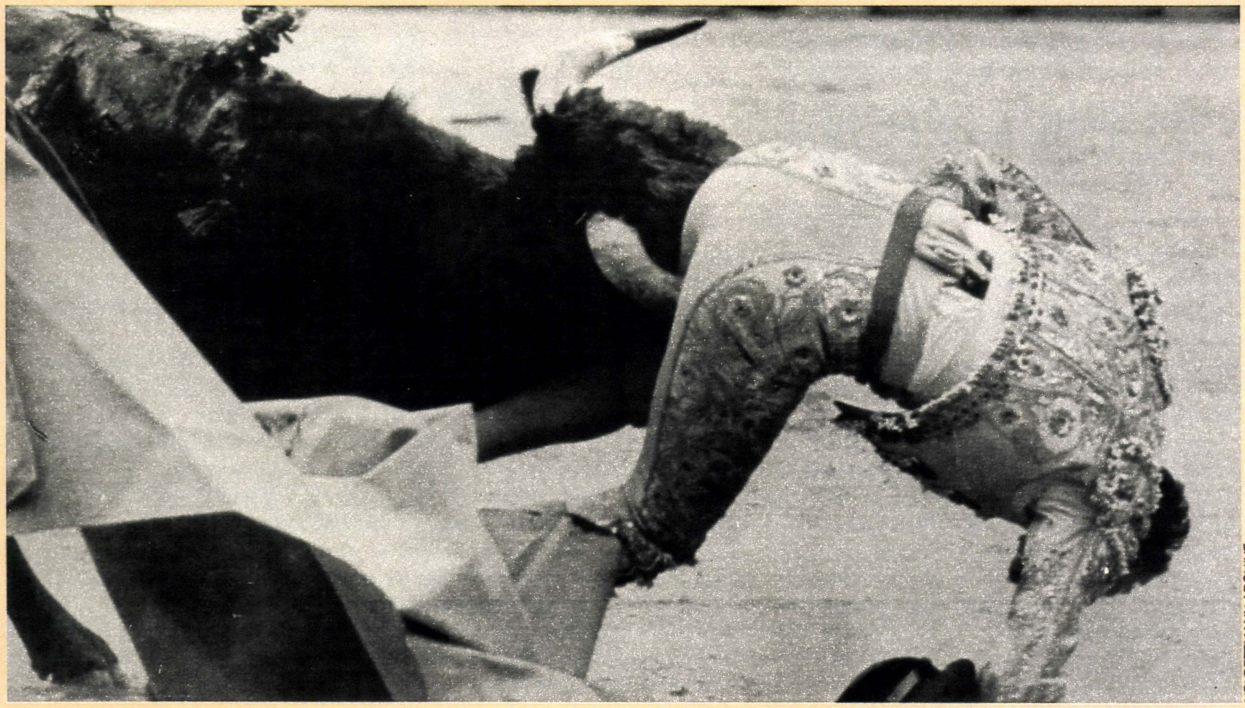
A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 3, NO. 8

HE'LL NEVER SING BASS AGAIN



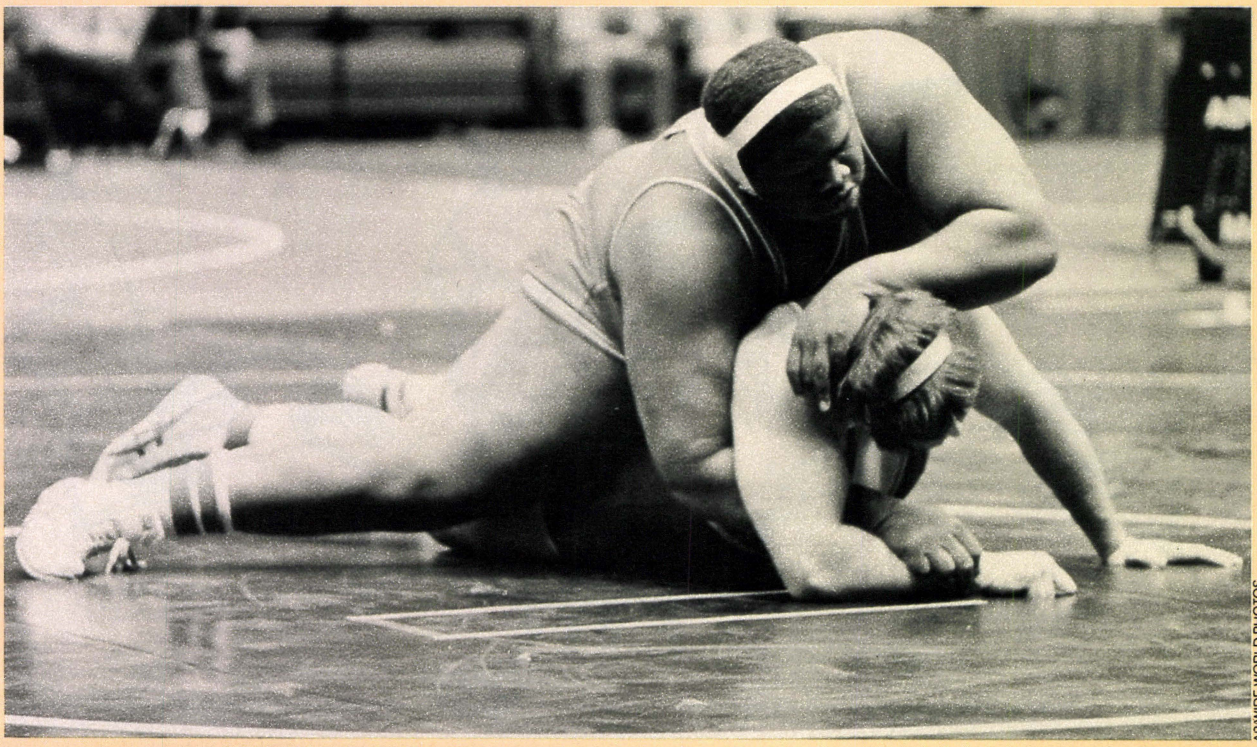
UPI/BETTMANN ARCHIVE

An occupational hazard of being a bullfighter, as demonstrated by apprentice Enrique Delgado in Mexico City. Delgado managed to compose himself enough to dispatch the bull in the approved fashion and win a standing ovation from the audience.

(*The Enterprise*—submitted by Mike Meyer, Simi Valley, Calif.)

One reason we'd rather contend with the normal, everyday buillshit rather than what you get from a real bull.—Editor

"HARD TIMES" SPORTS UPDATE



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The immovable object in the photograph is 390-pound college wrestler, Tab Thacker. Tab's size is fairly intimidating; his roommate says, "A lot of people are amazed when they first see Tab. They just stare and get quiet." Bill Harvey, the wrestling coach at Duke University, says, "You have a better chance moving a VW in a lot than moving Tab Thacker." Some wrestlers forfeit rather than go against Thacker, and one who didn't forfeit suffered three dislocated ribs when wrestling Tab last year. (*New York Times*—submitted by David Franco, Wilton, Conn.)
Tab's one athlete you'll never see in a light-beer ad.—Editor

POLITICS, PHILIPPINE-STYLE

Zamboanga, Philippines (UPI)–A feud between a Southern town's mayor and deputy mayor erupted in an eight-hour gun battle Friday that killed four people, officials said today.

Brigadier General Edgardo Alfabeto, regional commander of the Philippine constabulary, said about 100 supporters of the deputy mayor, Sonny Jaafar, armed with automatic rifles and small arms, attacked the house of Mayor Jean Yasin at about 4 A.M. Friday, in the town of Maluso. The mayor's supporters returned fire from inside the house.

Three of the mayor's men and one of the deputy mayor's followers were killed in the eight-hour shoot-out, General Alfabeto said. Four others were wounded.

The incident capped a week of tension in Maluso, on the island of Basilan, 500 miles south of Manila.

There was no indication of the cause of the feud, but it appeared a result of long-standing factional animosities and resentment of Mrs. Yasin's position.

General Alfabeto said there had been a series of skirmishes between supporters of the mayor and deputy mayor since Mr. Jaafar accused Mrs. Yasin's followers of killing his brother in an ambush last July. (*New York Times*)

A PARTY FIT FOR A DOG

Pittsburgh, Pa. (UPI)–A woman said yesterday that despite community protests she will go ahead with a Bas Mitzvah for her dog, including a black-tie dinner in which the woman and dog will wear matching gowns.

"It's such a cruel world and it's going to be such a beautiful party and a lot of fun," said Suzanne Brandau, of suburban Brentwood.

Mrs. Brandau is flying in from Europe some of the 125 guests invited to the party for Shana Racquel, her English springer spaniel who turns 13 on March 3.

Bar Mitzvahs and Bas Mitzvahs are commonly held for Jewish boys and girls, respectively, to mark their thirteenth birthdays.

The party will begin March 2 with dinner and cocktails and will continue the next day with a black-tie dinner.

Mrs. Brandau told the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* last week that she and Shana will wear matching white peau de soie dresses, complete with lace and pearls, for the event.

Since the article was published, Jewish leaders and others have written the paper to protest. Mrs. Brandau said she has ordered "tremendous security" for the event.

She also said she has stopped calling the party a Bas Mitzvah. The invitations inform guests they are invited to a Bas Mitzvah, but she said no religious rites or ceremonies are planned. (*Newsday*)
Shana will be sure to collect her envelopes, however.–Editor

Real Bird Turns In Jailbirds

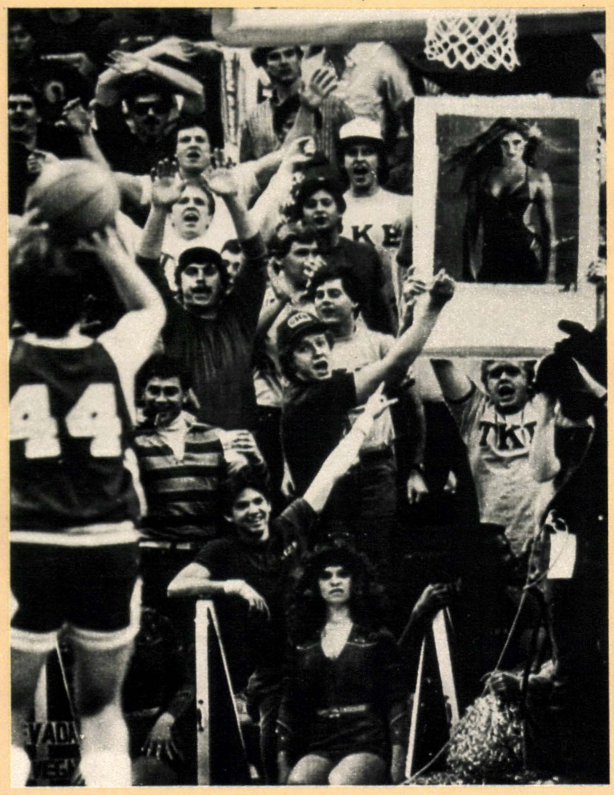
Who needs a watchdog when you've got a parrot like Baby? True, Baby couldn't prevent burglars from breaking into her owner's home in Baytown, Texas, and absconding with $9,000 worth of property. But several days later Baby started singing out, "Come here, Robert, come here"—words she had never said before. Robert was the name of one of the burglars, both of whom were arrested in another burglary. (*The State*—submitted by Mac Sprott, Clemson, S.C.)

That was no parrot, that was a stool pigeon!—Editor

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND BASKETBALL

A fan of Las Vegas college's basketball team was guilty of some unsportsmanlike behavior when he tried to distract a free-throw shooter with a sexy Christie Brinkley poster. The ploy was unsuccessful; the opponent made the free throw. (*Los Angeles Times*—submitted by R.M. Suyat, Los Angeles, Calif.)

The student must have learned his ethics at the college's business school.—Editor



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

CRIME STOPPERS 101

Here's a trick even old Dick Tracy didn't think of: The police in Hanover Park, Illinois, keep a cardboard dummy of a traffic cop in a cruiser parked in strategic locations. The idea is to let the guys in the fast lane think that the arm of the law is indeed long—even if it's made out of cardboard. (*Toronto Sun*—submitted by Brian Glazer, Toronto, Canada)

Yeah, but you can never find a cardboard cop when you need one.—Editor

UPI/BETTMANN ARCHIVE

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Good Samaritan Dept.

These Trenton, New Jersey, firemen are attempting to free a woman who was hit by a bus, dragged 20 feet, and then trapped underneath it. While she was stuck under the bus, a youth stole her purse containing $2,000. (*New York Times*—submitted by A. Maziad, Brooklyn, N.Y.)

The bus driver must have thought she was going to ask for a transfer.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

Times change. And they're hard enough to keep up with, let alone ahead of. We, however, like to think that we've accomplished the latter to the letter and in so doing, thanks to you, the reader, have become the undisputed leader of the sophisticated modern men's magazine market. As a gesture of gratitude and in celebration of our 15th Anniversary, we take great pleasure in making the following unprecedented offer...15 issues for the price of 12. But the offer's good for a limited time only. So fill out and mail the card or coupon today!

The year 1969 ushered in the outbreak of a revolutionary era. Man moonwalked. Woodstock "happened." The lowly N.Y. Mets, defying all odds, reached an all-time high. And Penthouse, destined to upset the Moral Majority, upped the majority's morale and altered the states of America. Literally and irrevocably.

At first the overall consensus of the overlords of media-ocrity was that our edit and pictorial content was too strong. Too fast to last. 15 years and 605,839,204 copies later (give or take a controversial issue or two) proved them woefully wrong. We were right in going to any length in our quest for the best, and as a result we're going from strength to strength. We always will endeavor to live up to our legend..."Provocative. And proud of it." And the years ahead will make those behind pale in comparison.

15

YEARS BOLD. A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY. AND YOU'RE INVITED.

Penthouse will never compromise. Ever. And that's a promise.

PENTHOUSE P.O. Box 6000, Bergenfield, NJ 07621

Yes! I want to be a party to the celebration of the finer things in life. Send me 15 issues for the regular price of 12 ($30) at a savings of $7, plus 3 issues free!

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed

Credit card holders call toll free: 1-800-228-2028 Ext. 20.
Nebraska residents call: 1-800-642-8300 Ext. 20

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Canada and elsewhere add $10.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Oct. 31, 1984 H7HP4

CHAMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

Ali went on to discuss why he believes that although "all athletes are taken advantage of, boxers are the most obvious group." He said that some form of pension plan for fighters is necessary. "They have people working on it, and I believe that they will be successful. When I first turned professional, the group that managed my affairs kept 15 percent of all my earnings. For the six years that I was with them, they put the money in a bank in Louisville. It comes to about $400,000. Of course, I've made $30 million since then."

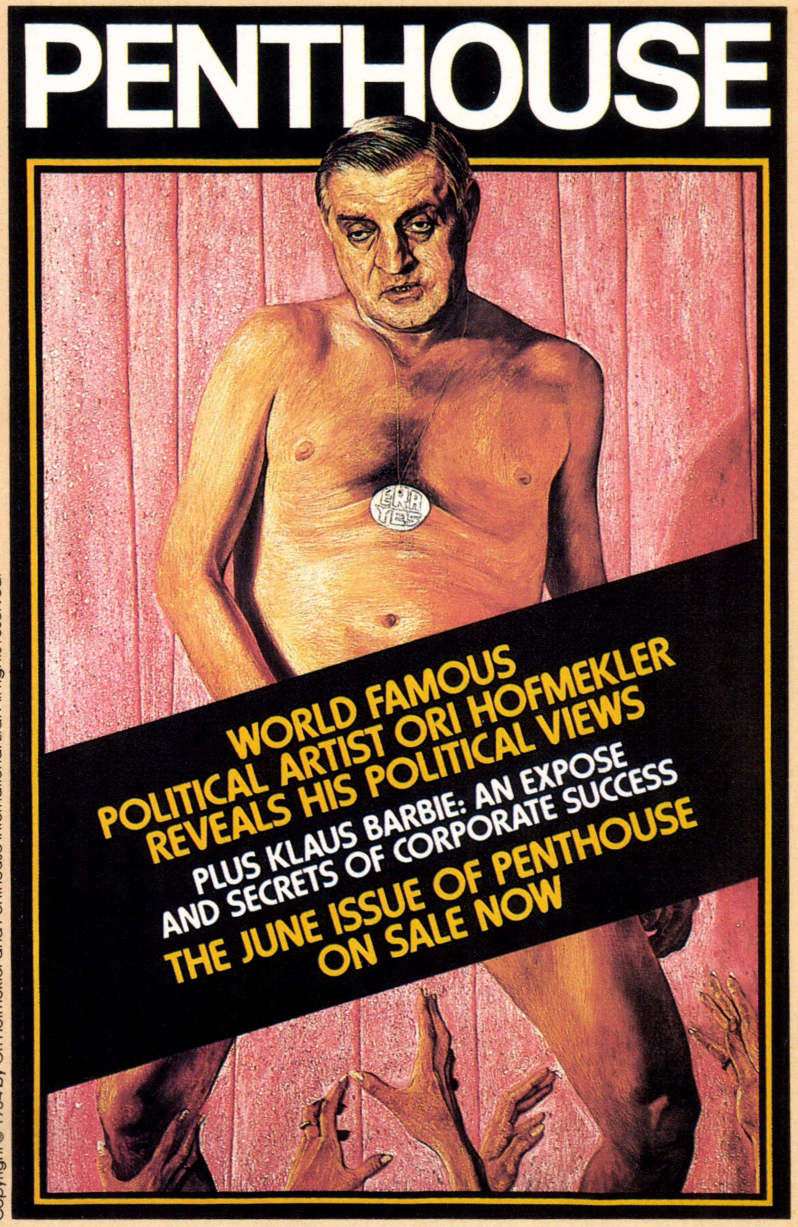
The "old Ali" comes alive most visibly when you ask him about his place in boxing history. At first, he somberly seems to concede to some of the great heavyweights of the past: "Dempsey, Louis, Marciano—all would have beaten me." Then, with a big grin, he declares, "Of course, I believe in never talking bad about the dead." And finally, he answers my question by asking me, "Look, you saw me fight in 1964. Do you believe that anybody could have beaten me?"

It was getting late in the day, and Ali had some businessmen waiting to talk to him about promoting some fights. Although he had asked me to stay over for the night, I knew that Ali had been very generous with his time, and I didn't want to impose. As I was leaving, I asked him if he had any resentment over his treatment by the media:

"What you call unfair," he explained, "is what I like. I like the so-called bad publicity. In history, only the so-called bad guys stayed famous: Al Capone, John Dillinger, Wyatt Earp, Jesse James. Their names live. The good guys they forget. So wanting to be a Black Muslim at a time when Negroes were afraid to be identified, changing my name to Muhammad Ali, which is as Islamic as you can get, telling the white man, 'I'm not going to Vietnam, that's not my country,' sitting on stands with Elijah Muhammad preaching to America—all of that was bold. At that time I was bold. Whew! When I look back now I wonder how I did it. It scares me.

"It scares me when I think back to when I was in Alabama, preaching about the white race of devils. It scares me when I think about sitting in the stands in Mississippi and Texas with the Ku Klux Klan riding around in their cars. And it scares me thinking about the time I fought Jerry Quarry and people were shooting at my house in Georgia. Oh, I was bad. There was nowhere in this world you could go and find another Negro, a black man, who acted like me."

Ali walked me out to the car. After promising to call me for dinner the next time he was in New York ("As long as you pay"), Ali turned to me: "You think I'm in pretty good shape today? I'm 42 now. Imagine me when I was 22." Ali had a wistful smile on his face. "Imagine me when I was 22," he repeated as the car pulled away.



THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL POLITICAL STATEMENT OF THE 1984 ELECTION PRIMARY! BANNED IN NEW YORK! BANNED IN BOSTON! THE ORIGINAL POSTER NOW AVAILABLE IN LIMITED QUANTITY.

ORDER YOUR COLLECTOR'S EDITION WALTER MONDALE POSTER BY WORLD FAMOUS POLITICAL ARTIST ORI HOFMEKLER. SUPPLIES STRICTLY LIMITED.

PENTHOUSE
Mondale Poster P.O. Box 29000
Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

☐ Check or ☐ Money order for $14.95 per poster. (Postage and handling included.) Payment must accompany order.
Total amount enclosed $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Payment must be made in U.S. currency. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. MPOST

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU REALLY SPECIAL?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

We all like to feel we're unique, even though most of us talk, act, dress, and think pretty much like everyone else. Psychologists have found, however, that some people have a much greater need to feel special than others. And this psychograph can give you an idea of just how strong your own desire is to be different.

Surface behavior in this area can sometimes be misleading. A strong need to feel unique doesn't necessarily express itself in flagrant nonconformity. Most people satisfy their need to be different in ways that don't always attract a lot of attention. And many so-called nonconformists actually show a great need to conform. They may be different from the world at large but often adhere slavishly to the dress, speech, thought, and behavior patterns of their own group (for example, the hippies of the 1960s).

On the whole, human beings seem to feel most comfortable when they perceive themselves as different—but not *too* different—from those around them. In their excellent survey of this field, *Uniqueness: The Human Pursuit of Difference,* social psychologists C. R. Snyder and Howard L. Fromkin say: "People tend to experience a moderate degree of interpersonal similarity as positive, and when the degree of similarity becomes very high or very slight, then a more aversive emotional reaction occurs."

The need to feel special expresses itself in all kinds of ways. One guy makes his bid for uniqueness by going to the hardware store, buying a can of spray paint, and then affixing his identity—"Chico the Snake"—to every blank wall in the city. Another quietly visits his tailor and has a custom suit cut. Both, however, are proving to themselves that they are not quite like everyone else. Psychologists are not yet totally sure of all the factors that cause one person to have a greater need for uniqueness than another. One interesting thing they've found is that people with unusual names seem to have a strong need to feel unique. This came as a surprise to many researchers who assumed that people whose names already marked them as "different" might downplay their uniqueness by conforming more than others.

We've reviewed many studies in constructing this questionnaire. Answer the questions quickly and honestly. Don't try to figure out correct answers. There aren't any. After all, a strong need to feel unique doesn't make you better; it just makes you . . . different.

1. If you had the qualifications to attend any prestigious college in the country would you prefer:
   (a) a small school, like Amherst or Wesleyan
   (b) a medium-sized school, like Cornell or Brown
   (c) a large university, like Harvard or Yale

2. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "My moral beliefs are quite different from other people's."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

3. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "My political beliefs are quite different from other people's."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. If you had a chance to go out with an extraordinarily beautiful, sexy woman, how would you probably feel?
   (a) I'd love it.
   (b) I'd probably be quite nervous. Most men fantasize about beautiful women, but they often become intimidated when they come face to face with the real thing.
   (c) I'd be so nervous that I'd probably find some excuse for canceling out.

5. Is your signature:
   (a) extremely large
   (b) extremely small
   (c) quite large
   (d) quite small
   (e) about average

6. If money were not a consideration, would you prefer to own:
   (a) a dependable American sedan
   (b) a rare foreign sports car that needed regular attention to keep it running

7. When you're with a group of people, all of whom share similar attitudes about politics, music, art, sports, or life in general, do you point out contrary things just to make them uncomfortable?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

8. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you:
   (a) If I say something I don't believe in, it's usually because I don't want to stir people up. I just want to go along with the general flow of things.
   (b) If I say something I don't believe in, it's usually because I want to start an argument.

9. When you come out of a movie or concert, do you usually feel that you have to give some criticism of what you've just seen or heard?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

10. Do you write with a fountain pen?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) occasionally
    (c) rarely or never

11. If you had to choose, would you prefer:
    (a) to work in a large office for $50,000 a year
    (b) to work in a small office for $40,000 a year

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Psychologists have discovered that people with unusual names seem to have a strong need to feel unique."

PSYCHOGRAPH

(c) to be self-employed for $30,000 a year

12. Which of the following statements comes closest to expressing your feelings about hi-fi equipment?
(a) It's important to me to have the latest and best system I can afford.
(b) I like a system that looks and sounds good, but I'm not the type of person who drops a lot of money on equipment.
(c) I love old hi-fi equipment. If a system gives me good sound, I'll keep it forever.
(d) If a radio or record player plays music, I'm happy.

13. If you could have any type of house you wanted, would you be most likely to choose:
(a) a custom-built, architect-designed house in the latest style
(b) a restored Colonial
(c) a custom-built home in a traditional style
(d) a house or condo in a planned community with private amenities, like a golf course, tennis court, swimming pool, etc.

14. If money were no object would you:
(a) hire an interior designer to decorate your house or apartment
(b) decorate it yourself

15. Do you have an unusual first name?
(a) yes
(b) no

16. Where do you buy most of your clothes?
(a) in large department stores
(b) in discount houses
(c) in small specialty shops
(d) in thrift shops
(e) I have most of my clothes custom-made.
(f) I buy most of my clothes from mail-order catalogs.

17. On the average, do you watch at least two and a half hours of television a day?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Describe your television-viewing habits. Do you generally prefer to watch:
(a) regularly scheduled comedy, dramatic, and action series
(b) movies
(c) sports
(d) cultural programs or specials
(e) I watch little or no television.

19. Are you part of a fairly large group of friends who get together regularly?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. At what age did you become (or do you expect to become) basically self-supporting?
(a) 19 years old or younger
(b) 20 to 22 years old
(c) 23 to 26 years old
(d) 27 years old or older
(e) Never if I can avoid it.

21. Is your handwriting easy to read?
(a) yes
(b) no
(c) It's probably about average.

22. If someone called you an "average American," how would you feel?
(a) I'd be proud of it.
(b) I wouldn't like it.
(c) It would depend on who was talking and what context it was being used in.

23. How much would it affect you if you felt other people were getting ahead of you in financial or career terms?
(a) a lot
(b) somewhat
(c) not much

24. Do you have any hobbies that are unique or very unusual?
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of your choices. The highest possible score is 117; the lowest is 24.

1. a-5, b-1, c-3
2. a-3, b-1
3. a-4, b-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-1
5. a-5, b-3, c-4, d-2, e-1
6. a-1, b-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-5, b-3, c-1
11. a-1, b-2, c-5
12. a-5, b-1, c-5, d-3
13. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-2
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-2, b-1, c-4, d-5, e-5, f-3
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-3, c-2, d-4, e-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1, e-1
21. a-1, b-5, c-2
22. a-1, b-5, c-3
23. a-5, b-3, c-1
24. a-5, b-1

If you scored 93 to 117 points:
You seem to have a very strong drive to be unique. In any crowd of average people, you're definitely likely to stand out. People in this category are often very competitive (although they'll sometimes go to great lengths to disguise it, since they may consider competitiveness a "common" characteristic). They can also be difficult and argumentative especially if they feel their ambitions are being frustrated. And if you try to draw them into a situation where they'll be just one of the crowd or part of the team, they may become downright ornery.

69 to 92 points:
You have quite a strong drive for uniqueness, but you're not as fanatical about it as men in the above category. You're not afraid to voice your opinions and assert yourself. On the other hand, you know that there are some instances when the sensible thing to do is to keep your opinions to yourself and just "go along." You won't cave in very often, but once in a while—when you feel it's really crucial to your future or your general well-being—you'll shut your mouth and play the game.

45 to 68 points:
You appear to have a modest need to feel unique, but you're not the type to ram your individuality down other people's throats. You probably express your need in socially acceptable terms. You may, for instance, pamper yourself with luxury products that make you feel like part of the elite. On the other hand, your need to express your uniqueness is never strong enough so that you'd go up to your boss and call him an asshole—no matter how closely he resembles the human anus. In other words, you're tactful. One might say you're a closet individualist.

20 to 44 points:
You have very little need to feel unique. In fact, the whole notion of standing out in a crowd is probably distasteful to you. You like the comfortable, protected feeling that comes from being part of a group. You just want to get on with your life and are afraid that if you stand out too much people will start taking shots at you.

BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1984 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.
CANADIAN
BLACK VELVET
Smooth Blended Canadian Whisky
Feel the Velvet Canadian
No other Canadian feels as smooth as Black Velvet. Premium. Imported.

The quintessential American sports car will undoubtedly set new records for performance and design—thanks to the magic of Nuccio Bertone.

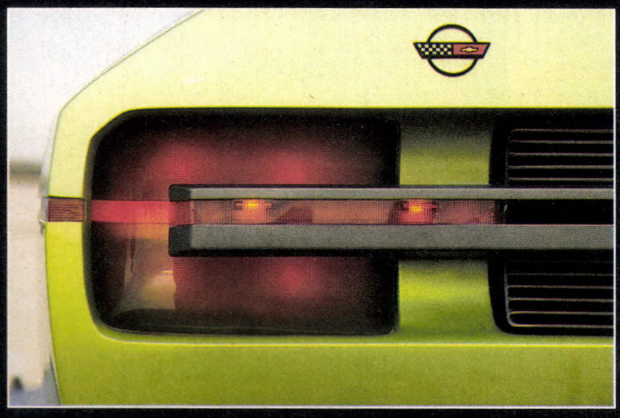
FAST FORWARD

BY MIKE KNEPPER

Once a year in the foothills of the Alps outside Turin, Italy, Nuccio Bertone and his design staff go a little nuts. They sit in the studio with sketch pads on their laps and Rapidograph pens in hand to draw cars—wild-and-crazy-looking cars that look more like flights of fancy than anything else. Imaginations are given free rein. Out of that session comes the design for the annual Bertone prototype, a fantasy that is eventually transformed into cold steel.

The annual Bertone prototype, typically based on an exotic production car, is meant to showcase Bertone's latest design theories and wow 'em on the auto-show circuit. Sometimes an aspect of the new design—a possible fender line or a headlight treatment—is imitated and finds its way into mass production. But sometimes it goes further than that. Bertone's Countach and Miura prototypes actually became production Lamborghinis, and Giugiario's Ace of Clubs show car is on the road today, essentially unchanged, as Isuzu's Impulse.

PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) BY FRANCO NURGIA/PHOTOGRAPH (RIGHT) BY ROB GAGE



This year's flight of fancy is the Ramarro. Nice name for a car, Ramarro. Very Italian. Unfortunately, it loses something when translated into "green lizard." But never mind. What's in a name? Besides, going the lizard route was a good excuse to paint the car green and cover the interior with lizard-textured leather.

The Ramarro, like the other previous Bertone prototypes, is wonderfully outrageous. But unlike every other Bertone prototype of the last 20 years, the basis for that outrageousness is an American car. There's a hint of this in the Ramarro's nose, but not much. Something vaguely familiar there. Look closely and you'll see something similar inside that horizontal depression stretching between the lidded headlights: Chevrolet. The only other clue is a small round medallion in the upper-left corner of the tail. If you don't recognize it, check out the next '84 Corvette that you can find sitting still. The medallion will be there. Yes, horsepower freaks, this three-toned-green lizard first saw life as a made-in-U.S.A. Corvette.

And why not? The Corvette has just undergone the most drastic update of its long career. A sophisticated new suspension, electronic fuel injection, and computer-controlled transmission depict the revolutionary changes of GM's unrefined machine. What the Corvette once lacked in sophistication it now offers in world-class doses. Also, Bertone liked the idea of using an American car to herald the 1984 Olympics, and its debut at Los Angeles's Auto Expo this past spring tied it all together in a neat bundle.

The actual Corvette that ended up in Bertone's studio had been to Europe for the 1983 auto-show circuit. It was a stock Vette with a 205 horsepower, 5.7-liter V-8, and four-speed automatic transmission. Bertone bought it last summer, drove it around Turin for a few days, then parked it in the styling studio for a couple of months while waiting for the right flight of fantasy to hit. It finally did.

"We concluded that the answer lay in the differences between continents," Bertone said. "We would give it European clothing—a provocative new shape, with interesting technical features. It would be more

"The Corvette has undergone an update. What it once lacked in sophistication it now offers in world-class doses."

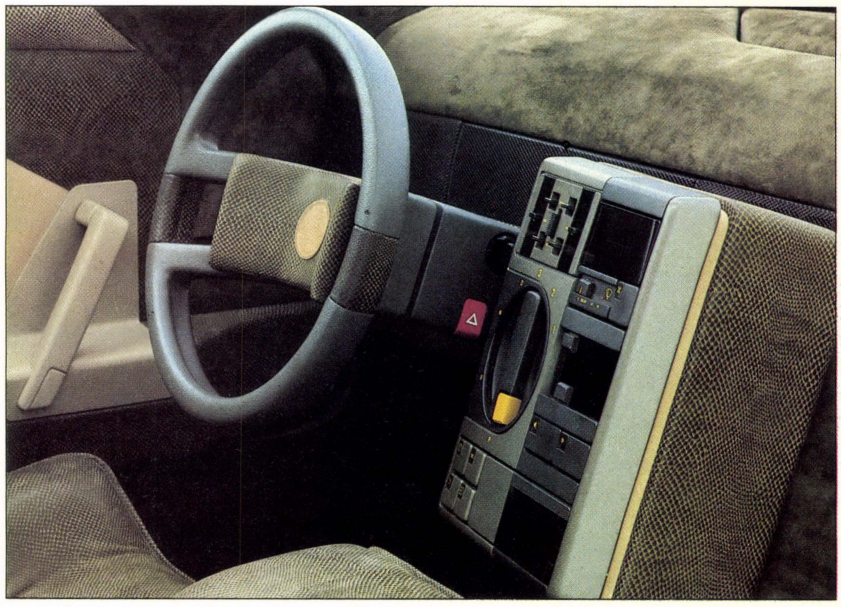
like a European car dimensionally—shorter at front and rear, rather like a sports racing car, and certainly very bold and aggressive."

Bruce McWilliams, a veteran auto-industry executive and marketing expert who looks after Bertone's U.S. interests, first suggested using a Corvette for this year's prototype and wanted to show the car to all the Detroit manufacturers. That meant previewing the car in Detroit before going to Auto Expo in early May, which also meant completing the car within five months.

One rule at Bertone is that the manufacturer of the car chosen as the basis for a prototype must not be involved in the project. Mr. Bertone won't even show them the sketches. So Chevrolet had nothing to do with the Ramarro. Or almost nothing. When McWilliams mentioned the project to Bob Stemple, Chevrolet's general manager at the time, he thought that the Ramarro should have the '85 version of the Corvette's V-8. A new fuel-injection system feeds fuel to the engine, creating more horsepower—up to 240 from 205—and more torque. Top speed of the '85 Vette, and by extension the Ramarro, should fall into the slot between 150 and 160 mph. Stemple sent a new motor and a Chevy engineer to single-handedly oversee its installation.

Bertone gave the Corvette good marks for style, but felt that its long, low look was better suited to tread the wide open spaces of America instead of northern Italy's twisty Alpine terrain. Bertone's creations have always tended to reflect the European difference in driving venue, as well as their preference for more compact, nimble-looking body styles and very little front and rear overhang. That pretty much describes the Ramarro. Although the chassis wasn't shortened, the Ramarro's overall length is more than 13 inches shorter than the Corvette's. The difference is most noticeable in its abbreviated tail, and therein lies an interesting part of the Ramarro's mechanical history.

Bertone wanted the Ramarro to have a very low and short nose, but without some serious chassis modifications, the Corvette's engine and air-conditioning radiators made it impractical. The solution was to pull both units out of the nose and stick them in the tail. Three fans now draw cool air in through a full-width, thermostat-controlled sliding door, located behind the rear window, and expel



it through vents in the tail. Hit the starter, and the big V-8 throatily rumbles to life, the vent door retracts, and anyone standing behind the green lizard gets hit instantly with a blast of air. Beautiful, creatively bizarre.

Another marvel of engineering complexity is the Ramarro's doors. At some point in the design process, a decision was made to do away with conventional front-hinged doors in favor of something a little, uh, different. Push in on the flush-mounted door handle, grab the lever, and pull. The door opens toward you about four inches. A gentle shove sends it sliding sideways, riding in the slots of the bodywork at the bottom edge of the hood and behind the wheels.

All that remains of the Corvette's roof structure is the rollover support behind the seats. The Ramarro's "roof" is a dark-tinted Plexiglas cap that incorporates the windshield and rear window. With an optimistic eye, Bertone insisted that everything in the Ramarro not only be mass-produced, but also be made of typical production-car materials. This meant that the unusual roof could have been made of glass, but when a supplier quoted $1.5 million for a prototype, Plexiglas got the nod.

I got my hands-on session with the Ramarro on a cluttered side street in an industrial area of Paterson, New Jersey, where the car made a brief appearance as it was moved from the truck that brought it from Kennedy airport to another truck that would take it to points west. What was the first impression as the Ramarro rolled out of its cavernous transporter? Size, shape, color? It was all three, all crowding for attention at the same time. It isn't small and it isn't big. Bertone once used the word *stubby* to describe the Ramarro, and though it hardly does justice to the aesthetics of the design, it is stubby. But it's wide—almost five inches wider than the Corvette—and the line that rises dramatically from the leading edge of the front fender to the rear of the roof gives new meaning to the term *wedge-shaped,* the styling buzzword these days. The thing just sits there, staring at you through its transparent eyelids, its tail in the air like a lizard in heat, its nose almost on the ground. It's mean *and* menacing. Bertone definitely broke new styling ground with the Ramarro.

Slide the door forward and there, without a doubt, is the strangest seat in history. It's a one-piece, two-seater affair that sits saddlelike on the drive-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROB GAGE

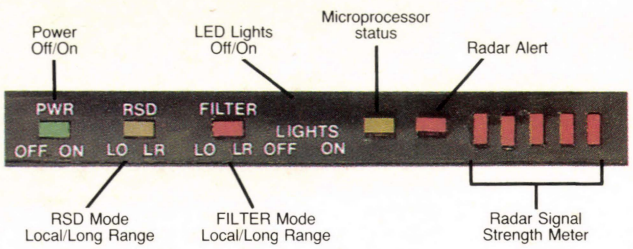
CONTINUED ON PAGE 225

The ONLY Radar Detector in a Rear View Mirror ... MICRO EYE SUPREME

ANOTHER FIRST FROM BEL. This Compuheterodyne detector provides extra long range Police Radar detection front and rear, with equal sensitivity. Also around corners and over hills. The **panoramic mirror** eliminates those dangerous blind spots AND you won't have to worry about the "Windshield Obstructions" law in many states.
In June, 1982, BEL - the leaders in radar detection technology became the first to incorporate computer technology in a radar detector. Some competitors followed a year later, claiming a "new" breakthrough, using ambiguous designations to describe a technology which we pioneered - Compuheterodyne; the result of integrating signal processing and superheterodyne circuitry.

SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE. Escort met its match with our first Compuheterodyne detector, as reported at the time in Autoweek. Our latest technological advances have made our original Compuheterodyne and all of our competitor's radar detectors obsolete.

ADVANCED FEATURES. **RSD** (Radar Signal Discrimination Mode) rejects incoming signals from other radar detectors.



FILTER (Time Domain Filter Mode) virtually eliminates signals from microwave intrusion alarms, garage door openers, etc.
BAND IDENTIFICATION. Separate alerts for X and K band.

FOUR REASONS TO ORDER NOW! We are so confident that the unique MICRO EYE SUPREME will be your best defence against Police Radar, that we are offering, for a limited time only, these specials:

1. **SPECIAL PRICE $299.00** (Regular Price $349.95). Price slightly higher in Canada. New York State residents add 7% tax.

2. **30 DAY REFUND OFFER.** Customer satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded if you return your unit within 30 days from date of purchase.

3. **EXPRESS DELIVERY** at no extra charge if you pay with money order, credit card or certified cheque.

4. **ONE YEAR WARRANTY.** Full one year limited warranty on parts and labor.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER:
BY PHONE: Please have American Express, Visa or MasterCard ready.
In U.S. call toll free: 1-800-341-1401 or 1-800-457-3017
In New York State call: (716) 856-2222
In Canada call toll free: 1-800-268-3994
BY MAIL: Send a check, money order or the number and expiration date of American Express, Visa or MasterCard to:
B.E.L-TRONiCS LIMITED, 255 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, NY 14202.
In Canada: B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED, 2422 Dunwin Dr., Mississauga, Ont. L5L 1J9
DEALER ENQUIRIES INVITED

BEL **B.E.L—TRONICS - The leaders in radar detection technology.**

Penthouse Trivia

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

LANDMARK LADIES. Top: (1) Linda Kenton. Bottom row, left to right: (2) Stephanie McClean, (3) Corinne Alphen, and (4) Victoria Johnson.

Has it really been just 15 years? It seems longer. There have been only 180 issues of America's favorite men's magazine—180 issues that caused all the attention and discussion—the world-famous Pet pictorials, the outrageous letters, the controversial subway posters, and the hard-hitting articles that have given *Penthouse* the distinction of being quoted more often in *The Congressional Record* than *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* combined.

It might seem that we have been around for ages, but it has been just 15 short years. How well do you know us? Here's a trivia test to determine if you've been paying attention over the past decade and a half.

1. SUBHEAD. What is the slogan that appears just below the word "Penthouse" on the cover of every magazine? (Don't peek!)

a. AMERICA'S FAVORITE MEN'S MAGAZINE
b. THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
c. WE'RE GOING RABBIT HUNTING
d. FOR A GOOD TIME, CALL 555-4492

2. CELEBRITY COVERAGE. Of the famous female faces listed below, which *two* have never appeared on the cover of *Penthouse* magazine?

a. Morgan Fairchild
b. Deborah Harry
c. Pia Zadora
d. Linda Ronstadt
e. Donna Summer
f. Helen Gurley Brown

3. LANDMARK LADIES. You have probably already noticed the four familiar beauties pictured above. For each of the four following questions, which *Penthouse* model is being described?

a. What *Penthouse* Pet of the Year doubled for Angie Dickinson in the nude shower scene in the film *Dressed to Kill?*

b. Who was the first *Penthouse* model to appear twice in a centerfold?

c. Who was the only Pet to appear on two consecutive *Penthouse* covers?

d. Who was the *Penthouse* Pet who made publishing history by being the first model to be pictured in a national men's magazine with her pubic hair showing? It was a side view, only one photo in the whole layout, but that visible dark patch caused a storm of controversy and toppled a taboo. Who was the girl who sent airbrush artists looking for another line of work, and in what year did her landmark pictorial appear?

4. Q AND A. When Emily Prager, our "View from the Top" columnist, was on *Late Night with David Letterman*, what did she answer when Letterman asked her, "What's a feminist like you doing writing for *Penthouse* magazine?"

a. "I'm in a missionary position over there."

b. "I'm not a feminist, I'm a female supremacist. There's a big difference."

c. "You don't get a 50 percent discount at a sex boutique working for *Ms.*"

d. "If God had meant women to give blowjobs, she wouldn't have given them teeth."

5. RUNNERS. Of the four presidential candidates—Ronald Reagan, Walter Mondale, Gary Hart, and Jesse Jackson—which one was interviewed in *Penthouse* not once but *twice?*

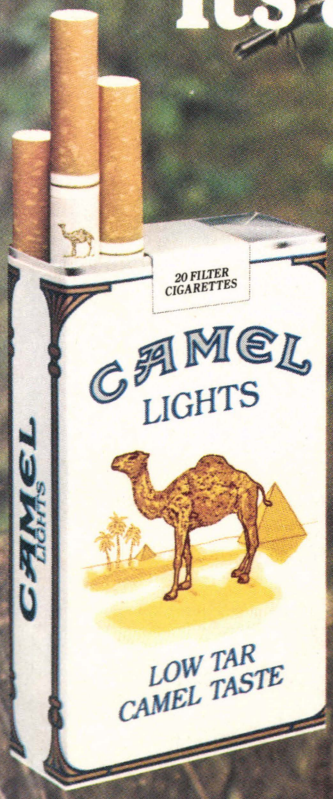
6. THAT'S NOT FUNNY . . . Most of the cartoons that appear in *Penthouse* arouse nothing more than a good laugh, but occasionally they strike a deeper nerve and elicit anger, stacks of mail, and threats of everything from physical violence to canceled subscriptions.

With some trepidation (and beefed-up security around our office), we have reprinted on page 182 (in a small size so as not to be *too* callous about this) four cartoons that fit into this category. Which of these was judged by our readers to be

© 1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's Camel Lights, unexpectedly mild.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GAMES

the *most* offensive, as measured by the volume of angry mail that Humor Editor Bill Lee has received?

7. THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY. Here's a two-part question.

a. What was it that so offended *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner that when an interviewer asked him about it he said, "That's not photography—that's pornography."

b. And approximately how long did it take Mr. Hefner to change his mind and print the same sort of "pornography" in his own publication?

1. three months
2. six months
3. one year
4. two years
5. three years

8. GIRLS ON FILM. *Penthouse* has made cameo appearances in several major films, including *Splash, Stripes,* and *Grand Theft Auto.* In Paul Schrader's film *American Gigolo,* there is a scene in which two issues of *Penthouse* can be seen adorning a coffee table. Our film reviewer Roger Greenspun is of the opinion that those particular props weren't chosen by accident but for a very specific reason. What was it?

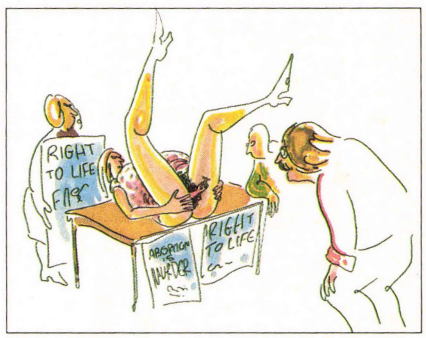
9. OOPS! One of the biggest goofs *Penthouse* ever made was in December 1971, in connection with that month's interview with John J. Riccardo, then the high-flying president of Chrysler Corporation. What did we do that caused us to wish we could recall every December 1971 issue for an overhaul?

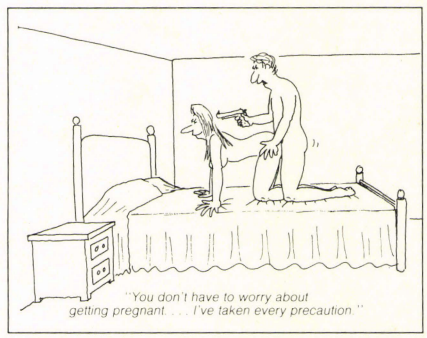
10. GOING AT WARP DRIVE. It is well known that 55 mph is the national speed limit, but around the *Penthouse* offices 4,000 mph is a number with more significance. Why?

11. CHOSEN FEW. Aside from the fact that their work has appeared in *Penthouse,* what do the following men have in common: Harrison Salisbury, Jack Anderson, Eddie Adams, James Michener, Anthony Lewis.

"You wouldn't have anything for a headache, would you?"

"That'll teach you to be a good boy."





"You don't have to worry about getting pregnant. . . . I've taken every precaution."

NOT FUNNY? Top left: (a) Erkki Alanen, April 1982. Top right: (b) Erkki Alanen, December 1977. Bottom left: (c) Bill Lee, November 1976. Bottom right: (d) Tom Cheney, May 1983.

a. All have won the Pulitzer Prize.

b. All had their names spelled correctly in *Penthouse.*

c. All have won the National Book Award.

d. All have dated Joan Collins.

Answers:

1. b
2. d and f
3. a—4 Victoria Johnson (August 1976; Pet of the Year, November 1977); b—3 Corinne Alphen (June 1978 and August 1981); c—1 Linda Kenton (April and May 1983); d—2 Stephanie McClean (April 1970).
4. a
5. Jesse Jackson
6. Cartoon b was judged to be the most offensive.
7. a—The first photo of pubic hair was in April 1970; b—4 (January 1972).
8. Because those issues contained favorable reviews of two other Paul Schrader films.
9. We misspelled Riccardo's name on the cover—with a missing *r* it came out as Riccado.
10. Because *Penthouse* sells over 4,000 mph (magazines per hour), 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.
11. a

"My hotel recognizes the quality of Smirnoff. My guests demand its value."

JAMES A. NASSIKAS,
world-renowned hotelier.

"At a world-class hotel, you build your business on quality—from the back of the kitchen to the front of the bar.

"That's why we pour Smirnoff® vodka. It's distilled from the finest quality grain money can buy. And only Smirnoff is checked 47 times for quality and smoothness. So for just a little more than ordinary vodkas, we can offer our guests the quality of Smirnoff.

"I think Smirnoff is an excellent value in vodka. And our guests must, too. They keep asking for it."

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

REMEMBER SPECIAL OCCASIONS BY SENDING A GIFT OF SMIRNOFF ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S., CALL TOLL FREE, 1-800-528-6148.
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.—"MADE IN U.S.A."

TOGETHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

your chest as you lift yourself up and release down to the floor. Come up halfway in the sit-up position until you feel your stomach muscles tighten and contract.

Repetitions: Do three sit-ups and hold the third one in the upward position for two extra counts, then release back down. The counts are: sit up on count one, down on two, up on three, down on four, up on five (the third sit-up); hold counts six and seven as you look at each other, keeping pressure on each other's feet. Then release down on count eight. Do this four times without stopping. You may increase the number of repetitions as you see fit.

Transition: Placing your hands on the floor for support, sit up. Bend your legs in toward your body. The man should bring his feet up underneath him and get up on his knees. The woman brings her feet up under her and turns to face front so that both of you are now facing the same direction. Your knees should be about 12 to 16 inches apart. The woman's feet should fit in between the man's knees. Open your arms to the sides.

8. Knee Hinges: This exercise tightens and tones the buttocks, thighs, stomach, and back.

Description: In a hinge, you bend back slowly to about a 45-degree angle while keeping your body stiff and rigid from the knees on up to your head. The body should work like a door hinge. Keep your bodies (the woman's back to the man's chest) against each other. Begin by slowly leaning back as the man wraps his arms around his partner. As you reach the peak of the hinge (45 degrees) the man should have completed wrapping his arms around the woman. Then reverse the process and unfold your arms as you return to the upright position.

Repetitions: Use four counts to hinge back and four counts to come up. Do this four times.

Transition: Straighten your right leg to the side while still on your left knee. Place your arms straight out to the sides.

9. Side Stretch: This exercise tones both sides of the waist.

Description: Begin by bringing both arms above your head, making an oval-shaped frame around your face. Then lean sideways, stretching to the right.

Repetitions: Take four counts to stretch to the right and four counts to come up slowly. Repeat. Then change sides by bringing your right leg back in, kneeling on it, and straightening your left leg to the side. Repeat on your left side twice.

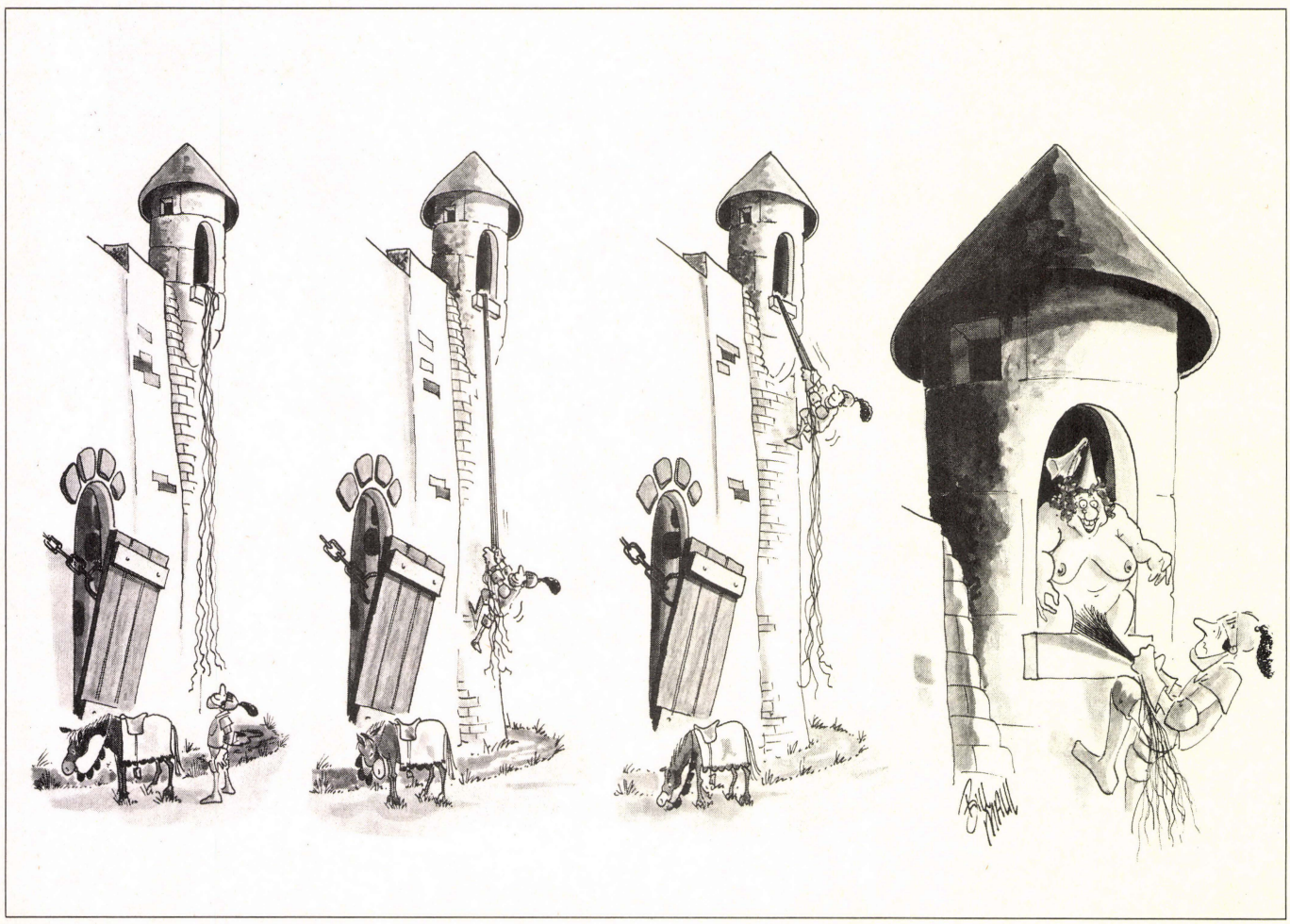
Transition: The man remains in position while the woman turns on her knees to face him. Stay approximately a foot apart and place the balls of the feet on the floor behind you. The man should keep his arms down at his sides, and the woman's hands should be placed on the man's upper chest, with her arms straight out.

10. Hinge-Ups: This exercise uses the entire body and is great for the arms, thighs, stomach, and back.

Description: The woman begins by bracing herself against the man. Keeping her arms straight, she then lifts her body up to straighten her legs. She should be standing erect from head to toe, and her body should be toward the man at an angle. Release down. The man then places his hands on his partner's shoulders as she drops her arms to her sides. He lifts up, braces himself against his partner, then releases down. The person kneeling has to hold his body in a locked position. This takes a certain amount of tension, which brings the whole body into play.

Repetitions: The woman should take four counts to lift herself up, then hold the position for four counts; she should come down slowly in four counts, and be careful not to drop suddenly to her knees. Take as much care when coming down as going up. The man then takes his turn using the same counts. Repeat two more times: once for the woman, once for the man.

When you first try these partner stretches they may seem very hard. Believe me, it was difficult when I started a program to reshape my body, and sometimes it was difficult to see it through to the end—but it was definitely worth it! Now it's your turn. I think you're going to enjoy my program. Soon it will be more fun and less work—and the results will be terrific!



Work Shoes.

So to speak.

If you're talking work, they are work shoes. Oil-resistant Vibram® and Vulcan Lug Trac soles, spring-steel shanks and chemical-resistant, 100% nylon stitching make them so.

If you're talking looks and lightweight comfort, they are casuals. Supple full-grained leathers and our unique, running-shoe, cradle-arch support system make them so.

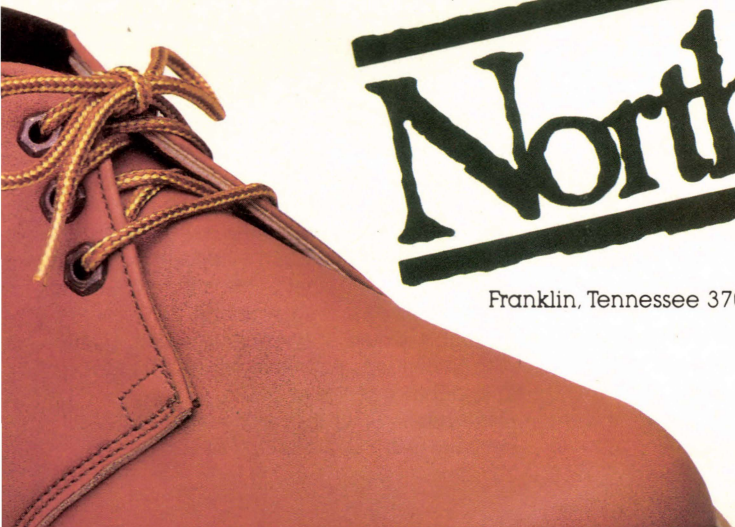
And if you're talking value, they are. The Northlake® price makes them so.

Northlake®

By **Georgia Boot**®

A Division of

Franklin, Tennessee 37064 USI U.S. INDUSTRIES, INC.



INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

terms of black and white, and people were either on his good list or his hit list, and often subject to being switched from one to the other, according to which way the conversation turned. He was always outspoken, yet the charm of John's outspokenness was not only his way with words, but also the fact that he was as critical and candid about himself as others. In the end it was this that made him endearing. He bared his soul about everything—his insecurities, his mistakes—and when he did so, even when he appeared ridiculous, he was a breath of fresh air in the entertainment world.

John said in this interview: "It had to take that special combination of Paul, John, George, and Ringo to make the Beatles." True, but without John's energy there may never have been a Beatles. John was always the one to take risks, and so many of the stylistic influences, musical and otherwise, were his. His voice was heard in song, in jest, in protest, about every aspect of the culture he influenced. He was widely heeded, and eminently quotable, and he lived life as it should be lived: to the fullest. And as the unlikely figure of Sir Lew Grade said, "Those songs in Northern [Songs] will live on forever"—and as the man who now profits from them, he should know.

One moment that I remember during the interview was when John and Yoko were leaning toward the microphone, each jostling the other to tell the story of how they met and fell in love. No one could have been in their presence for those minutes and not have been affected by it. It never seems to have occurred to Yoko's detractors, nor to the legions who still wanted to see John "married" to Paul, that John Lennon, who was never easily satisfied, was hardly likely to stick with someone he didn't deem good for himself.

Yoko is a strong-minded woman, but her art has only limited appeal, no matter how hard she hustles. There are some who say that she had a negative effect on John's music, but this seems absurd: "Imagine" and "Across the Universe," and several others, were written while with Yoko, and they are as good as any of the songs he wrote before he met her.

Neil Aspinall, the Beatles' longtime friend, said, "The Beatles' world was an unreal world, a war zone." It surely was. In a way I think Yoko brought John home. He found comfort, love, and understanding with her; he had a son by her and devoted himself to his child. I have no doubt he was a much happier man in 1980 than he was in 1967 when he walked into that London art gallery.—*Peter McCabe*

Penthouse: Let's talk about the Beatles' breakup, and the falling out between you and Paul. A lot of people think it had to do with the women in your lives. Is that why the Beatles split up?

John: Not really. The split was over who would manage us—Allen Klein or the Eastmans—and nothing else really, although the split had been coming from *Pepper* onward.

Penthouse: Why, specifically?

John: Paul was always upset about the White Album. He never liked it because on that one I did my music, he did his, and George did his. He didn't like George having so many tracks. He wanted it to be more a group thing, which really means more Paul. He never liked that album, but I always preferred it to all the other albums, including *Pepper,* because I thought the music was better. The *Pepper* myth is bigger, but the music on the White Album is far superior, I think.

Penthouse: Is that your favorite of all the Beatles' albums?

John: Yeah, because I wrote a lot of good shit on that. I like all the stuff I did on that. And the other stuff as well. I like the whole album. But if you're talking about the split, the split was over Allen and Eastman.

Penthouse: You didn't like Lee Eastman (Linda's father) nor John (Linda's brother). And the Eastmans didn't like Allen Klein. . . .

John: The Eastmans hated Allen from way back. They're from the class of family . . . like all classes, I suppose, they vote like Daddy does. They're the kind of kids who just think what their fathers told them.

Penthouse: But for a while didn't you get along with Linda?

John: We all got along well with Linda.

Penthouse: When did you first meet her?

John: The first time was after that Apple press conference in America. We were going back to the airport and she was in the car with us. I didn't think she was particularly attractive. A bit too tweedy, you know? But she sat in the car and took photos and that was it. And the next minute she's married him.

Yoko: There was a nice quality about her. As a woman she doesn't come on like a coquettish bird, you know? She was all right, and we were on very good terms, until Allen came into the picture. And then she said, "Why the hell do you have to bring Allen into it?" She said very nasty things about Allen.

Penthouse: Yoko, you weren't with John the first time he met her?

Yoko: No. The first time I met her was when she came to the EMI studio. And you know, when the Beatles are recording, there are very few people around, especially no women. So I was there, and the first thing she made clear to me—almost unnecessarily—was the fact that she was interested in Paul and not John, you know? She was sort of presupposing that I would be nervous. She just said, "Oh, I'm with Paul." Something to that effect.

I think she was eager to be with me, and John, in the sense that Paul and John are close, so we should be close, too. And couple to couple, we were going to be good friends.

Penthouse: What was Paul's attitude to you as things progressed?

Yoko: Paul began complaining that I was sitting too closely to them [the Beatles] when they were recording, and that I should be in the background.

John: Paul was always gently coming up to Yoko and saying, "Why don't you keep in the background a bit more?" I didn't know what was going on. It was going on behind my back.

Penthouse: So did that contribute to the split?

John: Well, Paul rang me up. He didn't actually tell me he'd split, he said he was putting out an album. He said, "I'm now doing what you and Yoko were doing last year. I understand what you were doing." So I said, "Good luck to yer."

Penthouse: So, John, you and Paul were probably the greatest songwriting team in a generation, and you had this big falling-out. Were there always huge differences between you and Paul, or did you have a lot in common?

John: Well, Paul always wanted the home life, you see. He liked it with Daddy and the brother . . . and obviously he missed his mother. And his dad was the whole thing. Just simple things: He wouldn't go against his dad and wear drainpipe trousers. And his dad was always trying to get me out of the group behind me back, I found out later. He'd say to George, "Why don't you get rid of John? He's just a lot of trouble. Cut your hair and wear baggy trousers"—like I was the bad influence, because I was the eldest.

So Paul was like that. And I was always saying, "Face up to your dad, tell him to fuck off. He can't hit you. You can kill him [laughs], he's an old man." I used to say, "Don't take that shit." But Paul would always give in to his dad. His dad told him to get a job, he dropped the group and started working on the fucking lorries, saying, "I need a steady career." We couldn't believe it. Once he rang up and said he'd got this job and couldn't come to the group. So I told him on the phone, "Either come or you're out." So then he had to make a decision between his dad and me, and in the end he chose me. But it was a long trip.

Penthouse: So do you think with Linda he's found what he wanted?

John: I guess so. I guess so. I just don't understand. . . . I never knew what he wanted in a woman because I never knew what I wanted. I knew I wanted something intelligent or something arty, but you don't really know what you want until you find it. So anyway, I was very surprised with Linda. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd married Jane [Asher], because it had been going on a long time and they went through a whole ordinary love scene. But with Linda it was just like—boom! She was in and that was the end of it.

Penthouse: So if the falling-out was essentially with Paul, what made you decide

TEQUILA & WOW!

Tequila & Tonic. Tequila & Grapefruit.
Refreshingly new from The Club Bar.

The Club® Tequila & Grapefruit and Tequila & Tonic, made with Jose Cuervo® Tequila, natural flavors and certified color added (grapefruit). 20 Proof-10% alc. by vol. Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., ©1984, Hartford, CT, Menlo Park, CA.

THE Club®

DON'T JUST BRING A BEER. BRING THE CLUB BAR.

not to do the Bangladesh concert with George?

John: I told George about a week before it that I wouldn't be doing it. I just didn't feel like it. I just didn't want to be fucking rehearsing and doing a big show-biz trip. We were in the Virgin Islands, and I certainly wasn't going to be rehearsing in New York, then going back to the Virgin Islands, then coming back up to New York and singing. And anyway, they couldn't have got any more people in, if I'd been there or not. I get enough money off records, and I don't feel like doing two shows a night.

Penthouse: Do you have any regrets about not doing it?

John: Well, at first I thought, "Oh, I wish I'd been there." You know, with Dylan and Leon . . . they needed a rocker. Everybody was telling me: "You should have been there, John." But I'm glad I didn't do it in a way because I didn't want to go on as "the Beatles." And with George and Ringo there it would have had that connotation of Beatles—now let's hear Ringo sing "It Don't Come Easy." That's why I left it all. I don't want to play "My Sweet Lord." I'd as soon go out and do exactly what I want.

Penthouse: John, you said you "get enough off records," but you used to say you weren't as rich as people thought you were. Are you rich enough finally?

John: I do have money for the first time really. I do feel slightly secure about it, secure enough to say I'll go on the road for free. The reason I got rich is because I'm so insecure. I couldn't give it all away, even in my most holy, Christian, God-fearing, Hare Krishna period. I need it because I'm so insecure. Yoko doesn't need it; she always had it. I have to have it. I'm not secure enough to give it all up because I need it to protect me from whatever I'm frightened of.

Yoko: He's very vulnerable.

John: But now I think Klein's made me secure enough. It's his fault that I'll go out for free.

Penthouse: You mean tour for free?

John: Well, I thought, I can't really go on the road and take a lot more money. What am I going to do with it? I've got all the fucking bread I need. If I go broke, well, I'd go on the road for money then. But now I just couldn't face saying, "Well, I cost a million when I sing."

Yoko: It's criminal.

John: It's bullshit, because I want to sing. So I'm going out on the road because I want to this time. I want to do something political and radicalize people, and all that jazz. I feel like going out with Yoko and taking a really far-out show on the road, a mobile, political rock-and-roll show. . . .

Yoko: With clowns as well.

John: You know what I was thinking? When Paul's out on the road, I'd like to be playing in the same town for free, next door! And he's charging about a million. That would be funny.

Yoko: Our position is, I come from the East, he comes from the West—a meeting of East and West, and all that. And to communicate with people is almost a responsibility. We actually are living proof of East and West getting along together. High water falls low, you know. And if our cup is full, it's going to flow. It's natural for us to give because we have a lot. If we don't give it's criminal, in the sense that it's going against the law of nature. In order to go against the law of nature, you have to use tremendous energy.

Penthouse: Let's move on to Allen Klein. He has a reputation as a tough wheeler-dealer in the music business. What made you decide to have him as your manager?

John: Well, Allen's human, whereas Eastman and all them other people are automatons. And one of the early things that impressed me about Allen—and obviously it was a kind of flattery as well—was that he really knew which stuff I'd written. Not many people knew which was my song and which was Paul's, but he'd say, "Well, McCartney didn't write that line, did he?" I thought, anybody who knows me that well, just by listening to records, is pretty perceptive. I'm not the easiest guy to read, although I'm fairly naive and open in some ways, and I can be conned easily. But in other ways I'm quite complicated, and it's not easy to get through all the defenses and see what I'm like. Also, Allen knew to come to me and not to go to Paul. Whereas somebody like Lew Grade or Eastman would have gone to Paul.

> "I was always telling Paul, 'Face up to your dad. Tell him to fuck off. He can't hit you. You can kill him, he's an old man.'"

Penthouse: Did Klein hope to get Paul back into the group?

John: [laughs] He came up with this plan. He said, "Just ring Paul and say, 'We're recording next Friday. Are you coming?' " So it nearly happened. Then Paul would have forfeited his right to split by joining us again. But Paul would never, never do it, for anything. And now I would never do it.

Penthouse: There was a lot of negative publicity about Klein. Didn't that bother you?

John: Well, he's a businessman. He's probably cut many people's throats. So have I. I made it, too. I mean, I can't remember anybody I *literally* cut, but I've certainly trod on a few feet on the way up. And I'm sure that Allen did also.

Penthouse: How does Klein compare with Brian Epstein, as a manager?

John: Well, Brian couldn't delegate, and neither can Allen. But I understand that. When I try and delegate it never gets done properly. Like with my albums and Yoko's, each time I have to go through the same process: get the printing size right. I want it clear and simple. I have to go through the same jazz all the time. It's never a lesson learned.

Penthouse: Let's get back to something we were talking about earlier. The attitude of the other Beatles toward Yoko.

John: They don't listen to women. Women are chicks to them.

Penthouse: What about George?

John: George always has a point of view about *that* wide [he holds his hands close together], you know? You can't tell him anything.

Yoko: George is sophisticated, fashion-wise. . . .

John: He's very trendy, has just the right clothes on, and all of that.

Yoko: But not sophisticated intellectually.

John: No, he's very narrow-minded. One time in the Apple office I was saying something, and he said, "I'm as intelligent as you, you know." This must have been resentment. Of course, he's got an inferiority complex from working with Paul and me.

Yoko: In the case of Paul, though, it's not that he's not sophisticated. I'm sure that he is sophisticated. He's aware, but he just doesn't want to know.

Penthouse: So the others and the rest of the Beatle entourage, they were hostile to you?

Yoko: Well, I'm a real female lib, and the rest of the Beatles, aside from Ringo, who's been very good, showed their true colors by completely ignoring me in public. Can you imagine it? I'm a woman, who supposedly came into their world. . . . To that extent, I had some influence on them. But they would never speak of me in public, never mention anything, in any article. And presumably reporters would ask them about me.

John: Even now in Apple, they sometimes miss Yoko's records off a listing. There's always something wrong—one of Yoko's albums will be missing, or they'll get it mixed up.

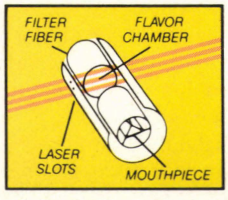
Yoko: I feel I want to be just to them. This is a thing I have because of my upbringing. I want to be a good girl. But they're saying that my art is not as important as John's art, right? That's an outright insult. You don't say that to anybody, even if you think it, right? That's a male chauvinist statement.

John: It was always presumed that she must behave like Cyn and Patti and all them—just go into the background. And Paul and Derek [Taylor] and all of them were in collusion to kill *Two Virgins.* I was told by people that they had meetings where Paul said, "Let's kill it." And I gave them chance after fucking chance. I said, "Look, they'll get used to it." And they went on and on and on, just being abusive

True Cracks Taste Barrier!

New True Laser-Cut "Flavor Chamber" Filter Improves Flavor...*Without Increasing Tar!*

Laser technology breakthrough



challenges taste of higher tar brands.

True Exclusive. A unique filtration system that delivers a flavor-rich tobacco experience at a mere 5 mg. tar. A taste satisfaction we believe challenges cigarettes containing up to twice the tar.

More Good News!
New True is packed with extra tobacco so you can enjoy it longer. Noticeably longer.

New Breakthrough True. *Why not test it against the only taste that counts? Yours!*

It tastes too good to be True.

Regular: 4 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

New True BREAKTHROUGH

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984

and trying to pretend she didn't exist, and that she didn't have any art, that she had a lucky break meeting me, and that she should be on her fucking knees and not interfere with them. But she'd stand up to them and say, "That's dumb! What the hell do you want him to do that for?" She'd start telling them, as an equal, what she thought about any given situation, and they couldn't take it.

Yoko: For instance, I told Paul, I said, "Paul, please understand this, if Linda gets a prize in filmmaking or photography—because that's her bit—we're all going to be proud. It's going to be good for the Beatles, good for all of us. And I would be proud of it, because she's one of the family." I said, "I was an artist, I was working very hard until I met John. Please let me work. And obviously, you know it's very difficult for me to work now, the way it is." At one point I said, "Listen, I'm so much in love with John. Sometimes, because I'm so involved in his work, I feel like forgetting about mine." And he said, "Right, that's good. You feel happy with that. That's women's happiness." He believed that. And he encouraged me to forget about my work.

Penthouse: John, what did you think of Yoko's work when you first saw it?

John: Well, her gallery show was a bit of an eye-opener. I wasn't sure what it was all about. I knew there was some sort of con game going on. She calls herself a concept artist, but with the "cept" off, it's "con" artist. I saw that side of it, and that was interesting. And then we met.

Penthouse: Was it love at first sight?

John: Well, I always had this dream of meeting an artist woman I would fall in love with. Even from art school. And when we met and were talking, I just realized that she knew everything I knew—and more probably. And it was coming out of a woman's head. It just sort of bowled me over. It was like finding gold or something. To have exactly the same relationship with any male you'd ever had, but also you could go to bed with it, and it could stroke your head when you felt tired or sick or depressed. Could also be Mother. And if the intellect is there . . . well, it's just like winning the pools. So that's why when people ask me for a précis of my story, I put "born, lived, met Yoko," because that's what it's been about.

As she was talking to me I would get high, and the discussion would get to such a level that I would be going higher and higher. And when she'd leave, I'd go back into this sort of suburbia. Then I'd meet her again and my head would go off like I was on an acid trip. I'd be going over what she'd said and it was incredible, some of the ideas and the way she was saying them. And then once I got a sniff of it, I was hooked. Then I couldn't leave her alone. We couldn't be apart for a minute from then on.

Yoko: He has this nature, and I'm thankful for it. Most men are so narrow-minded. Somebody once told me: "You don't make small talk, and that's why men hate you." I mean, I have so many male enemies who try to stifle me. What the hell.

John: I did the same, of course. I found myself being a chauvinist pig with her. Then I started thinking, "Well, if I said that to Paul, or asked Paul to do that, or George, or Ringo, they'd tell me to fuck off." And then you realize: You just have this attitude to women, that is just insane! It's just beyond belief, the way we're brought up to think of women. And I had to keep saying, "Well, would I tell a guy to do that? Would I say that to a guy? Would a guy take that?" Then I started getting nervous. I thought, "Fuck, I better treat her right or she's going to go. No friend's going to stick around for this treatment."

Penthouse: Did you know anything about rock music, Yoko, when you first met John?

Yoko: I didn't know anything about rock, or anything like it. I thought of rock songs as something a bit lower than poetry. It was like reading poetry that had a definite kind of rhythm to it.

> Yoko calls herself a concept artist, but with the "cept" off, it's "con" artist. I saw that side of it. . . and then we met.

John: She used to say, "Why are you doing that same beat all the time?" I used to get very irritated.

Penthouse: What were your feelings about art and the art world at that time?

John: Well, I went to art school and I thought that was the art world, virtually. And they're all such pretentious hypocrites. There was no artist I admired, except for maybe Dalí or someone from the past. And when I read the art reviews . . . I couldn't understand why I wasn't being reviewed for my art, because I always felt like an artist.

So I went to her show. I was thinking, "Fucking artist shit. It's all bullshit." But then there were so many good jokes in it, real good eye-openers.

Yoko: That's another thing, most artists don't have a sense of humor.

John: And there was a sense of humor in her work, you know? It was funny. Her work really made me laugh, some of it. So that's when I got interested in art again, just through her work.

Yoko: All the men I met, I felt they were more pretentious than me, hypocritical, narrower than me, and not genuine. And I'm talented. Because I can compose, I can paint, I can be in many fields. Most men that I met were bragging about their professionalism in one field.

John: They get one idea and flog it to death, and become famous on one idea.

Yoko: And fucking conservative, you know? And they talk about women not having a sense of humor. I used to despise every man that I met. I was thinking, "There's something wrong with me, because everybody hated me for it." And then I met this man, and for the first time I got the fright of my life because here was a man who was just as genuine, maybe more genuine, than me. He's very genuine. And he can do anything that I can do, which is very unusual. And I really got surprised. And that happened at the first meeting.

John: It took me a long time to get used to it. Any woman I could shout down. Most of my arguments used to be a question of who could shout the loudest. Normally, I could win, whether I was right or wrong, especially if the argument was with a woman—they'd just give in. But she didn't. She'd go on and on and on, until I understood it. Then I had to treat her with respect.

Penthouse: Yoko, did you have any idea of what the Beatles' life had been like, on the tours, for example?

John: She was really shocked. I thought the art world was loose, you know? And when I started telling her about what our life was like, she couldn't believe it.

Yoko: I came from a different generation. I mean, my friends didn't want me to know they smoked pot, you know? So I thought, "Oh, he's an artist. He's probably had two or three affairs." Then I heard the whole story and I thought, "My God!"

John: She was just like this silly Eastern nun wandering about, thinking it was all spiritual.

Yoko: He once said to me, "Well, were you a groupie in the art world?" I said, "What's a groupie?"

John: So I said, "Just tell me. I don't want to go 'round, and fucking Picasso or somebody comes up and says, 'Yes, I've had her.' "

Yoko: And I really didn't know the word "groupie."

John: So anyway, I'd been dying to tell her about the "raving" on tour. I just wanted her to know what a scene it was. I thought it was silly not to say it. And of course the people with us were living like fucking emperors when we were locked in our rooms. That's why they cling so much to the past.

Penthouse: Talking of your entourage, do you resent it that so many people take credit for their contributions to the Beatles?

John: Well, there was an article on George Martin in *Melody Maker*—he's telling all these stories. He says, well, I showed them how to play feedback, or put loops together, or some arbitrary little technical

thing . . . like showing *you* how to lay a page out, you know? Where is the great talent of George Martin and Derek Taylor, and the legacy of Brian Epstein? Where is their talent?

Yoko: It's like my ex-husband saying that he sacrificed his talent for me, or something.

John: Well, I never had anything against George Martin. I just didn't like all the rumors that he actually was the brains behind the Beatles. I can't stand that.

Penthouse: Let's talk about Brian Epstein, your first manager. What did you think of him?

John: I liked Brian. I had a very close relationship with him for years, like I have with Allen, because I'm not going to have some stranger running the scene, that's all. I was close with Brian, as close as you can get with somebody who lives sort of the fag life, and you don't really know what they're doing on the side. But in the group I was closest to him. He had great qualities and he was good fun.

He was a theatrical man rather than a businessman, and with us he was a bit like that. He literally fucking cleaned us up. And there were great fights between him and me, over years and years, of me not wanting to dress up. He and Paul had some kind of collusion . . . to keep me straight. Because I kept spoiling the image, like the time I beat up a guy at Paul's twenty-first [birthday]. I nearly killed him. Because he insinuated that me and Brian had had an affair in Spain. I was out of me mind.

What I think about the Beatles is that even if there had been Paul and John and two other people, we'd never have been the Beatles. It had to take that combination of Paul, John, George, and Ringo to make the Beatles. There's no such thing as, "Well, John and Paul wrote all the songs, therefore they contributed more," because if it hadn't been us we would have got songs from somewhere else. And Brian contributed as much as us in the early days, although we were the talent and he was the hustler.

Penthouse: So after Brian died you made *Magical Mystery Tour*. You said Paul was acting as if he were going to take charge of everything?

John: Well, I still felt, every now and then, that Brian would come in and say, "It's time to record," or "Time to do this." And then Paul started doing that—"Now we're going to make a movie," or "Now we're going to make a record." And he assumed that if he didn't call us, nobody would ever make a record. Well, it's since shown that we managed quite well to make records on time. I don't have any schedule. I just think, "Now I'll make it." But in those days, Paul would say that *now* he felt like it. And suddenly I'd have to whip out 20 songs. He'd come in with about 20 good songs and say, "We're recording." And I had to suddenly write a fucking stack of songs. *Pepper* was like that. *Magical Mystery Tour* was another.

If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, we hope you'll visit us sometime soon.

WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too.

Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without. You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey. That's done by seeping it down through huge vats packed tight with this charcoal. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it's worth a water fight or two.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

So I hastily did my bits for it. And we went out on the road. And Paul did the thing he did for his album—the big-timer, auditioning directors.

Penthouse: Let's go back for a minute and talk about all the early influences on the Beatles. What would you say had the greatest effect on the group? Was it Liverpool? The Cavern? Hamburg? Did Hamburg really improve the playing?

John: Oh, amazingly. Because before that we'd only been playing bits and pieces, but in Hamburg we had to play for hours and hours on end. Every song lasted 20 minutes and had 20 solos in it. We'd be playing eight or ten hours a night. And that's what improved the playing. Also, the Germans like heavy rock, so you have to keep rocking all the time, and that's how we got stomping. That's how it developed. That made the sound. Because we developed a sound by playing hours and hours and hours together.

Penthouse: You all must have found yourself playing in some unbelievably bad conditions.

John: Yeah, but it was still rather thrilling when you went onstage. A little frightening because it wasn't a dance hall, and all these people were sitting down, expecting something. And then they would tell us to "mak show" (make a show). After the first night they said, "You were terrible, you have to make a show—'mak show.'" So I put me guitar down and I did Gene Vincent all night. You know—banging and lying on the floor and throwing the mike about and pretending I had a bad leg. They're all doing it now—lying on the floor and banging the guitar and kicking things and just doing all that jazz.

Then they moved us to another club, which was larger and where they danced. Paul would be doing "What'd I Say" for an hour and a half. And these gangsters would come in—the local Mafia. They'd send a crate of champagne onstage, this imitation German champagne, and we had to drink it or they'd kill us. They'd say, "Drink it and then do 'What'd I Say.'" We'd have to do this show, whatever time of night. If they came in at five in the morning and we'd been playing seven hours, they'd give us a crate of champagne and we were supposed to carry on. We'd get pills off the waiters then, to keep awake. That's how all that started.

I used to be so pissed [drunk] . . . I'd be lying on the floor behind the piano, drunk, while the rest of the group was playing. I'd just be onstage fast asleep. Some shows, I went on just in me underpants. I'd go on in underpants with a toilet seat round me neck, and all sorts of gear on. Out of me fucking mind!

Penthouse: When did you get into acid? Did Paul time his LSD announcement to coincide with the release of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*?

John: No. We'd had acid on *Revolver*. Everybody is under this illusion. Even George Martin saying, "Oh, yeah, *Pepper* was their acid album." But we'd had acid, including Paul, by the time *Revolver* was finished.

Penthouse: So why did he make that big announcement?

John: Because the press had cornered him. I don't know how they found out he was taking it. But that was a year after we'd all taken it. *Rubber Soul* was our pot album; and *Revolver* was acid. I mean, we weren't all stoned making *Rubber Soul* because in those days we couldn't work on pot. We never recorded under acid or anything like that. It's like saying, "Did Dylan Thomas write *Under Milk Wood* on beer?" What the fuck does that have to do with it? The beer is to prevent the rest of the world from crowding in on him. The drugs are to prevent the rest of the world from crowding in on you. They don't make you write better. I never wrote any better stuff because I was on acid or not on acid.

Penthouse: Did the fact that *Sergeant Pepper* inspired so many people to try LSD surprise you?

> Even if there had been Paul and John and two other people, we'd never have been the Beatles. It had to be that combination of Paul, John, George, and Ringo.

John: Well, I never felt that Haight-Ashbury was a direct result. It always seemed to me that all sorts of things were happening at once. The acid thing in America was going on for a long time before *Pepper*. Leary was going around saying, "Take it, take it, take it." We followed his instruction. I did it just like he said in the *Book of the Dead,* and then I wrote "Tomorrow Never Knows," which is on *Revolver,* and which was almost the first acid song—"lay down all thought, surrender to the void"—and all that shit.

Do you remember if Paul's statement on acid came out after *Sergeant Pepper*?

Penthouse: Just as it was released.

John: I see. He always times his big announcements right on the letter, doesn't he? Like leaving the Beatles. Maybe it's instinctive. It probably is. He's got the timing for it. Anyway, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" is not about LSD. And "Henry the Horse" is not about smack on *Sergeant Pepper,* because I'd never even seen it when we made *Sergeant Pepper*. But those kinds of stories evolved from it—people thought if you listened to it backwards it said "Paul is dead." All that shit is just gobbledygook.

Penthouse: Still, many who got into acid might never have followed Timothy Leary but did follow the Beatles.

John: Well, blame it on Dylan. He turned us on to pot.

Penthouse: Having written so much with Paul, do you think it's possible for there to be some type of settlement, outside of business?

John: Well, there's no way for it to be settled "outside business," because it all gets down to who owns a bit of what. It's a house we own together, and there's no way of settling it, unless we all decide to live in it together. It has to be sold.

Penthouse: Have you missed writing songs with him?

John: No, I haven't. I wrote alone in the early days. We used to write separately. He used to write songs before I even started writing songs. I think he did. And we'd written separately for years. In *Help* I wrote "Help." I wrote "A Hard Day's Night." He wrote "Yesterday." They'd been separate for years.

In the early days we wrote together for fun, and later on for convenience, to get so many numbers out for an album. But our best songs were always written alone. And things like "Day in the Life" was just my song and his song stuck together. I mean we used to sit down and finish off each other's songs. You know, you could have three quarters of a song finished and we'd just sit together, bring ten songs each, and finish off the tail ends, and put middle eights in ones that you couldn't be bothered fixing, because they weren't all that good anyway.

We usually got together on songs that were less interesting. Now and then we'd write together from scratch. Things like "I Wanna Hold Your Hand"—things like that were done like that. But we'd been working apart ever since we were working together. It was only news to the public that a lot of Lennon-McCartney songs weren't Lennon-McCartney. That was something we'd agreed on years ago.

Penthouse: Do you think it was a mistake in retrospect to have named everything Lennon-McCartney?

John: No, I don't, because it worked very well when it was useful. Then it was useful, so it was quite good fun. I've nothing against it.

Penthouse: If you got—I don't know what the right phrase is—"back together" now, what would the nature of it be?

John: Well, it's like saying, if you were back in your mother's womb . . . I don't fucking know. What can I answer? It will never happen, so there's no use contemplating it. Even if I became friends with Paul again, I'd never write with him again. There's no point. I write with Yoko because she's in the same room with me.

Yoko: And we're living together.

John: And we're living together. So it's natural. I was living with Paul then, so I wrote with him. It's whoever you're living with. He writes with Linda. He's living with her. It's just natural.

LONGINES

The thin, water-resistant Longines Gold Medal®

Very Swiss. Very Supple. Very Sensuous.

You've never seen a design this superb, at a price this remarkable. The luxurious look of brushed gold. The studied excellence of Swiss craftsmanship. Exclusive Longines quartz movement. Gold Medal® is the classically elegant sports and dress watch. An impressive gift for him...$550. For her... $525. Also available in all-gilt dial.

All prices manufacturer's suggested retail.

WHAT'S YOUR IQ?

FIND OUT WITHOUT LEAVING HOME

We supply you with certified IQ test, answers, scoring sheet, interpretation of results, and more. Even if you have taken an IQ test in the past, your present score may be higher because of additional knowledge you have gained.

CHALLENGING AND FUN TO TAKE

This IQ test will measure your intelligence. It is exciting to take and can reveal important information about you, or anyone who takes it.

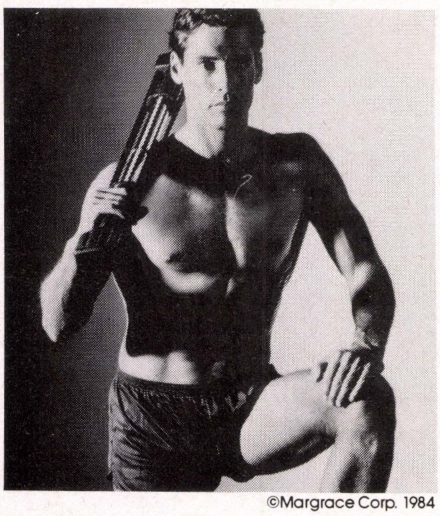
YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

If we instructed a psychologist to supervise and give you this same IQ test at our research center the fee could range from $95 to $150. But since you will take this IQ test in the privacy of your own home and score it yourself, there is only a small $10 fee for materials.

HOW TO ORDER

To receive your IQ test by first-class mail send $10 and your mailing address to:

BACHNER FOUNDATION
254 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
SUITE 2-A, DEPT. PM
NEW YORK, NY 10010



©Margrace Corp. 1984

HOW TO USE YOUR HEAD TO BUILD YOUR BODY.

Some people work out hard, others work out smart without strain, sweat or hours of pain with the new scientifically designed Bullworker X5.

Just 5 minutes a day doing a series of 7-second exercises you can do at home, the office, anywhere.

Exercises that harness the proven power of isometrics and isotonics. To expand your chest. Build your arms and shoulders. Firm up your thighs and legs. Flatten your stomach. All without going to an expensive gym.

If you're smart and serious about building your body, try the Bullworker X5. **Now** available at most sports outlets and department stores. Or, order directly by sending check or money order for $49.95 to:

Bullworker Service
P.O. Box 803, Dept. 2037, Middlesex, N.J. 08846
Credit card orders call **toll-free 1-800-321-3400**

IN THE SEPTEMBER FORUM

MAFIA SEX FILES

Dr. Alfred Kinsey took the case histories of 81 underworld figures while preparing his famous study on male sex behavior. These Mafia gentlemen happened to be great Don Juans. As a class they ranked first in number of orgasms compared to other social types. *Forum* has dipped into Kinsey's computerized files to describe the range of Mafia eroticism for the first time. By Philip Nobile.

SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Its founders call it a "program of recovery for those who want to stop their sexually self-destructive thinking and behavior." Some of its members call it a lifesaver. Yet Sexaholics Anonymous refuses to open up its doors to the media. *Forum* investigator Eric Nadler went undercover to learn what "sexual sobriety" means. His report—the first press account of life behind SA's closed doors—takes us face-to-face with sex "addicts." "Lust is always on my mind," one SA member confided. "It's just been hell."

HOW TO LOVE BITE

Mary Alcott was sexually unawakened until a mysterious Yugoslavian filmmaker invited her to his apartment. As they watched his documentary on gypsies he gently massaged her shoulders. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain. With tiny, nipping bites, he released her from her libidinal coma and she erupted into her first orgasm. Since that moment, Alcott has perfected the art of erotic biting.

MASS MASTURBATION

The AIDS scare forced the ever-inventive gay community to have group sex without risking disease. One answer was the circle jerk, where up to 80 men collect in a bar, drinking beer and openly masturbating—exhibitionists and voyeurs alike. Robert Osborne recounts his experience.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

OH BOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

not that of a disguise. "The amazing thing about George's charisma," says Jon Moss, "is that after talking to him for 15 minutes you completely forget he's wearing makeup."

Absolutely true. But what's far more startling is that beneath the garish lacquer that plays tickly havoc with his stubbled beard and pimpled skin, there lies a natural mask that defies removal. The high cheekbones, hard jaw, tapered chin, and Roman nose are severe enough in their impassivity, but the pale-blue eyes that peer at you are penetrating to the point of cruelty. They betray a ravenous personality, addicted to the experience of its blunt impact on others.

Yet unlike Kiss in its heyday, George is relatively uncaring about being caught in public without his masquerade facade. In fact, he's deliberately stepped off planes after tours and confronted the Fleet Street news hounds with a fleshy, uncamouflaged sneer, just to rob gumshoe photogs of the glory of the hunt. Scores of shots of his former self are readily available—he dispenses many himself—if only to diffuse would-be image assassins. The name of the game is power, and this 23-year-old is precociously deft at taking back any power that the outside world presumes it has over him. Born into a large working-class brood that produced more than one boxer and bully, he has the physical bearing (broad chest, thick arms, bandied haunches) of a prizefighter, and the unnerving polarities (vaulted daintiness, hairy legs) of a walking time bomb.

Not surprisingly, Boy George's vanities are random and inconsistent. "You can't go around looking the way I do and care about what anyone thinks," he asserts. But he would not comment on reports that the original cover of *Colour by Numbers* was recalled, after several thousand reached the marketplace, because the Boy was allegedly livid that his complexion wasn't sufficiently airbrushed.

"I simply feel ugly without the makeup, like a pig or a dog," he counters offhandedly. "It takes 20 minutes a day to put it on, and I don't feel good about myself until I do. As it is, I'm always thinking someone's counting my chins or guessing my weight. There are certain girls, certain guys, whom I let come to my apartment and see me without makeup. But there are other people I won't let near me, because I'm about entertainment, and the most important decision I've made over the last year is to control my audience."

To this end, he keeps a mental ledger of every sling and arrow he's had to duck, sidestep, or endure in his short passage, as well as the identities of the inflictors. He even harbors a low-level grudge against Joan Collins, who supposedly once treated Jon Moss like dirt underfoot in a fleeting incident back when he was a delivery

boy for a London video company.

Up close, there is a tangible force field that surrounds Boy George as he moves through the alien environments his lavish stardom has dropped him into. Sometimes it is magnetic, flattering the fortunate few granted access to his catty soliloquies and comic monologues. Other times it is an utterly repellent energy, shattering all opposition to his will, no matter how trivial or superficial it might be. No one will confess it to the Boy himself, but many of his intimates seem frightened for, and of, him.

"George is a very impulsive person," says a furtive Jon Moss, who is generally credited with being Culture Club's chief organizational influence, "and I'm a quiet and basically conservative person. George without me is like this explosion of creativity that could go everywhere in every way and never take form. George used to have a habit of being a bit incoherent, cramming ten things into one sentence, and that attitude carried over into his life-style and career. We still have terrible rows, we argue all the time, sometimes for entire days, with really bad vibes between us."

Such things are common in rock and roll, where many young, untempered talents may suddenly find themselves generating more capital than some developing countries, and having nothing to bank on but their fragile images. Considering the reactions his looks elicit, it's logical that Boy George should feel beleaguered and act defensive, but it's rare to encounter such deeply bitter rage in one so young. Even as we speak in the comically discordant hotel room, tabloids back home are hitting the streets with screaming headlines about his tumultuous send-off from Heathrow Airport the previous day. A Customs agent had irked him with what he regarded as an untoward interrogation, so George began to curse him out with scalding vehemence. Fleet Street ate it up—and George is unrepentent.

"My attitude," he says, his mouth a trembling slit, the long, fingerless black glove on his free hand taut around a brutish fist, "is that if you annoy me, you're going to fucking get it back! When I get back home and the press asks if I'm sorry for what I said, my statement will be, 'I'm certainly fuckin' not.' Listen when I tell you that my biggest hero is Ruth Ellis, the last woman hung in England—for a crime of passion."

For those unfamiliar with the grim history of capital punishment and its recipients in the United Kingdom, the aforementioned Mrs. Ruth Ellis was sentenced to death at age 28 after brutally slaying her former lover. Confronting race-car driver David Blakely, 25, in front of a Hampstead pub on a spring day in 1955, the jilted woman pumped a round of bullets into his torso at point-blank range. There were near riots outside Holloway prison on the July morning that Ellis was scheduled to hang—a pious mob begged her to come forth and

GRAPHIC art!

BARE ESSENCE . . . (No. 017) 19″ x 28″ lithograph, printed in black and sophisticated metallic silver on heavyweight, glossy stock. Frame and display this First Class image, offered exclusively to *PENTHOUSE* readers for a *Limited Time Only!*

MasterCard VISA

ORDER NOW!

PHONE TOLL FREE 24-HRS.

1-800-222-2990

(1-800-626-6666 IN ALASKA OR HAWAII)

PLEASE HAVE CARD READY WHEN YOU PLACE ORDER!

Enclosed is **$14.95** for each *Bare Essence* print ordered.
(Florida residents add .75 Sales Tax)
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

MasterCard / VISA # _____ EXP. _____

Call Toll Free for Faster Shipping of MasterCard and VISA Orders!

GRAPHIC art!
DIVISION
FANTASY DANCERS INC.
Box 12651
Tallahassee, FL 32317

repent for her act. She declined and rested her neck in the noose promptly at 9 A.M. on the thirteenth of the month. Death on the gallows was soon after abolished, but Ruth Ellis passed into legend as one remorseless cookie, who, as Boy George puts it, "stuck by her own emotions."

Born on June 14, 1961, into a lower-middle-class, Irish-Catholic household, George O'Dowd was a gurgling infant when David Robert Jones, aka Bowie of Brixton, South London, was gulping pills, leading a John Lee Hooker cover band called the Lower Third, experimenting with bisexuality, and writing prescient songs like "Can't Help Thinking About Me." One of six kids (five boys and one girl), the impressionable George caught up with the Ziggy-era Bowie by way of Marc Bolan, a scene-making mod who turned hard-rock fairy and formed a band called T. Rex. George began to attend Sunday school decked out in hybrid outfits that featured platform shoes, floppy women's hats, velvet waistcoats, and cravats. His doggedly strict parents already had their hands full with eldest son Richard, a muscled skinhead who sported a white jumpsuit and sinister scowl like the "droogies" in the film, *A Clockwork Orange*. Peacocky and perpetually contrary, Georgie came home one summer afternoon in 1975 with his hair dyed green. By the start of the 1975 school year, his thatch had been trimmed into a trowel cut and tinted bright orange. When his parents objected, he denounced them with gutter slang. Jeremiah O'Dowd, a struggling building contractor and sometime boxing coach who was fond of corporal punishment, threw periodic shit-fits in which he'd deck George for his filthy back talk and general insolence. Tested beyond her endurance, his mother, the usually docile Diana O'Dowd, joined in one memorable morning and heaved a toaster at her lad. Things came to a full boil one evening when George locked himself in the bathroom after a hectic tiff with his temporarily distraught father. Jeremiah kicked the door in, injuring George in the process, and George ran away from home, holing up at a friend's house for several weeks.

George's deportment at Eltham Green School was equally indecorous, and when he wasn't truant he could be found in the "greenhouse," a special class for maladjusted kids overseen by the school psychologist.

"As a young person, I used to create my own problems," says George with another furious chortle. "At biology lab, I would insist on talking about abortion and other things people didn't consider necessary. During the lunch break, you were allowed to leave a note underneath the class register book asking a question you might be too embarrassed to ask out loud. I used to put several there each day, like 'Can we talk about homosexuals?' 'What about lesbians?' and 'Why is it not illegal to be a lesbian in England, only a homosexual?' Then I'd argue until I was told to get out."

He ultimately took that advice. Late as usual for morning prayers at Eltham Green one Monday in late September 1976, he was met by the glowering headmaster, Peter Dawson, who prescribed a vigorous application of the cane to George's bare buttocks. George would have none of it and went for the door. A week later he was expelled, and his schooling shifted to the gay clubs. By day he worked as a window dresser in various Kings Road boutiques and millineries. Come nightfall, he cruised the action in polka-dot pasha pants, a black patch over one eye, Draculalike makeup, and his hair, bleached white, was trained with three cans of cheap spray to stand straight up in a dense column, like a duck blind.

Boys just wanna have fun, and George often had to depend on the kindness of strangers for his fair share; he either picked or got picked up by a host of dicey dance-hall acquaintances, some of whom were gentle, some of whom were not. As he notes in *When Cameras Go Crazy*, the group's authorized fan book, "I met this bloke who used to beat me up. I was in a gay club and he walked into the toilets and I thought, 'If this doesn't say it all'—you know what I mean, say it with flowers. . . ."

> "I don't believe anyone is heterosexual. That idea is a load of crap," Boy George says vehemently. "I've slept with girls and I've slept with blokes."

But all play and no work would make George a dullard on the dress-up circuit, so he carefully cultivated relationships in the demimonde of Soho fashion, a kinky underclass of designers who were transforming the gauche into the *de rigueur*. He offered himself as a walking mannequin for their most *outré* experiments, and a few took the bait. Straights from the Royal Shakespeare Company turned up one day sleuthing for a stylist to authenticate the "punk look" for their production of *Naked Robots*, and a chum named Mad Jean put them on to George, who approached Pete Small, proprietor of a costume storefront called Street Theater, for free duds in return for a plug in the play's program. Small bit, and then went on to back George and designer Sue Clowes in their own enterprise, The Foundry.

No one was making any real money at all this. Tastes were still too fickle to jell, and the people trying to shape them were effectively on the run, mostly living illegally in abandoned buildings, or "squats." As word of a good find spread, more renegade art students and, in George's words, "ex-secretaries on the freak" would attach themselves to that address. A squat over on Warren Street was turned into an informal boutique by hatter Steve Jones, who picked George for his prime guinea pig. George remembers the rarefied flop with affection.

"More low-life culture—prim receptionists would move in and become mad lesbians. One sweet girl showed up, decided to stay, and dyed her hair pink. Next you found out she liked being whipped! Steven used to have a selection of girls he'd test his creations on. They used to take these fantastically beautiful hats he'd spent hours making and throw them into a puddle on the floor where they'd just gotten sick, or something equally gross."

Hats that survived such wear and tear got worn at Billy's, a transvestites' haven where Steve Harrington, a Welsh chap who preferred to be called Steve Strange, and Irish-born Rusty Egan took over on Tuesday nights. Harrington and Egan were, respectively, dropouts from a Malcolm McLaren scam band called the Moors Murderers and a punk stunt called the Rich Kids. They struck a bargain with the owner of Billy's in which Rusty was deejay and Steve was gatekeeper for the theme nights of "dress up" and "dance down." Fashion fascism was exercised at the door—no puke-stained punk strays from the Roxy (their stronghold), no irascible skins, no dirty denim wankers in dog collars, no thrill-starved petty civil servants with a wild hair up their asses—while inside, New Democracy was the order of the day, as phantasmal popinjays from Portobello commingled with *bon ton* screamers out of Birmingham and gay molls from the Lake District. It looked as if the wardrobe department at Pinewood Film Studios had been dynamited by the Marx Brothers, and the dazed survivors were donning the remnants where they fell. A Napoleonic pirate in purple jodhpurs danced with a Pancho Villa look-alike who was balancing a Carmen Miranda headdress—until a bellhop in a veiled fedora cut in. The music ran to Eurodisco and the inevitable Bowie tracks, and there were no hassles greater than a skipped record or a missed kiss. Needless to say, George, now better known as "Delectable George," was never turned away at the door.

He'd met Steve through Malcolm McLaren and used to watch with amusement when Strange used to jump onstage at Vortex and Generation X shows at the Roxy. A self-appointed emcee, with his spiky "Desperate Dan" hairdo the color of dandelions and a Nazi staff coat over one shoulder, Strange was eager to be an ace face. Now he was an entrepreneur and the scene was expanding. When he and Rusty moved their deal over to larger quarters in the Blitz, on Great Queen

Classic Tiffany
For complimentary brochure and specifications
Call
1-800-252-7742
Prices from $29,990
CMD
CLASSIC MOTOR CARRIAGES
16650 N.W. 27th Ave. Miami, Florida 33054

CALL TOLL FREE
800-221-8180
IN NEW YORK CALL
(212) 732-8600

23 PARK ROW,
NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK 10038

J&R MUSIC WORLD

RECEIVERS
AKAI AA25 30 w/ch. Digital ... $179.95
AKAI AA45 65 w/ch. Digital ... $299.95
TECHNICS SA450 70 w/ch. Digital ... $319.95
TECHNICS SA150 25 w/ch. Digital ... $139.95
SANSUI Z9000X 120 w/ch. Digital ... $599.95

TURNTABLES
TECHNICS SLQ300 Auto. DD. Quartz ... $99.95
HITACHI HT6 Qrtz. Auto DD ... $149.95
TECHNICS SL8200 Semi-Auto/Belt ... $74.95

CARTRIDGES
SHUR V15 VMR Micro Ridge ... $149.95
AUDIO TECHNICA AT152LP P-Mount ... $84.95

CASSETTE DECKS
AKAI GXR88 A/R. B/C. 3-Hd ... $399.95
TECHNICS RS868R A/R. B/C&DBX ... $229.95

STEREO-TO-GO
SONY WM10 Mini Super Walkman ... $79.95
SONY WMF10 Mini Walkman w/ FM/MW ... $99.95
SONY WM-D6C Pro Walkman B/C ... $269.95
AIWA HSJ300 Auto-Rev. AM/FM ... $129.95
SONY WM16 A/R. Dolby. Metal ... $69.95

CAR STEREO
JENSEN AT2300 20 w/ch. Dolby ... $319.95
SANYO FTE25 10 w/ch. A/R. Bass ... $199.95
SANYO FTC38 10 w/ch. Auto-Rev ... $79.95
CLARION 300 808 40 w/ch EQ. LED ... $119.95
CLARION 8550R Digital. A/R. Mini ... $179.95
CONCORD HPL122R Digital. Dolby ... $228.95
JENSEN J3033 6"x9" Triax. 100W ... $84.95
CONCORD HP5152 5" Coaxial ... $44.95

RADAR DETECTORS
WHISTLER SPECTRUM REMOTE ... $229.95
COBRA RD4000 Super Het ... $159.95
FOX Super Het ... $179.95

VIDEO RECORDERS
SANYO VCR7200 Beta. Hi-Fi ... $649.95
RCA VKP900 Modular VHS ... $949.95
JVC HRD225 VHS-Stereo. Remote ... $649.95
SONY SL2300 3-Day. 1-Ev. Rem ... $574.95
PANASONIC PV1530 Str. Dbl. Rem ... $599.95
TOSHIBA V536 Beta. Hi-Fi ... $749.95
PANASONIC PK4500 Auto Focus ... $629.95
SONY BMC110 Beta-Movie ... $999.95
RCA CC017 Auto-Focus ... $769.95

TELEPHONES
FREEDOM Phone 4000X Cordless ... $189.95
UNIDEN EX6000 Cordless Phone ... $179.95
PANASONIC KXT3830 Cols Phone ... $179.95
AT&T NOMAD 800 CORDLESS 700 ... $239.95
COBRA AN3200 Vox Ans Mach ... $99.95

AUDIO TAPES
TDK SAC-90 ... $1.99
MAXELL UDXLII-90 ... $2.19
MINIMUM ORDER—12 AUDIO TAPES
MAXELL UDXLI or UDXLII-60 ... $2.19
MAXELL XLIS or XLII590 ... $3.29
TDK SAX-90 ... $2.99
MEMOREX Metal C-90 ... $2.49
SONY UCXS-90 ... $1.29
SONY LNX-90 ... $3.99
FUJI C90FR Metal ... $2.99
BASF Pro IS-90 ... $3.49
TEAC CR(X)60 HB R to R Cass ...

ADDITIONAL 5% DISCOUNT ON 100 OR MORE ASSORTED TAPES

FREE GIANT CATALOGS:
CALL TOLL FREE 800-426-6027
• 288 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO/COMPUTER CATALOG
• 64 PAGE RECORD AND CASSETTE CATALOG
• 80 PAGE VIDEO MOVIE CATALOG

VIDEO TAPES
ANY BRAND T-120 (Except HG) ... $6.49
ANY BRAND T-160 ... $11.99
ANY BRAND L-500 ... $6.59
ANY BRAND L-750 * ... $6.49
ANY BRAND L-830 ... $7.99
ANY BRAND High Grade T-120 * ... $8.29
ANY BRAND High Grade L-500 * ... $7.99
ANY BRAND High Grade L-750 * ... $8.29
* Except FUJI SHGT 120 & L-750
* Except MAXELL HGL 500

SUPER SPECIALS
MAXELL T-120 ... $6.29
MAXELL GOLD T-120 ... $10.99
MEMOREX T-120 ... $5.99
BASF Super High Grade T-160 ... $13.99
TDK TWIN-PAK—T-120 and T-120 High Grade ... ONLY $12.99
JVC T-120 ... $6.29

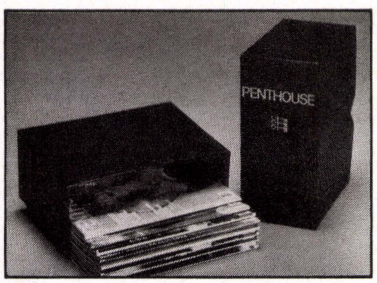
WE CARRY TAPES BY: MAXELL, TDK SONY, SCOTCH, JVC, FUJI, KONICA BASF, MEMOREX, PANASONIC

COMPUTERS
COMMODORE 64 64K RAM ... $199.95
ATARI 800XL 64K RAM/256 colors ... $234.95
APPLE IIe 64K Starter System ... *CALL
COLECO ADAM COMPUTER SYS ... $649.95
EAGLE PC2 256K Drive/Monitor ... *CALL
IBM PC 256K Drive/Monitor ... *CALL
SANYO MBC555 128K/Two Drives ... $1248.95

23 PARK ROW, DEPT. PH9, NYC, N.Y. 10038

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL: FOR PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SHIPMENT, SEND MONEY ORDER, CERTIFIED CHECK, CASHIER'S CHECK, MASTERCARD/VISA (include card number, interbank number, expiration date and signature). DO NOT SEND CASH. PERSONAL AND BUSINESS CHECKS MUST CLEAR OUR BANK BEFORE PROCESSING. $25 MINIMUM ORDER. Shipping, Handling & Insurance charge is 5% of Total Order with a $3.95 minimum. WE SHIP TO CONTINENTAL U.S., ALASKA, HAWAII, PUERTO RICO AND CANADA ONLY. (Canadian Orders add 15% Shipping with a $9.95 minimum charge.) For shipments by air, please double these charges. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S. NEW YORK RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX. ALL MERCHANDISE SHIPPED BRAND NEW, FACTORY FRESH, AND 100% GUARANTEED. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

THE PENTHOUSE CASE AGAINST TIME



Time is tough on the pages of your favorite magazine. Our new Custom Bound Library Case is even tougher; made of rich brown simulated leather, it's built to last and to keep 12 issues in mint condition. The spine is embossed with a gold PENTHOUSE logo and each case includes a gold transfer for recording the date.

Send your check or money order ($5.95 each; 3 for $17.00; 6 for $30.00) postpaid USA orders only. Foreign orders add $2.50 postage and handling per case) to: PENTHOUSE Library Case, P.O. Box 5120, Philadelphia, Pa. 19141.

Street (of course), George was brought along as a cloak checker.

And what a windfall opportunity *that* was for a fledgling face, every "brilliant" clotheshorse extant compelled to bestow a walleyed gawk while passing into the hippest watering hole in dressingdom! Steve Jones and Sue Clowes teamed up to help him concoct hand-painted foulards and cowls, "bingo" skirts, chapeaus ranging from Uncle Sam toppers to feathered skimmers and other ineffable mufti. When toff young gadabouts got a gander at George's new gear, more than a few seized up in terminal jealousy.

Although other clubs like Beat Route, Le Kilt, and Hell—where George hung out dressed as a nun—catered to the runoff of patrons, the Blitz was the standard. Besides being a once-a-week rally around the freak flag, the Blitz became a generic term, a life view, a style-over-content school of thought for artists, writers, couturiers, and especially musicians; it gave birth or new life to such New Romantic bands as Ultravox, Spandau Ballet, Depeche Mode, Adam and the Ants, Duran Duran, Haysi Fantayzee, Kajagoogoo, and Steve Strange's own Visage.

And, naturally, Culture Club—but not before Boy George had succeeded in taking the too-exclusive frippery back into the streets, where he felt quite comfortable parading it. And in broad daylight, mind you. This was not something universally appreciated by the nocturnal pansies and New Romantic preeners, who liked to wind down on Tuesday nights in bistros like Zanzibar, Tramp, or at Langan's Brasserie, in Mayfair, and trade *bons mots* over prawns and champagne with co-owners Peter Langan and Michael Caine, and overrich regulars like socialites Dougie Fields and Francesca Van Thyssen. As George sees it, "Social climbing was a compromise; I didn't care who I was with, so long as I wasn't with anybody who looked more outrageous than me. I'm a comedian—I put on a show and don't like those who flaunt privilege or material gain. I believe it's your duty not to baffle people with things they can't have."

Facewise, he thought it much better to blitz them with things they could have, like a chuckle at the monarchy's expense. George made his proletarian killing in this category in June 1980, when he showed up dressed as Britannia herself for Trooping the Color, the pageant held on the queen's official birthday. Slipping into his august raiment, he left his squat on Carburton Street and took a London hack to the Buckingham Palace end of the Mall, where the ceremony was in progress, with Elizabeth II astride her mount and the palace guard on the trot.

When George hit the regal red pavement of the magnificent thoroughfare, the crowd went bonkers. Here was this spear-carrying pansexual poseur dressed in a snowy white toga and matching stiletto heels, with the sun bouncing off his gold Steve Jones helmet that had sprouted three-foot-high plumes. Cheers and screams of delighted laughter went up for the presumably patriotic display, hundreds of photographers converged on him, and George landed on the front page of every newspaper in every corner of the far-flung Commonwealth. It was a media epiphany of unprecedented scope, and it left him severely depressed.

"The aftermath was tough to take," he says, abruptly somber. "As I was walking home, there were these trucks full of soldiers going by, the soldiers saying, 'Are you a girl or a guy?' 'What do you think you are?' 'What the hell's going on?' Just the usual rot.

"I remember thinking logically about how I was feeling as my depression deepened, knowing it was natural to feel so low after feeling so high, but still that didn't help so much. It was an emotional crash that I couldn't possibly avoid, and it was quite hard to take. I got very manic."

As he slowly rebounded from the ego bends, his occasional modeling offers greatly increased: British Airways and Trustee's Savings Bank used him for print and television ads, a few offbeat movie offers came in. It was a moment of truth: What was it he'd been angling for all along? Did he want to be a video vamp, appearing, as Steve Strange had, as a sideshow attraction in Bowie's promo short for the "Ashes to Ashes" single on his *Scary Monsters* (and *Super Freaks*) LP? Did he want to be an international model? A slimmer, saucier version of underground cinema's deviate Divine? A Nothing Celebrity forever?

In the end, music held the greatest attraction, but he didn't want to form another clubbish "rumor band" like Spandau Ballet, let alone Steve Strange's Visage, which released records but was to disband without ever playing a single date. His own patterns in record buying hadn't changed much since age ten when he bought his first two—Melanie's "Alexander Beetle" and comic Bernard Cribbins's "Gossip Calypso"—but he loved Pearl Bailey, popular West Indian music, and the classic Stax and Motown discs spun by the best deejays in the South End.

"I began to work on my singing," says George, "because I'd always known I had some sort of a voice, and I discovered I had quite a strong one with a good range. I wanted to sing rock things, but I found I had a helluva lot to give to a love ballad. The people around were stunned; they couldn't believe it was me! No sooner had it become apparent that I had something to offer than people, both good and bad, began to gravitate towards me."

By now, Malcolm McLaren had reneged on his coy deal to make Lieutenant Lush a reality. Yet, when George stopped by McLaren's World's End boutique to announce his plans to start his own band with Mikey Craig and a guitarist named John Suede, McLaren balked.

"He called me a little fool," says George, grinning sardonically as he finish-

es off the last of his cheeseburger. It's 3 A.M., all the liquor in the suite is nearly gone, and the Culture Club caucus is close to breaking up. "Malcolm used to say, 'Don't go to your rehearsal! I'll give you 40 pounds to stay here!' Malcolm has to control people.

"I used to say 'Yeahyeahyeah,' and take the money," George concludes, savoring the last two fries on the plate, "then go off to rehearsal anyway."

But the trio was going nowhere, thanks to the limited talents of Suede and George's business and songwriting inexperience. Theater of Hate guitarist Kirk Brandon, with whom he shared light housekeeping (the full dimensions of that now-frayed tie were no mystery to New Romantic intimates), put George in touch with drummer Jon Moss, adopted son of wealthy English haberdasher Lionel Moss, a retired former owner of the 48-store Alkit Limited chain.

"I listened to their material," says Moss. "And it was shit. They had a song called 'Mask' that was the worst. George was acting very flighty, and his Blitz makeup was threatening; I felt alienated from that teapot-on-the-head drag-ball stuff. But when George began to sing—whoa! I improvised an African beat and we took off. I think one of the main reasons for George's enormous appeal as a singer is his openness. You don't often hear a white singer cut loose and really bare his heart with the kind of basic dignity that great, young, black R&B singers have. There's that genuine hurt in his voice—because he's had a weird life and has taken a lot of ridicule and knocking—but a lot of hope, too. He really wraps himself around the words and the melody, and it's not affected; kids these days aren't used to hearing that enormous honesty and feeling in pop. It grabs you."

In the space of a few meetings, Moss suggested that Suede be bounced, Roy Hay be brought in, and group members besides George remain non-Blitz; he also wanted the last word on which singles should be released. There was some resistance, but by the time Moss persuaded EMI Records (who wanted George as a solo singer) to back the band in two demo sessions, most of the pitfalls Moss had identified had been filled in. The group adopted and discarded two names—In Praise of Lemmings and Sex Gang Children. Boy George and Sue Clowes's Foundry created the civil-defense graphics and blowsy Hasidic chic that still defines Culture Club street couture. When EMI passed on tapes they'd financed, savvy Jon Moss took them to Virgin Records and cut a deal, with rising London producer Steve Levine supervising.

"But nobody wanted 'Do You Really Want to Hurt Me?' as a single," interjects Moss, a handsome 26-year-old who mildly resembles an Oriental John Garfield, as he stops by to tell George it's time to turn in. "It was a ballad, a departure from our early music, and George's voice really

TIMESAVER HELPS PENTHOUSE READERS GET CREDIT!

Now You Can Have VISA® and MasterCard® Credit Cards!

No minimum income or job requirement. Savings account and fees required. Mail this coupon or call toll-free 1-800-368-2800 for complete information.

Send to: Timesaver Headquarters Building
12276 Wilkins Avenue / Rockville, MD 20852

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
PHONE ( ) PH 984

CREDIT CARDS ISSUED BY KEY FINANCIAL SERVICES, INC., NEWARK, DELAWARE.

©1984 Timesaver, Inc.

27 Ways to Help You Qualify for the Job You Want

Free Facts about Diplomas and 2-Year Degrees

Now at home in your spare time, without any previous experience, you can train for a money-making career...even get an associate degree. Send for free career facts about the exciting career program that interests you most. You will receive color brochure and information on employment opportunities in the field you choose. Mail coupon today and see how easy it is to train at home for a great new career or advancement on your present job.

SEND FOR FREE FACTS! 206ZB

ICS SINCE 1891 International Correspondence Schools
Dept. HPS84, Scranton, PA 18515

Send free facts and color brochure how I can study at home for the career I have chosen. No obligation, no salesman will call. CHECK ONE BOX ONLY! All degree courses and many career courses are approved for Veterans and active duty military personnel.

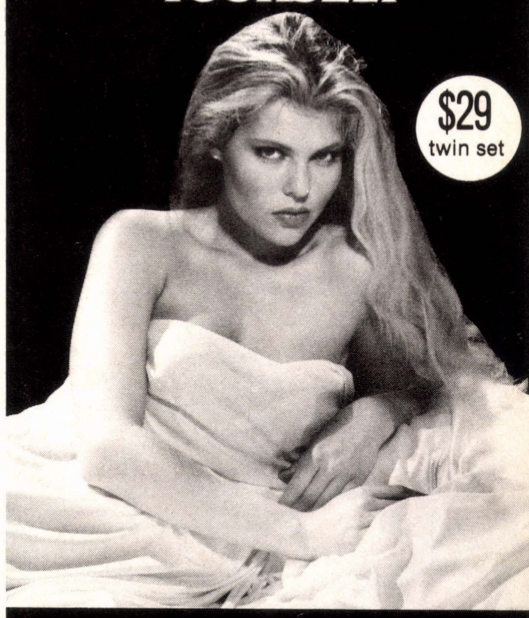
BUSINESS TWO-YEAR ASSOCIATE DEGREE PROGRAMS
☐ Business Management
☐ Accounting
☐ Marketing—Sales & Advertising
☐ Financial Management
TECHNICAL TWO-YEAR ASSOCIATE DEGREE PROGRAMS
☐ Mechanical Engineering Technology
☐ Civil Engineering Technology
☐ Electrical Engineering Technology
☐ Electronics Technology
CAREER DIPLOMA PROGRAMS
☐ Computer Programming
☐ High School
☐ Catering/Gourmet Cooking
☐ Microcomputer Repair
☐ Auto Mechanics

CAREER DIPLOMA PROGRAMS
☐ Bookkeeping*
☐ Drafting*
☐ Air Conditioning & Refrigeration
☐ Electronics
☐ Electrician
☐ General Law Enforcement*
☐ Art
☐ Small Business Management
☐ Wildlife/Forestry Conservation*
☐ Diesel Mechanics
☐ Gun Repair*
☐ Motorcycle Repair*
☐ Surveying & Mapping
☐ Small Engine Repair

*These courses are offered by North American Correspondence Schools.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

SATIN SHEETS SPOIL YOURSELF



$29 twin set

BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER, SENSUOUSLY SOFT, NO SNAG FINISH SATIN SHEETS, MACHINE WASH AND DRY, SEAMLESS, NO IRONING, IN 10 COLORS. SET INCLUDES: FLAT SHEET, FITTED SHEET, AND 2 MATCHING PILLOW CASES.

CALL NOW (ORDERS ONLY)

TOLL FREE 1-800-428-7825 EXT. 15H

IN CALIF. 1-800-428-7824 EXT. 15H

24 hours 7 days a week

Visa, Mastercharge, or American Express number and expiration date, or

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

KARESS

18653 VENTURA BLVD., SUITE 325H
TARZANA, CA 91356

☐ Twin Set $29.00
☐ Full Set $39.00
☐ Queen Set $46.00
☐ King Set $53.00
☐ Waterbed Set $68.00 (specify size)
☐ 3 Letter Monogram on 2 cases $4.00 initials _____

COLORS
☐ Black
☐ Brown
☐ Burgundy
☐ Champange
☐ Red
☐ Light Blue
☐ Royal Blue
☐ Lavender
☐ Rose Pink
☐ Silver

Add $2.50 Shipping & Handling

Name _____
Address _____ Apt. No. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.
☐ Amer. Exp. ☐ Visa ☐ M/C
Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Add 6½% Sales Tax for California Residents

CATCH UP WITH PENTHOUSE

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF PENTHOUSE NOW. FILL OUT THE HANDY COUPON AND MAIL WITH YOUR PAYMENT TODAY.

PENTHOUSE Back Issues
P.O. Box 358, Belleville, N.J. 07109

List desired issues below using codes.

_____

_____

_____

☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $5.00 per issue. (Postage and handling included.) Payment must accompany order.

Total amount enclosed

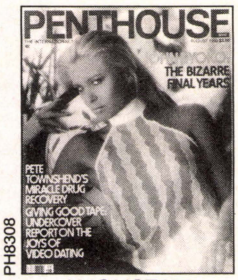
$ _____

_____
Name

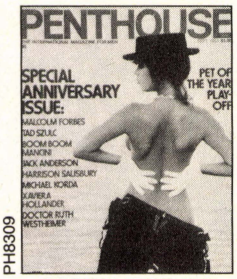
_____
Address

_____
City State Zip

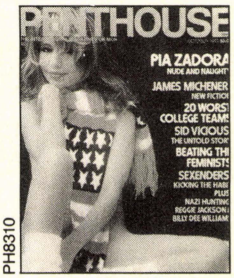
Payment must be made in U.S. currency. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. PB8409



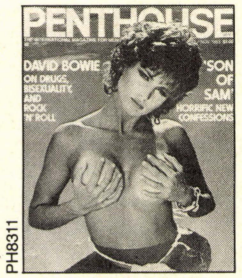
PH8308 AUGUST '83



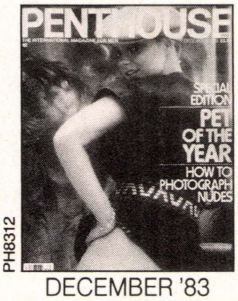
PH8309 SEPTEMBER '83



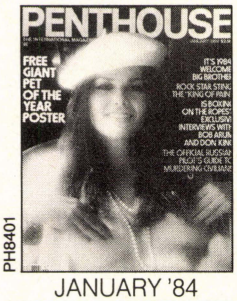
PH8310 OCTOBER '83



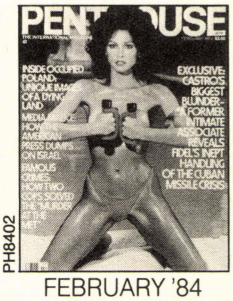
PH8311 NOVEMBER '83



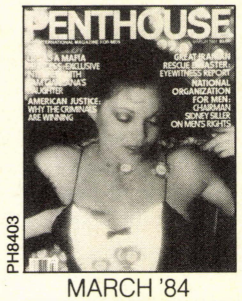
PH8312 DECEMBER '83



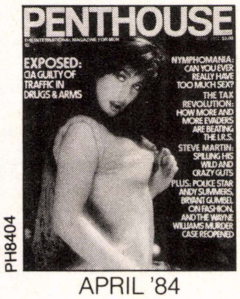
PH8401 JANUARY '84



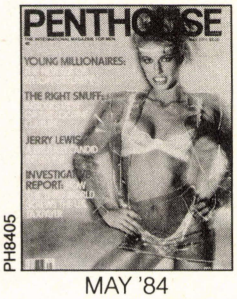
PH8402 FEBRUARY '84



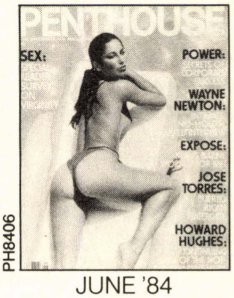
PH8403 MARCH '84



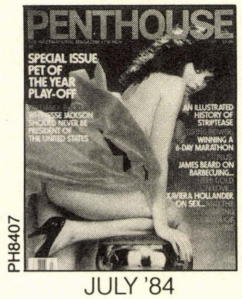
PH8404 APRIL '84



PH8405 MAY '84



PH8406 JUNE '84



PH8407 JULY '84

came out. Moss recalls, "I championed it from the time we finished recording. I had violent arguments with the band, the manager, the company. Now everybody trusts me to make certain decisions, and vice versa."

George's trust was so complete he reportedly shifted his personal loyalties to Moss. Kirk Brandon seemed to be quickly fading from view. Which now brings us to the dimensions of George's sexuality. Someone who firmly states, as Ruth Ellis once said, "I would kill for love," must also have strong feelings on how to keep love alive.

"I don't believe anyone is heterosexual. That idea is a load of crap," he says. "I'm not interested in gay rights because to me gay is normal—being free to do what you want to do. I've slept with girls and I've slept with blokes. The way I look at it, if you go into a room with something hidden behind your back, everyone is going to want to know what it is; but if you go in with it showing, then no one is interested. I don't like dirt under the carpet."

During the day's numerous tapings, when answering wry inquiries from TV commentators, George declined to name anyone as a current paramour. Sometimes even his close friends seemed to be a bit puzzled to find him candid on one level and guarded on another. Still, manager Tony Gordon seemed particularly relieved when George and I concluded our evening's ruminations shortly after sexual issues were raised.

"You didn't tell him anything important did you George?" he asks, chuckling uneasily.

George, who is halfway out the door with Jon, ignores Gordon, and turns back to me.

"This year," he warns, his voice rising, "you'll see guys wearing makeup in America! I know for a *fact* that a lot of record-company people from America, *heads* of record companies, are walking around Camden Palace—the most outrageous club in London—arm-in-arm with transvestites!"

The door shuts solidly behind them. A suddenly pale Tony Gordon looks as if he'd better spend the night in an oxygen tent.

Profound revisions in social intercourse may be occurring rapidly across the board, but they are changing at dizzying speeds in Boy George's own sphere of influence. The once strictly circumscribed London Blitz scene has been dispelled. Many of the style- and synthesizer-happy New Romantics are now history or else they're harangued in their old stomping grounds for having gone commercial in America (Duran Duran and Ultravox being the two decried most frequently). Malcolm McLaren, whose Bow Wow Wow is in limbo, scored a hit in 1983 with *Duck Rock,* a ditzy, quasi-African dance record, and promises new scams soon. Steve Strange and Rusty Egan are the moneyed and refined co-owners of the vastly booming Camden Palace, and Steve now *lives* with Francesca Van Thyssen.

London remains the vortex of all things tried, true, olde, and nouveau in popular music—it revels in Death Rock, Heavy Metal, distilled pockets of punk played in hyper-space time signatures, the more traditional guitar-based narrative grandeur of Big Country, and spirited tinkerers (like the Smiths and Pre-Fab Sprout), while Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics carries the banner of synthesized rock androgyny onward.

But Boy George is the king of the hill, the one who beat all the odds. *Colour by Numbers* sales have eclipsed the smash reception of *Kissing To Be Clever,* and both have produced a slew of hits. The next album is expected to be a blockbuster, and everyone from Barbra Streisand to the late Bob Marley's singing children want to work with George. Even a proper English mum like Diana O'Dowd no longer has any quarrel with this gay and garish leprechaun who did it his way.

"Who he chooses to sleep with is his business," O'Dowd says. "People do nudge each other and make awful comments when they see him. 'Doesn't he look like a girl?' they say to me. My answer is always, 'Yes, I'll bet a lot of girls would

like to look as good as George does.' "

In the mid-seventies when David Bowie and Elton John openly discussed their bisexual experiences, public reactions ranged from shock and outrage to disgust. Their disclosures helped send their respective careers into tailspins and they're now just recovering. Besides introducing a modern, male equivalent of the post–World War I, *garçonne* style of cross-sexual dressing into mainstream fashion, Boy George has made it safer to be one-of-a-kind in rock and roll as well as in the sexual wilderness.

"I started from nothing," he tells me the next evening, as we prepare to head out in separate cars to tape a concert at the Paradise in Los Angeles. "And look what I've managed! I recently went to Egypt, where I dressed up as Cleopatra; the rigid sexism and closed minds there were terrible, but I wasn't intimidated. Even Peter Dawson, my old headmaster at Eltham Green, who's now head of the teachers' association in England, has come around. I just heard he told a London reporter, 'George was obnoxious, but he was *consistently* obnoxious, and that's why he's successful.' "

As our motorcade pulls up, a sizable crowd mills around outside the Paradise; security is tight at the backstage entrance. George beams as he steps out into the cool, starry Los Angeles night and throws kisses, amid shrieks of recognition. Inside, after getting buzzed at well-stocked bars or through their own devices, the packed house had been whooping it up for two hours, as a roster of major-label bands did minisets of their own material for the crowd.

Following a serviceable turn by Oingo Boingo, Culture Club hits the stage at around 11 P.M. The entire theater goes delirious, and the Boy and stocky blues belter Helen Terry (the new Culture Club backup singer featured on "Church of the Poison Mind") prance and skip through the hit, with George coquettishly bounding around the stage. All eyes, particularly the women's, are on this uncommon creature, as his bell-clear soul pipes seem to tug at their hearts.

Tearing out of the backstage area after the show, the group must first cross a solid wall of adulators to get to the limousine. None of the other band members are more agile than George, who hops into the backseat long before the fans are able to converge. Clowning and glad-handing, he skillfully indulges and distracts their attention while the rest of the band swiftly piles into the car.

A striking teenage girl in stark makeup, who's wearing a playfully swaddled costume that displays its own singular aesthetic, has been standing next to the car all this time, only an arm's length from the action. Nearly paralyzed with excitement, she hesitates, wondering whether she should try to get George's attention too. She approaches him, then stops suddenly, sensing that it may be too late. As the limo pulls away, George suddenly spies her as she stands alone, wavering. His expression clouds, and he *screams* above the roar for the limo to halt. Thrusting his head out of the window, George beckons, coaxes her forward, touches her cheek tenderly, and bestows a gentle kiss. He then withdraws, flashing a massive, crooked Kewpie-doll grin. With a wink—he's gone.

However incorrigible George O'Dowd might have been before he decided to "start again with nothing" nearly a decade ago, he has since been supplanted by a 23-year-old someone named Boy George. Many may view the new model as too pushy, too *soigné*—a man who strives too hard for effect and control. And they're probably correct. Yet one may suspect that the same inner furies and ravenous desires that might have pushed the bygone George O'Dowd to new heights of reinvention could be tempered, in time, to direct Boy George's still-developing sensibilities.

Yes, Headmaster Dawson, the lad may have been consistently obnoxious, but odds are he couldn't have made it any other way. And, hopefully, he'll always be able to recognize, and appreciate, another budding Face in the crowd.

You're not alone. Millions of men suffer from premature ejaculation.

Premature ejaculation is something men never, ever talk about. But for many, it's a fact of life. In fact, at one time or another, most men experience it.

At last, there's something you can do about it. It's called Detane.® And it's clinically proven to help put you in control again.

Detane more than doubles the duration of foreplay and intercourse. Invisible and unscented, it desensitizes the genital area just enough to increase your control without decreasing your pleasure.

So get the same help so very many men get. With Detane.

Available without a prescription at drug counters in the US and Canada.

© 1984 Commerce Drug Co., Inc., Div. Del Laboratories, Inc.

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

Moving? We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

New Subscription or Renewal? One year of Penthouse is $30 in the U.S. $40 in Canada and overseas. Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount and allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Listing/Unlisting Service? Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box on the coupon.

PENTHOUSE
P.O. Box 6000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

Please check the appropriate box below. Payment must accompany order.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.

☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Attach mailing label

H7CP9

VESCO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Ltd., it converted drug money into venture capital, buying vast landholdings throughout the Bahamas. This transformed a drug smuggler into something of a legitimate businessman, but Vesco and Lehder didn't stop there. Their next step was an attempt to buy an entire country.

According to later sworn testimony by the Bahamian Commission of Inquiry, one Bahamian minister got a $600,000 bribe to protect Lehder's drug operations, and others were on a monthly retainer of $100,000. Indeed, the bribery operation was so systematized that some Bahamian officials suggested the idea of setting up a special financial pool, into which all the drug smugglers operating out of the Bahamas would contribute a set amount each month. From this pool, the Bahamas would pay off its national debt. Given the fact that fortunes in drug money were passing through the islands every day, it is possible that the debt would have evaporated rather quickly. (Certainly, some of the ministers of the Bahamian government would have accomplished this worthy goal in style: Because he cooperated, one of the ministers got a $25,000 BMW sedan from Lehder. When the minister's girlfriend wanted the same car, Lehder, tired of shopping for cars, simply gave her $25,000 in cash to pick one out.)

What Lehder and Vesco got for their money, in addition to protection, was what amounted to their own little country. It was called Norman's Cay, in the Exuma chain southeast of the Bahamian capital of Nassau. With Vesco running real-estate operations out of Columbus Trust using Lehder's money, the Colombian wound up as the biggest landholder on the cay. From this base, Lehder began running the best organized and most extensive drug-smuggling headquarters in the hemisphere. Narcotics moved north, from Colombia to Norman's Cay, where several dozen Lehder employees processed the stuff, then prepared it for shipment, via planes and boats, into the United States.

Aside from Lehder's confederates, few dared venture to Norman's Cay, which was guarded by armed men and 20 Doberman pinschers. They watched over an operation that included a landing field, and according to witnesses, plane and helicopter landings and takeoffs took place around the clock, supplementing a busy shipping schedule.

When U.S. narcotics agents began to fathom the dimensions of this operation, they realized that Columbus Trust, far from being just another Bahamas-based bank catering to foreign clients, was in fact the linchpin of the entire Bahamas-based narcotics operations. Through Columbus Trust flowed the extraordinary amount of money generated by the drug trade, later to vanish among a myriad number of Caribbean paper-real-estate structures.

U.S. agents chose to attack this monolith via Lehder. In 1981, he was indicted in the United States on cocaine trafficking and conspiracy charges. Lehder never stood trial, for he immediately became a fugitive, retreating to Norman's Cay despite the fact that he was officially on a Bahamian immigration "stop list," barred from entering the country.

So much for Bahamian justice. Lehder was perfectly aware that he stood little danger in returning to the scene of his crime. Two years earlier, the growing notoriety of Norman's Cay had compelled Bahamian police to carry out a raid on the island. They claimed later that they had stopped Lehder while he was fleeing the island in a boat and allegedly emptying a "white powdery substance" into the ocean. However, Lehder was not actually arrested. A suitcase stuffed with cash—believed to be several million dollars—was taken from him and returned later. Lehder subsequently was released after paying what were reported to be large cash bribes to crooked cops.

The central lesson of this depressing litany of official corruption was clear: Vesco and narcotics-trafficking kingpins had managed to subvert an important portion of the Bahamian political and police structure. Like the pirates of old, who used to

buy up entire colonial administrations, they had a license for crime.

Like other major Colombian dealers, Juan ("Johnny") Crump became aware of Robert Vesco through a friendship with another Colombian trafficker, Jaime Guillot-Lara. A wild character, Guillot owned a development of 2,000 homes in Colombia, plus a $400,000 mansion in Miami, along with a few yachts. Rumored to have made over $50 million in the drug trade, Guillot supported a lavish life-style, mostly connected with women, of whom there was apparently an endless supply.

Crump was impressed with Guillot's business acumen since, like Lehder, Guillot had carefully followed the Vesco scheme for investing narcotics profits into capital ventures, mostly Caribbean real estate. Vesco was of inestimable help in these money-laundering operations, but his interest in both men extended beyond the standard business arrangement. Vesco became aware that Crump and Guillot had gone into business with the Cubans, and it was this knowledge that provided him with still another inspiration.

The connection with the Cubans is the most puzzling aspect of the entire Vesco story, for there couldn't be two more unlikely business partners than Fidel Castro and Robert Vesco. Yet, looked at another way, an eventual partnership between the two men was probably inevitable.

In 1978, there was a renewed offensive by U.S. authorities against drug smuggling, and there were growing indications that heightened Coast Guard and DEA vigilance was beginning to crimp the traffic. Clearly, some adjustments would have to be made. It was Lehder who provided Vesco a suggestion about what to do. Lehder informed Vesco that the Cubans had made contact with several Colombian dealers and proposed an "arrangement." At root, the "arrangement" amounted to pure political cynicism: The Cubans were supporting a leftist guerrilla group in Colombia known as M-19. The Cubans wanted to conceal this support, so the plan was to obtain U.S. arms on the black market, then ship them clandestinely to Colombia. To do that required the help of the big drug smugglers: In return for official Cuban protection of their runs into Cuba, the smugglers would use their boats and smuggling routes to get arms to the guerrillas.

Lehder, Guillot, and Crump were all involved in the deal, which greatly complicated American enforcement efforts. Sanctuary for drug boats in Cuban waters outflanked the U.S. picket patrols and made life for the smugglers that much easier. This was all of some interest to Vesco, but as usual, his mind was working far ahead. He had drawn an important deduction from the news of Cuban willingness to cooperate with the drug trafficking—despite a stern official government prohibition on all narcotics. That lesson, simply, was this: If the Cubans were willing to go so far as to actually cooperate with drug smugglers, what else might they be willing to do? A great deal, as it turned out.

One night during the fall of 1982, a twin-engine Cessna 401B aircraft was cruising at low altitude over the Gulf of Mexico. Despite its sophisticated radar and the most advanced electronics this side of the U.S. Air Force, the plane somehow encountered a hazard that all its electronics wizardry had not prepared it for: a sea gull.

The bird smashed into the plane's navigational system, badly damaging it. The plane limped to an airfield in Cleburne, Texas, where it encountered a reception committee of federal agents waiting to talk to the pilot. They wanted to know who owned the sophisticated machine with its state-of-the-art electronics and long-range fuel tanks. Such an aircraft, they noted, was probably not used for pleasure flights to South America. Most of all, the agents wanted to know how 844 pounds of marijuana had gotten onboard.

It turned out the plane belonged to an outfit called Buckhorn Trading Company, incorporated the year before in Texas and supposedly involved in exporting medical supplies to South America. But as investigators discovered, Buckhorn sure had an odd way of doing it. The firm's Cessna first flew to Anaheim, California, then back to Texas, then it would head south into Mexico, and return to Texas. Invoices on its shipments claimed the final destination of the medical supplies was Panama. That made no sense until it was discovered that in addition to shipping medical supplies, Buckhorn was illegally shipping computers and other electronics gear. And the final destination of those computers was not Panama. It was Cuba. What is even more interesting is that the return flight from Cuba stopped in Mexico, where a large load of narcotics was picked up and brought into the United States.

Thanks to an errant sea gull, investigators had obtained still another glimpse into the growing Cuban connection with the drug traffic. More important, however, was that they were also provided another

Limited Introductory Sample Offer. PH984

Please send me a sample package of Trojan Plus 2 (three in the package). I am enclosing **$1.00**, and will receive them in an unmarked mailer.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make check or money order payable to **Youngs Drug Products Corp.**
Do not send cash.

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. This offer is limited to one order per household and expires 11/30/84.

Mail to: **Youngs Drug Products Corp.**, P.O. Box 1030, Piscataway, NJ. 08854

While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan®brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases.

©Y.D.P.C. 1984

VIDEOCLUB DELIVERS

UNCENSORED VIDEO MOVIES to You in Your Own Home

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

X-RATED HIGHLIGHTS

ONLY $49.69 plus $6.00 shipping & handling.

Sixty minutes of explosive scenes from fourteen all-time winners like:

DEVIL IN MISS JONES DEEP THROAT
HAPPY DAYS AMERICAN SEX FANTASY
CAPTAIN LUST WET RAINBOW

PURCHASE YOUR FAVORITE VIDEO CASSETTE FOR AS LOW AS $43.00 plus $6.00 shipping & handling. The same titles are selling elsewhere for $99.00 and up. (No membership fee is required for purchase.)

OR JOIN OUR HOT TRADE-IN-PLAN! An annual membership costs only $49.69 and allows you to trade any like-new adult video cassette previously purchased from us for a low $9.69 plus $6.00 inspection fee.

IF IT'S ON VIDEO AND HOT, WE'VE GOT IT!

All prices subject to change without notice.

For our catalog and a $5.00 gift certificate send $3.00

CALL TOLL FREE 800-458-3000

IN NEW JERSEY (201) 741-7800
(10 AM to 10 PM Monday thru Saturday)

MasterCard VISA

VIDEOCLUB

220 Shrewsbury Ave., Dept. PBD, Red Bank, NJ 07701

New European Catalog

WE SPECIALIZE IN LEATHER, P.V.C., CIRÉ & ALL EXOTIC FABRIC

- SEXY DRESSES, CATSUITS, DISCO-CLOTHES, EXOTIC UNDERWEAR & FOOTWEAR WITH 5" & 6" HEELS.
- SIZES: VERY SMALL to EXTRA LARGE

SEND $3 for CATALOG
24 pages in full color
EAST OF EDEN,
PO Box 561105.
Miami,
Florida 33256-1105

Fantasy Fashion

EAST of EDEN

peek into Robert Vesco's business affairs. Vesco by this time had established very close links with the Cubans and had devised a number of schemes for his new (and very receptive) business partners.

The Texas scheme was only part of an extensive operation Vesco had formulated. All of it centered on what Vesco knew was the Cubans' most critical need: technology. The key was drugs. The Cubans had long proclaimed their abhorrence of anything connected with narcotics in any form, and they had managed to stamp out the illegal market inside Cuba (no small feat considering the country's legacy of deep involvement in the narcotics trade). But, as Vesco undoubtedly realized, business is business, and the Cubans were desperate for technology and money. This meant, as it often does, that certain principles could be bent. Besides, even if the Cubans remained puritanical on the subject of narcotics inside Cuba, this didn't mean they weren't willing to get a cut of the traffic headed northward, into the noses and veins of the Yankees.

It is probable that Vesco did not understand all the intricacies, all the justifications for why the Cubans were willing to do business with him. He could understand why they were so eager for American technology—they needed to upgrade the technology used to process sugar, the country's main natural resource. But why were they so desperate for hard currency? Why was the need so great that they had actually begun taking cash bribes (about $500,000 a boatload) from big drug traffickers?

The answer came in a Florida jail cell.

As an intelligence agent, Mario Estevez certainly did not look the part. Squat and built like a tank, he had a stutter that was so bad it was difficult for him to complete even a short sentence. Nevertheless, Estevez said that he had been recruited into the DGI, Cuba's CIA, where, among other assignments, he was ordered to infiltrate anti-Castro organizations in the U.S.

Estevez told all this to a group of FBI, DEA, and CIA agents in Florida. They wanted to know all about Estevez's life in the DGI. Estevez was in serious trouble. He had come to this country on the Mariel boat-lift in 1980 and immediately joined one of the Cuban-exile groups. The group, in addition to trying to destroy Castro, also dabbled in drug smuggling, and it was so engaged when Estevez was arrested in November 1981. The Coast Guard found a ton of marijuana aboard a boat he was sailing. Facing a lengthy prison term, Estevez began to cooperate with the DEA.

Estevez claimed that Cuba was not only involved in protecting drug traffickers but was also cultivating large fields of marijuana itself, apparently intent on becoming a large-scale provider of drugs. Estevez said the Cuban involvement with drugs was controlled by the DGI, and it was one of the agency's top-priority operations. And the operation was being directed from the highest levels of the Cuban government—meaning Fidel Castro himself. And Castro, it was alleged, wanted the money to fund his own intelligence service, free of Russian control.

These astonishing allegations immediately lifted Estevez from one of the legion of DEA informers into something much bigger. All three federal agencies involved in speaking with Estevez were aware of Cuban involvement in drug trafficking, but they had always retained a measure of skepticism about Cuban informers, who often told agents what they wanted to hear. Certainly, Estevez was aware of what the Americans wanted to hear, and so he regaled them with tales of 7,000 Cuban agents in the United States, secret Russian nuclear missiles in Cuba, and hundreds of acres of marijuana under government-controlled cultivation in that country. Whether any of it was true remains an open question, although the agents were aware that there was Cuban involvement in the drug trafficking. And they knew it because Johnny Crump had told them so.

Crump had fallen a long way since his high-flying days as a premier drug smuggler. Several large boats that he had stuffed with narcotics were seized by U.S. agents. To recoup, Crump in 1981 worked

out a huge marijuana deal, about $5-million worth to be smuggled into Florida aboard several boats. Concerned lest the deal go awry, Crump made the mistake of deciding to go to Miami and personally oversee the arrangements. While there, he made the additional mistake of becoming involved in a side deal. DEA agents had infiltrated it. Crump was arrested. Released on $250,000 bail, Crump then made a third mistake: With his old friend and fellow-drug-smuggler Guillot, he helped to arrange the black-market purchase of arms in this country for shipment to M-19 guerrillas in Colombia, in exchange for Cuban help in overseeing a large drug shipment. The DEA nailed him on that one, along with Guillot, and Crump was in very hot water.

Crump began cooperating, and his information, along with other facts provided by Estevez, resulted in a fairly comprehensive picture of official Cuban-government involvement in drug trafficking—and the role of Robert Vesco. Vesco, meanwhile, appeared to have gone underground. The Bahamians finally had expelled him from the country in 1981, but nobody seemed to know where he went from there. It was suspected that he went to Cuba, but this was known until 1982, when a federal informant tipped off U.S. agents investigating another Texas-based smuggling ring that was caught shipping embargoed goods to Cuba.

The informant revealed that he had been contacted by Vesco via intermediaries to pay $250,000 bail for three defendants in the case. Told to fly to Mexico to pick up the money from Vesco, the informant was astounded to discover that the private plane in which he was flying went not to Mexico, but to Havana. His alarm at that point can only be imagined, but as he was contemplating a future of years in a Cuban prison, Vesco himself showed up at airport Customs and imperiously waved him through. Vesco, the informant recounted later, acted as though he owned the place, an impression reinforced later when Vesco whisked him off to a sumptuous villa on the outskirts of Havana.

Located in an area known as Barlovento, the villa had been used for VIP guests of Castro. Obviously, Vesco was enjoying himself immensely, and considering the almost casual way he discussed sending $250,000 in bail money to the United States, he was also not very worried about money. It was equally clear, given his direct involvement in the Texas case, that he had been the "arranger, fixer, and middleman" of the scheme as U.S. Assistant Attorney Jack Wolfe charged. That, of course, raised the question about how many other similar schemes he had arranged for Fidel Castro. Nobody really knows, although it is probable that he would not be receiving the red-carpet treatment in Cuba were he not considered a very valuable resource.

How many "business" deals Vesco is still arranging is not known, nor is it known

AMERICA, ENJOY YOUR FREE CHOICE!

PRIME®, with new spermicidal lubrication, now yours for the asking in a package of 6

Prime has been an American favorite for over twenty years. Created by America's largest condom manufacturer, it has satisfied the family planning needs of millions of users.

Now Prime is better than ever. New Improved Prime is super-thin and super-sensitive, for the benefit of both partners. Almost like using nothing at all.

And Prime now contains a special lubricant with a *widely recommended spermicide* — a big step forward in offering maximum condom contraception. *There is no safer condom that you can buy.*

Prime is now yours to sample in a package of 6 when you complete and mail the coupon with $1 for handling charges. Try Prime, rely on Prime — you won't find a more contraceptive condom today.

Ansell Incorporated
Sample Offer A29
P.O. Box 429
Riverside CT 06878

Enclosed is $1 for handling charges. Please send me a package of 6 Prime condoms and more information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Ansell Incorporated
America's Largest Manufacturer of Condoms

Void where prohibited by law. Only one offer per household.

STILL LOOKIN' FOR THE BEEF?

All new "HERE'S THE BEEF" briefs from FUN-T-WEAR® have a colorful and unpretentious answer for America!

These colorful cotton briefs, with their bold, beefy messages are sure to add flavor to your wardrobe, and they're the *perfect* gifts for that someone who's sure he (*or she*) has everything!

FUN-T-WEAR® "Beef Briefs" are available in your choice of red, blue, or white, in sizes S-M-L. Other styles include "HERE'S THE BUNS!" and "THE BEEF STOPS HERE!" (*please specify size, color, and message when ordering.*)

So, have some fun! Order your "Beef Briefs" today! Send check or money order (no cash, please) for $7.95 each, or $18.95 for a set of three (any combination of size, color and message). *Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. If you're not satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded.*

Mail to: **FUN-T-WEAR®** CODE 002
P.O. BOX 771207
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77215-1207

"HERE'S THE BEEF" (size____) (color____)
"HERE'S THE BUNS" (size____) (color____)
"THE BEEF STOPS HERE" (size____) (color____)
..... @ only $7.95 each (please include $1.95 postage & handling)
Set of 3 (specify sizes, colors & messages)
..... @ only $18.95 a set (please include $1.95 postage & handling)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Mastercard & Visa Accepted
Card No. _____
Expiration Date _____
Signature _____

CONTROL HERPES.

If not curable at this time, Herpes can be controlled!

"Help for Herpes Victims" provides straight forward answers to controlling the recurrence of Herpes II. The method combines knowledge of external irritants stress reduction techniques, hygienic principles and psychological aspects of Herpes into a full spectrum methodology, that in many cases can significantly reduce Herpes outbreaks.

It works automatically. All sections of this booklet are summarized for easy reference.

All orders are confidential.

To order: Send $7.95 (includes postage and handling) together with this coupon to:
HHR Associates
P.O. Box 4543 Dallas, Texas 75222

Cash, check, money order or ☐Visa ☐Mastercard
No.: _____ Exp. Date: _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____

how much drug money he is still laundering throughout the Caribbean. But more drugs than ever are pouring into the U.S., and there is such a profusion of cocaine here that prices have dropped.

As for Vesco's acquaintances, their fates have been mixed. Despite the indictment for drug smuggling against him in this country, Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas stayed for a while in the Bahamas, then resurfaced in his native Colombia, where he announced his candidacy for president of the country. He made one radio speech, during which he startled listeners by boasting of all the money he had made from the "drug bonanza." He has subsequently disappeared.

Johnny Crump became a protected federal witness, and he provided much of the evidence that moved a federal grand jury to indict, among others, four senior Cuban officials on charges of drug smuggling. There is no possibility, naturally, that Cuba will surrender these men to the U.S. for prosecution. Crump is now living under an assumed identity in this country.

Crump's friend, Jaime Guillot-Lara, was held in Mexico for a while after he was indicted in the United States, but inexplicably, the Mexican authorities let him go. He has since disappeared. Some sources suggest that Guillot and Lehder are both in hiding in Cuba with Vesco, where they run major drug-smuggling operations.

Mario Estevez's fate has been the most curious of all. The Reagan administration, eager to prove that Fidel Castro was among the lowest forms of life on earth, decided to use Estevez as its star witness to that end. Estevez was, in fact, the man under the large black hood who has testified anonymously before congressional committees about Cuban support for drug trafficking. He is also the man who administration officials used in a series of media leaks to buttress its case against Castro, despite the fact that a number of FBI and DEA agents think that Estevez is lying.

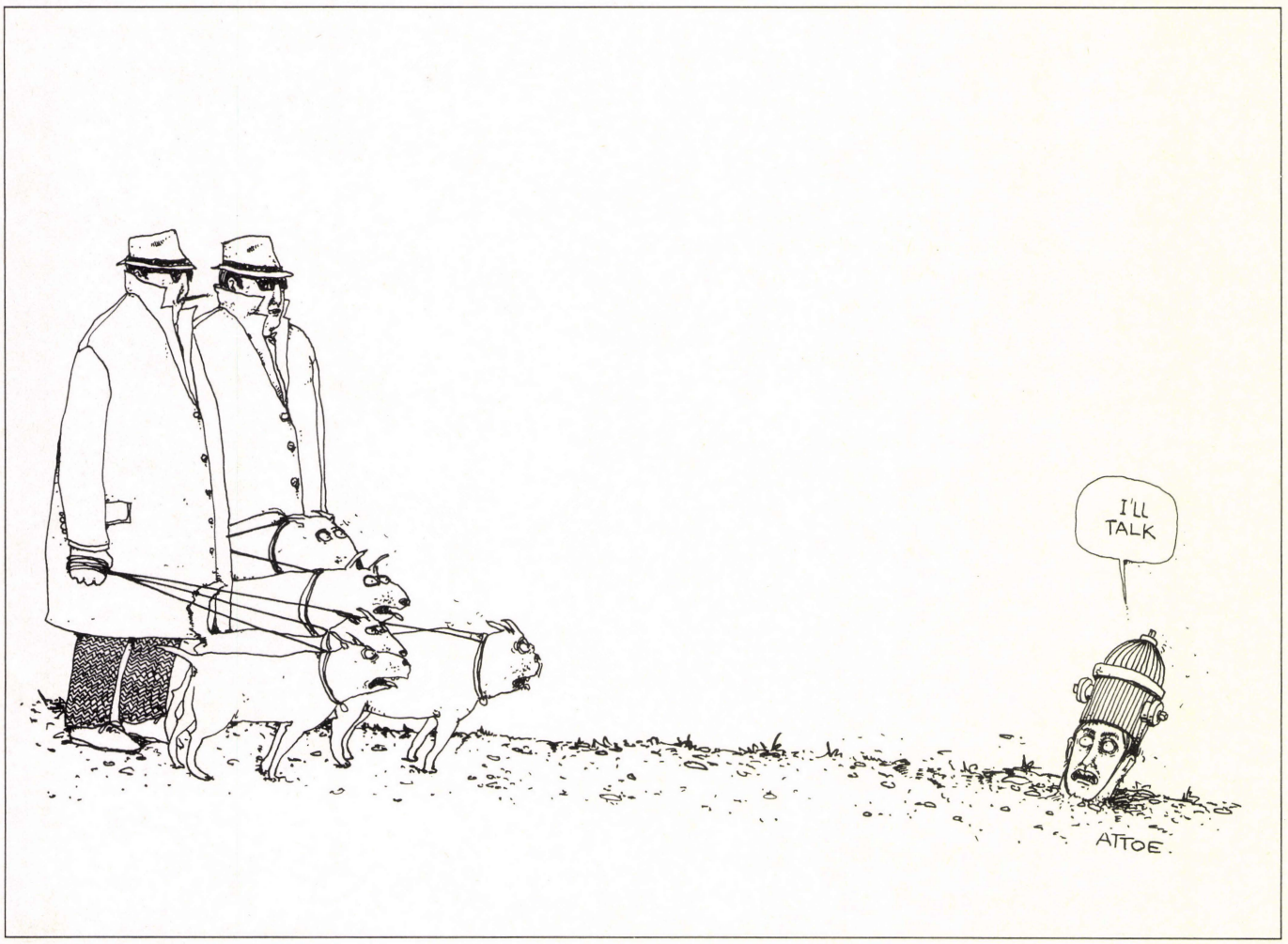
Estevez has turned out to be something less than a stellar witness. In December 1982, while on the DEA payroll as a star informant, he was arrested in Miami on charges of illegal possession of two guns and what police described cautiously as "suspect cocaine." The charges were dropped after Estevez told DEA agents that he was working undercover on his own, trying to catch drug dealers. At about the same time, he led a posse of DEA agents into a Miami restaurant, where he identified a woman as a wanted major drug dealer. She was then arrested, but the agents, to their horror, discovered that Estevez had fingered the wrong woman.

Despite this, the DEA was not about to abandon its star, especially after his testimony had wowed a Senate committee and also played a large role in the federal indictment of four Cuban officials. Under DEA aegis, Estevez was squired to the Bahamas, where he was supposed to help an NBC investigative unit gather material for a story on drug smuggling in the Bahamas. Although chaperoned by a DEA agent, Estevez at one point wandered into a small town and returned with a bag of marijuana he had bought. The DEA chaperon almost had a heart attack on the spot. (Despite this slipup, the NBC exposé, outlining payoffs by drug smugglers to Bahamian officials, caused an outcry when it was broadcast last September and resulted in a Royal Commission of Inquiry in the islands.) Meanwhile, Estevez has been given a new identity and now lives in the U.S. as a protected federal witness.

And what about Robert Vesco? He continues to live in Cuba, currently under the alias "Bob Adams." Occasionally seen near his villa at Barlovento or around the island of Cayo Largo (a known rendezvous point for drug-smuggling boats and the Cuban Navy), he has the demeanor of a wealthy man without a care in the world. And no wonder: He apparently has all the money he needs, and the prospect of the United States extraditing him from Cuba is, at best, extremely dim.

Still, as his record clearly indicates, Vesco is a restless man, not given to sitting around and counting his money. And if he is not hanging around Cayo Largo for the fishing, then what *is* he there for?

Looking for business, probably.



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

erect member. Pam looked fearful but excited as she prepared him for her attention. She knelt before him in her red four-inch heels, sheer stockings, and teddy. Pam looked at me over his shoulder (his eyes were closed as he groaned with pleasure). She then put her index finger across her lips signaling me to keep quiet. I sat down obediently.

Pam looked up at her visitor and said tauntingly, "When I invited you here, I told you I'd say wild things to you while I pleased you. Don't take anything I do or say seriously—I'm just acting." With his cock now incredibly erect, she took it in her hands and caressed it, showing it off to me as she licked it tenderly to the growing crescendo of his breathing. I could sense her fear, but she tried to mask it for my benefit. Cooing sexily she said, "Oh, baby, you feel so strong and taste so good!" I could see her trembling with excitement as she ran her tongue over his penis opening and licked away the first drops of pre-come. After several minutes of teasing, she took his throbbing shaft into her mouth, and for the first time I saw her go the distance!

He reached forward and pinched her nipples roughly, a move that she gratefully accommodated by easing forward. He opened his eyes slightly and became vaguely aware of me, but I could see that he didn't care. I was mesmerized by this scene. My woman was pleasing another man for me!

As she worked him over, kneeling upright over his prick, I could hear her slurping up and down on him. My sweetheart opened her glazed, watery eyes and looked over at me. I could see that she was barely in control of herself! Growing bolder, I moved closer to her and began to stroke her pussy through the crotch of her teddy. I unsnapped the crotch panel as she opened her legs to enhance my visual and physical access. Unable to resist any further, I laid on my back on the floor with my head resting on the inside of her milky-smooth thighs. I spread her vulva with my left hand and started eating her drenched cunt with abandon. As I used the two fingers of my right hand to spread her delicious juice from her pussy to her ass hole, I inserted my right index finger into her beautiful bum. Pam gasped and whimpered in a mixture of pain and ecstasy. As she did this, her partner suddenly pulsated into a wild ejaculation. Pam gulped and gagged on his salty load as the stranger moaned and writhed in pleasure.

Pam was out of control. She begged me to finish her off, which I gladly did as she squatted over me. She came like an earthquake, screaming like a woman undergoing torture, bruising my chest as she dug her spiked heels into me! I looked up as she heaved and sobbed in time to see our guest sucking hard on her nipples, taking almost half of her left tit in his mouth. I had had enough of this interloper, so I pulled her away from him. I threw her on the floor, spread her legs, and thrust my cock into her so hard she begged me to be gentle. I pretended to be very angry and rolled her over slightly to spank her in rhythm to my frantic pumping. She played along perfectly, yelling with pleasure as each blow reddened her ass even more. We came at almost the same exact moment!

I never did ask nor was I ever told who the lucky guy was.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Tracy Lords was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film (p. 97). Hicks also photographed Hyapatia Lee (p. 131), with the same equipment. Credits for color photographs on pages 66–67 and 68–69: Vanessa Williams: Brad Bower Picture Group; Williams and Reagan: Mark Reinstein Photoreporters; Twiggy, Tune, and Williams: Y. Hemsey, Gamma Liasion; Williams: Brian Quigley, Outline New York; Williams: Brian Quigley, Outline New York; Williams and Letterman: David Burnett, Contact Press Images; Williams: Brad Bower Picture Group; Williams and Burns: Dan Miller, Woodfin Camp; Williams: Connors, Gamma Liasion.

Let nothing come between you and true tobacco flavor.

JOB Cigarette Papers channel tobacco taste, never change it.

Show you have no taste.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Check or money order only. Illinois residents add 8% sales tax. Mail to "No Taste, c/o Republic Tobacco, 5100 North Ravenswood, Chicago, IL 60640."

You must be over 21 to order. Offer good only in Continental U.S.A. and offer expires December 31, 1984.

☐ **T-shirt(s)**—$3.95, plus 2 booklet covers from JOB Cigarette Papers
Indicate Size ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

☐ **JOB 1.25—24 booklets** at $11.60 per box

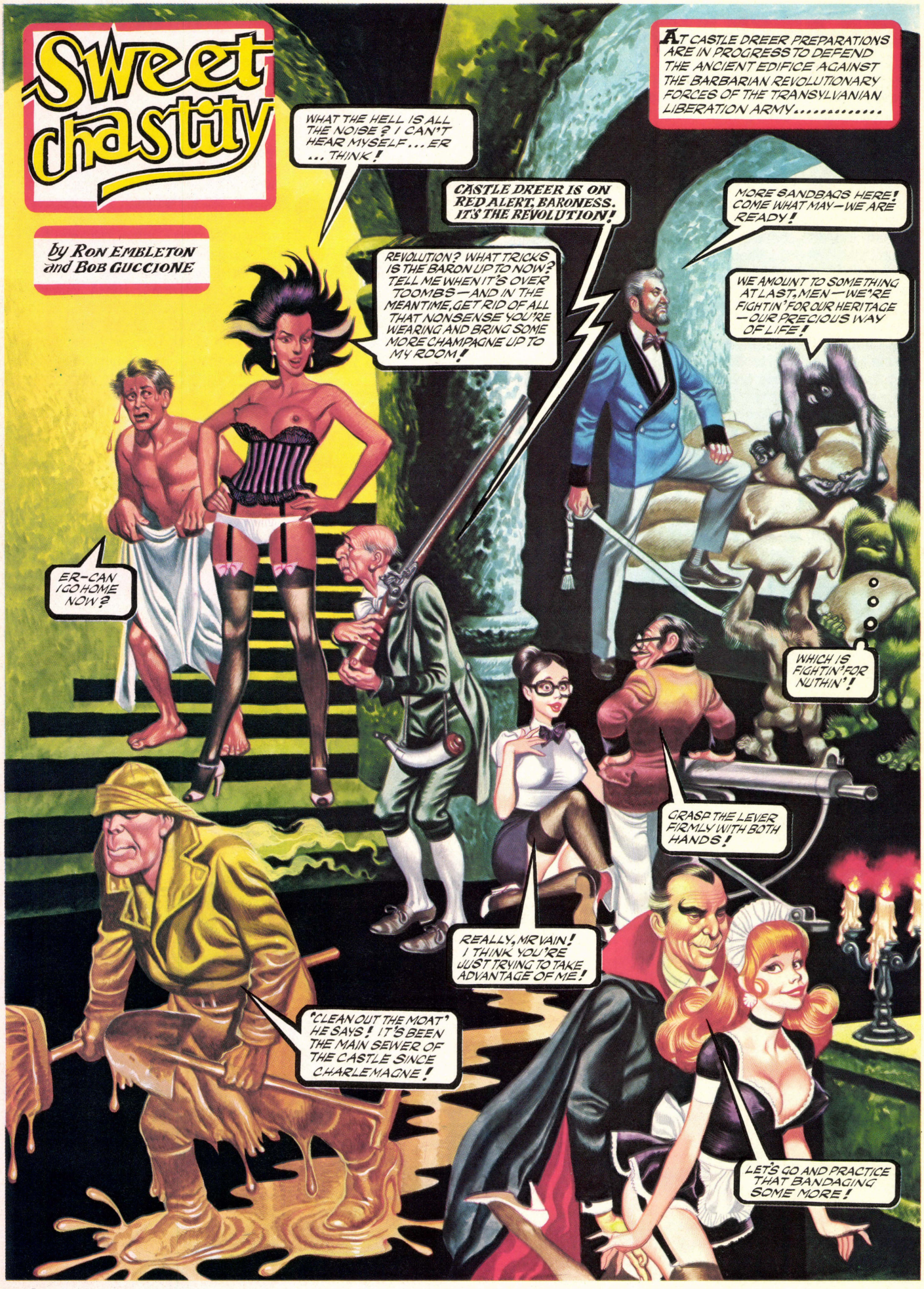
☐ **JOB 1.5—24 booklets** at $11.60 per box

☐ **JOB sample kit** includes 3 different JOB booklets at $1.00

CIGARETTE JOB PAPERS

Republic Tobacco
5100 N. RAVENSWOOD CHICAGO, IL 60640 (312) 728-1500

PH9


Sweet chastity
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
AT CASTLE DREER PREPARATIONS ARE IN PROGRESS TO DEFEND THE ANCIENT EDIFICE AGAINST THE BARBARIAN REVOLUTIONARY FORCES OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY.....
WHAT THE HELL IS ALL THE NOISE? I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF... ER ... THINK!
CASTLE DREER IS ON RED ALERT, BARONESS. IT'S THE REVOLUTION!
MORE SANDBAGS HERE! COME WHAT MAY—WE ARE READY!
REVOLUTION? WHAT TRICKS IS THE BARON UP TO NOW? TELL ME WHEN IT'S OVER TOOMBS—AND IN THE MEANTIME, GET RID OF ALL THAT NONSENSE YOU'RE WEARING AND BRING SOME MORE CHAMPAGNE UP TO MY ROOM!
WE AMOUNT TO SOMETHING AT LAST, MEN—WE'RE FIGHTIN' FOR OUR HERITAGE—OUR PRECIOUS WAY OF LIFE!
ER—CAN I GO HOME NOW?
WHICH IS FIGHTIN' FOR NUTHIN'!
GRASP THE LEVER FIRMLY WITH BOTH HANDS!
REALLY, MR VAIN! I THINK YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME!
"CLEAN OUT THE MOAT" HE SAYS! IT'S BEEN THE MAIN SEWER OF THE CASTLE SINCE CHARLEMAGNE!
LET'S GO AND PRACTICE THAT BANDAGING SOME MORE!

NOW—WHERE WERE WE?
BARONESS—I REALLY THINK I OUGHT TO BE GOING!
IF THERE IS A REVOLUTION I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I'VE GOT A WIFE AN' THREE KIDS IN THE STATES!
I'M A SALESMAN! I ONLY CAME TO TRANSYLVANIA TO SELL VIDEOS!
WELL YOU HAVEN'T SOLD ME ONE YET—HAVE YOU?
LET'S GET TO IT! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU LONG!
DEEP IN THE SWAMPS OF CENTRAL TRANSYLVANIA, THE T.L.A. IS TRAINING THE "POLITICAL" PRISONERS RELEASED BY THE GOVERNMENT IN RESPONSE TO THE DEMANDS OF THE TERRORIST LEADER KNOWN AS THE BLACK WIDOW
HIS MUDDER?
HIS MULLAH! NOT HIS MOTHER!
40 YEARS IN JAIL—AND I'M STILL THE BEST THERE IS!
FOOLS! DOLTS! INCOMPETENT INFIDELS!
IF YOU PUT 'EM IN UNIFORM THEY'D AT LEAST LOOK LIKE SOLDIERS!
I'M KEEPING 'EM LIKE THAT. THINK HOW GOOD THEY'LL LOOK ON T.V—THE POOR, SOCIALLY DEPRIVED VICTIMS OF A CORRUPT AND REPRESSIVE REGIME!

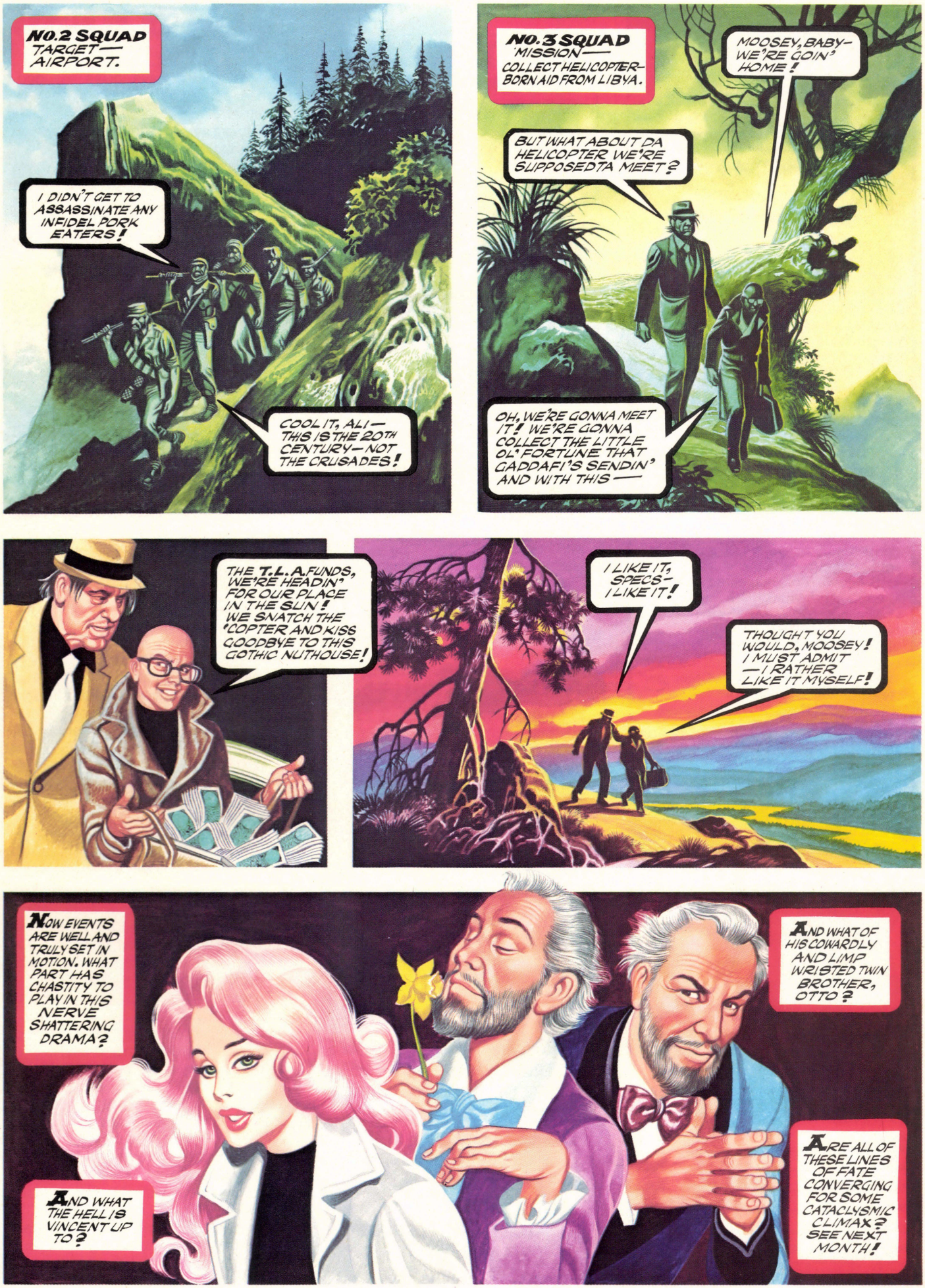
AT THE END OF A HARD DAY, THE RELUCTANT CONSCRIPTS OF THE T.L.A. ARE FED BY THE BLACK WIDOW'S HOSTAGE – OUR OWN SWEET CHASTITY.....
BEANS AGAIN, BOYS! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?
JUST APPLYIN' SOME OF THOSE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES THEY'VE BEEN PREACHIN'....
...TAKIN' FROM THE "HAVES" AND GIVIN' IT TO THE "HAVE NOTS"!
REAL HAVANA'S!
YE GODS! THEY'VE LIFTED THE BLACK WIDOW'S KEYS! I'M FREE!
NO – I'VE GOT TO PLAY THIS CAREFULLY!
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HER PLANS ARE BEFORE I MAKE MY ESCAPE!
WHAT A WORLD! YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE A REVOLUTION BEFORE YOU CAN GET A DECENT CIGAR!
I'VE FINISHED THE ACCOUNTS. HERE'S A COMPLETE LIST...
....OF CASH AID – AMOUNTS AND DONORS. I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT ALL IN ORDER.
GOOD! ALL SAFELY LOCKED AWAY?
YUP!
NOW HERE ARE MY PLANS. COLONEL GADDAFI IS SENDING US SOME SECRET AID BY HELICOPTER. I WANT YOU TWO TO RENDEZVOUS AT THIS MAP REFERENCE AND COLLECT IT!

YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL SIEZE THE AIRPORT. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STOP ANY AID FOR THE GOVERNMENT COMING IN!
WHOEVER CONTROLS THE AIRPORT CONTROLS THE SITUATION HERE!
WHEN WE'RE GOOD AND READY YOU CAN LET THE T.V. NEWS TEAMS IN TO FILM OUR GREAT VICTORY!

I AM GOING TO DEMAND THE ABDICATION OF CROWN PRINCE BORIS IN RETURN FOR OUR HOSTAGE!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! EVEN SHE AIN'T WORTH THAT MUCH!
I'M AWARE OF THAT!

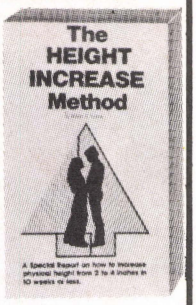
I'M SURE WE'RE ALL VERY GRATEFUL TO OUR COMRADE FROM CUBA FOR HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT...
HAR-HAR!
... BUT BEARING IN MIND A CERTAIN RECENT FIASCO IN THE CARIBBEAN. WE SUGGEST....
.... HE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING USEFUL IF HE SHUT HIS BIG MOUTH AND LISTENED FOR A CHANGE!
WHILE OUR DEMANDS ARE BEING CONSIDERED — I WILL LEAD THE T.L.A. IN A DIRECT ASSAULT ON THE PALACE AT VLAD AND ASSASSINATE THE CROWN PRINCE AND FRANKENSTEIN. WITH THEM OUT OF THE WAY — THERE WILL BE NO OPPOSITION!
TIME TO STOP PLAYING SNOW WHITE WITH THESE INTELLECTUAL DWARVES! UNCLE VINCENT'S IN BAD TROUBLE!

AND SO THE DAY OF THE COUP DAWNS.....
MADE IN ENGLAND
MADE IN JAPAN
MADE IN ISRAEL
SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES!
MADE IN U.S.S.R
THIS IS IT! IF ALL THE PIECES OF THIS JIG-SAW FIT—THE NEXT TIME WE MEET I WILL BE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC OF TRANSYLVANIA!
MADE IN U.S.A.
YOU STAY WITH HER—BUT WATCH YOURSELF—SHE'S DANGEROUS! KEEP HER CHAINED UP. I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR HER!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, COMRADE—I'VE SEEN IT ALL! ANGOLA, GRENADA AND A FEW PLACES THAT'D SURPRISE YOU! THERE AIN'T NO PUSSYCAT THAT CAN GET TO ME!
HE'S SEEN TOO MANY JOHN WAYNE MOVIES!
THE REVOLUTIONARY FORCES SET OFF TO PLAY THEIR VARIOUS PARTS IN THE MAKING OF HISTORY.....
RIGHT—LET'S MOVE OUT!
DO WE RUN FOR IT NOW?
WHAT'S THE HURRY? THE PALACE AT VLAD IS FULL OF TREASURE—AND WE MIGHT GET OUR HANDS ON SOME OF IT!
NO. 1 SQUAD TARGET—CROWN PRINCE BORIS AND VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN.
....SURELY THE MOST DISHEARTENING SIGHT SINCE NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW!


NO.2 SQUAD TARGET— AIRPORT.
I DIDN'T GET TO ASSASSINATE ANY INFIDEL PORK EATERS!
COOL IT, ALI— THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY— NOT THE CRUSADES!
NO.3 SQUAD MISSION— COLLECT HELICOPTER-BORN AID FROM LIBYA.
MOOSEY, BABY— WE'RE GOIN' HOME!
BUT WHAT ABOUT DA HELICOPTER WE'RE SUPPOSEDTA MEET?
OH, WE'RE GONNA MEET IT! WE'RE GONNA COLLECT THE LITTLE OL' FORTUNE THAT GADDAFI'S SENDIN' AND WITH THIS —
THE T.L.A. FUNDS, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR OUR PLACE IN THE SUN! WE SNATCH THE 'COPTER AND KISS GOODBYE TO THIS GOTHIC NUTHOUSE!
I LIKE IT, SPECS— I LIKE IT!
THOUGHT YOU WOULD, MOOSEY! I MUST ADMIT —I RATHER LIKE IT MYSELF!
NOW EVENTS ARE WELL AND TRULY SET IN MOTION. WHAT PART HAS CHASTITY TO PLAY IN THIS NERVE SHATTERING DRAMA?
AND WHAT THE HELL IS VINCENT UP TO?
AND WHAT OF HIS COWARDLY AND LIMP WRISTED TWIN BROTHER, OTTO?
ARE ALL OF THESE LINES OF FATE CONVERGING FOR SOME CATACLYSMIC CLIMAX? SEE NEXT MONTH!

Are You Too Short?

"You can add 2-4 inches in 10 weeks or less!"
Says William A. Reldnas

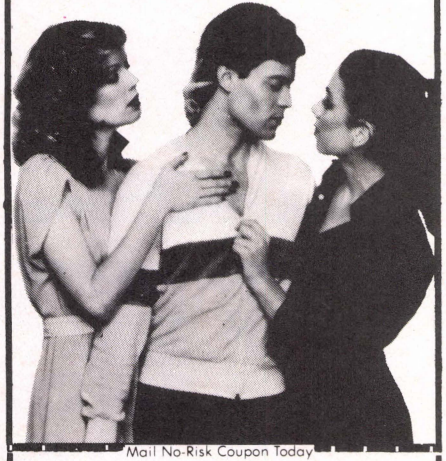


"I have positive proof you can increase your height. Here are the indisputable facts.

"For many years, scientists believed height increase was not possible after the end of childhood. Recent factual data proves they were wrong. If athletes can increase the length of their limbs AFTER the age of puberty, you can certainly increase the length of your legs and complete torso and, you can do it scientifically, without artificial contraptions or possible injury by using The Height Increase Method."

While it may not yet be acceptable scientific dogma, the research sources are well known and respected scientific journals. And what's more important, if you're not 100% satisfied that *The Height Increase Method* is living up to all of Reldnas's claims, simply send it back for an immediate refund, no questions asked. Isn't that fair? Order your copy right away. Do it now!

©1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903



Mail No-Risk Coupon Today

The Height Report, Dept. HMJ432
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Gentleman: Please RUSH me William A. Reldnas' **Height Increase Method** which I may inspect at no risk for 30 days. If I am not satisfied for any reason, I may return it for an immediate refund. I enclose my check or money order for $19.95 plus $1.00 for postage & handling ($20.95, N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax). Code #969

Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Visa ☐ M.C. Exp. date _____

Account # _____

Canadian residents add 25% and send to The Height Report, Suite #207, P.O. Box 2213, Postal Station "P", Toronto, Ontario M5S 2T2.

PENTHOUSE READERS GET IT FREE!

That's right! If you're a **Penthouse** reader, you can get our brand new, 64-page free full-color catalog packed with hundreds of ways to make you a better lover. Everything from the newest movies and books to the latest creams, lotions and vibes.

But that's not all! You'll get a free chance to **win a 1984 Corvette**... America's hottest sports car. Play our Las Vegas Slot Machine where you may **win up to $20.00 worth of hot surprises** for only a postage and handling fee.

PLUS A FREE SAMPLE OF ANDROS. The man's cologne... contains Androsten for the sweet smell of sexual success.

Sound like a great deal? It is!! Send in your coupon today!

Valentine Products, Inc. **Dept. FC257**
P.O. Box 128, Newtown, CT 06470

Please send me my "Bedside Companion" in an unmarked envelope absolutely FREE!

Canadians! Send coupon to: TLC Marketing, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ont. L2E6V5. All orders shipped from within Canada.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY!

NAME _____

SIGNATURE *(I am over 18 years of age)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

RAISED SKIRTS!

RAISED SKIRTS, PANTY-GIRDLES, LINGERIE, NYLONS, HIGH-HEELS
SAN DIEGO'S PRETTIEST SECRETARIES, WAITRESSES, COLLEGE GIRLS IN VIDEO, FILM, PHOTOS.
BROCHURE-SAMPLES
$3.00
PAMELA PETERSON
DEPT. PH
P.O. BOX 681 **SAN LUIS, REY, CA 92068**

FALLEN HERO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

then... I should have given the goddamned rope to Lieutenant Jackson. How did you screw up, Kathy?"

He dozed off then and woke up again when he heard a commotion in the hall. Turning his head, he saw Kathy standing just outside the door. Two nurses were barring her way. She had flowers in one hand and her badge in the other. "I'll just watch him until he wakes up," she said. "We work together."

"It's okay," Steely yelled so that his voice carried out into the hall.

Steely stared at Kathy. Her eyes and eyelids were red and pink and wet. She looked tired and beat. Kathy pulled the flowers from the wrapping—four red roses and some baby's-breath—and put them on the night table.

She smiled, but it was a posed smile.

"It's terrible, Steely," she said, turning her head away from his stare, hiding her face in her hands.

"Right," Steely said. He didn't know what else to say.

"With Red gone, and you here," she said. "I didn't know who to talk to, who could possibly understand."

Steely closed his eyes. He had sensed it all the time, but he didn't want to hear it, to know for sure. "Red's gone," he said to himself. "Dead. Jesus Christ, help him."

Steely's mouth was very dry, but he would not ask her to do anything for him. Not now. He opened his eyes and looked directly at her, his face distorted in pain and anger. "Where the hell were you?" he exploded. It was a reprimand, not a question. "Terrible," he continued, not giving her a chance to reply. "Terrible is not the goddamned word. What did you do? Everything was going great until you did something. You blew it, Kathy. Shit!"

She was startled and drew her breath in a gasp, as if he had struck her in the face. But then her expression changed and her green eyes seemed to shoot off sparks of light. "I was there, Steely," she answered, slowly, deliberately, making certain he heard every word. "I knew what I was doing. Everything was done right."

"How do I know that, Kathy?"

"Because I'm telling you," she answered quickly.

Kathy now turned away from him and folded her arms under her breasts. She was breathing heavily, trying to keep in control of herself. "Look, Steely," she said finally. "It's important that you remember everything that happened on the roof, before I lowered you."

"Christ, I don't remember. I thought it was okay when I went over the roof."

"How about connecting the rope on the hook, Steely? Do you remember that?"

"It was okay, I guess." His ankle began to smart, and he moved his leg a little. But then he was startled by her voice.

"Think," she yelled. "'I guess' is not

good enough. I know what happened, Steely. I don't want to put words in your mouth, but my future is hanging on this."

"I remember you brought the rope out," he began, "and Jackson said something about how he didn't like it."

"Right," she said, urging him forward.

"But I didn't give a damn what kind of rope it was. I grabbed it and hooked it to my rescue-V-rig, and you tied the other end to a vent pipe and hooked the rope to your own V-rig."

"Do you remember what you said then, Steely?"

"Yes. I went along with the procedure. 'Hook on top of the rope,' I said."

"What did I say, Steely?"

Steely pictured her face in the smoke. She had been calm, self-assured. "You said, 'I know how to do it.' "

"And then you made Lieutenant Jackson let me lower the rope, Steely. You trusted me, I know it, or you wouldn't have gone over the side."

"I did trust you, goddamn it!" This time it was Steely who was yelling. "But you must have done something wrong!"

Kathy moved the chair up to the side of his bed and sat down. "I know I put the hook on top," she said softly, gesturing with her hands. "I just know it, because that's the way I like it. With sex. On top. So the hook was on top, the rope was below. It's the way I remembered the evolution. I got a hundred in all those exams, using things like that to remember. The rope was hooked on right. It was something else that malfunctioned, Steely, not me. You've got to remember."

Steely closed his eyes. "I felt something give," he said.

"So did I," Kathy said. "One second the rope was stretched tight over the parapet, and the next second it went slack."

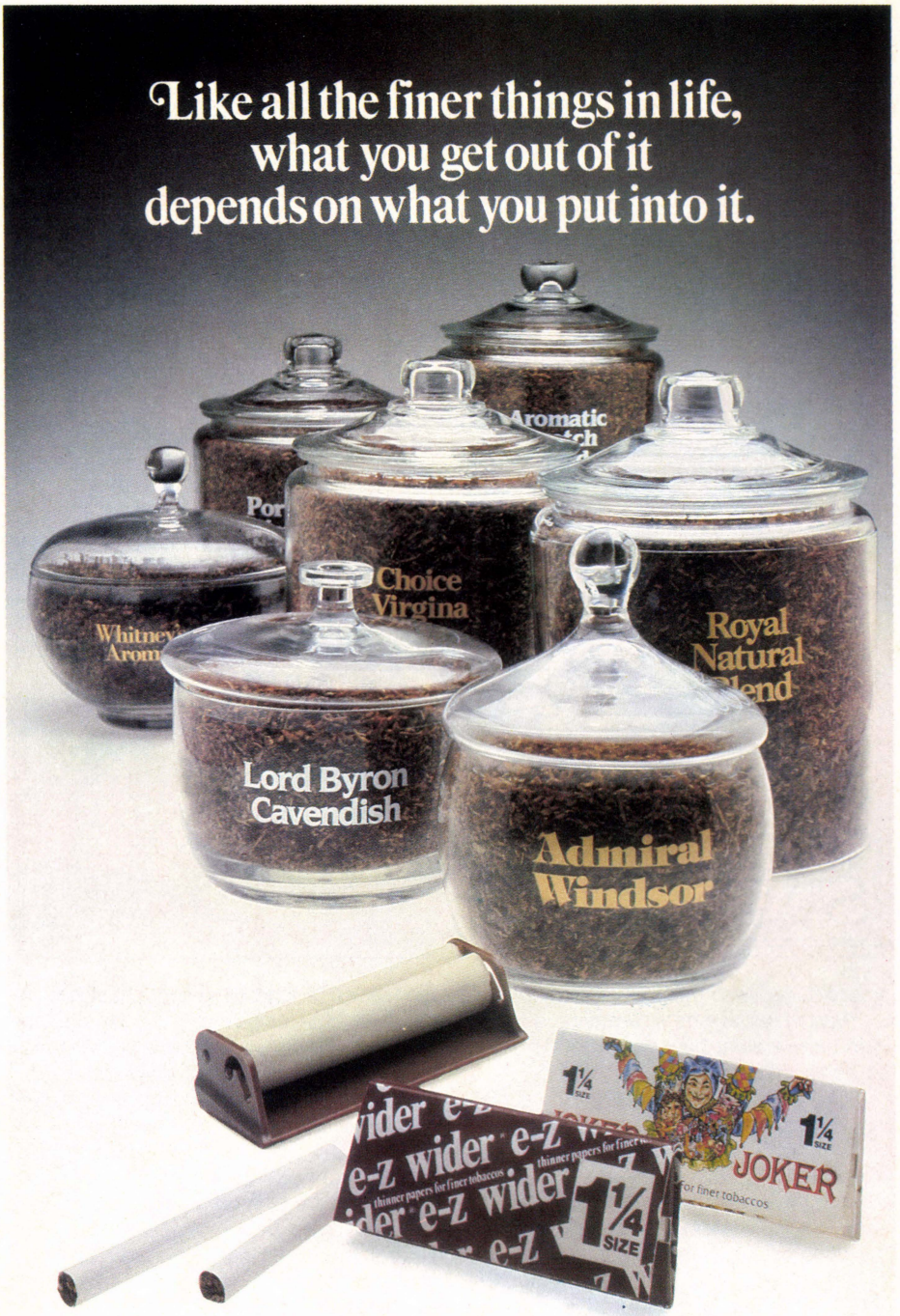
"It broke," Steely said. "Christ, we didn't use a roller to feed it over the side or something smooth for the rope to glide over. I should have known. It was my fault. Jesus, I was the one who killed Red."

Kathy reached out to touch his hand. "No, Steely, it wasn't the rope. Because for a second after I felt it go slack, I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what had happened. And then I saw the rope. It was just hanging there over the side. If it had frayed on the parapet, I would have seen it. You know that. Do you remember anything else?"

"I do remember something else," he said. "A ripping, like a seam was bursting. It was the V-rig. The V-rig ripped apart."

"That's what I think, too, Steely. You picked up Red and the system couldn't take the added weight. But that's not the story going around." She took a deep breath. "The whole job is saying I'm responsible for Red's death, that I connected the rope to the hook wrong and caused a snag. Even the paper this morning, in the *Times*, it says there was reason to believe that an error in rescue procedures had been made."

"Screw that," Steely said. "I saw what



Roll your own, It's e-z.

PEG

If YOU appreciate the finer things in life, you'll want to show it with
THE OFFICIAL E-Z WIDER OR JOKER CAP!

Show your good taste with these striking caps, emblazoned with the e-z wider logo on a brown ground, or the Joker logo on a red ground. Perfect for gifts or just plain good times. One size fits all.

YES, I appreciate the finer things in life. Please send me _____ e-z wider cap(s) and _____ Joker cap(s) @ $6.25 each including shipping and handling. Total amount enclosed: $_____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

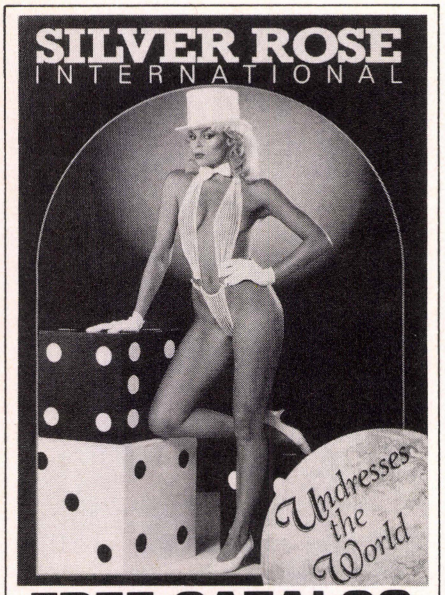
I enclose _____ check _____ money order

The House of Rizla

Mail to: The House of Rizla, P.O. Box 1046, W. Caldwell, N.J. 07007-0829.

Offer limited to U.S. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

© 1984 robert burton associates



FREE CATALOG

Dress up your nights with a spectacular collection of lingerie and dresses. Alluring. Revealing. Very romantic.

For free catalog, mail coupon to:
Silver Rose International/USA, Inc., Silver Rose Bldg.,
77 N. 12th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211

YES. **Please send me your free catalog featuring sensual lingerie from Europe's sexiest collection.**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SILVER ROSE **LEADERS IN SEXY LINGERIE** P94

you did. Jackson must have seen it too."

"I don't know if he saw anything. And I don't know what he'll say. There's going to be an official inquiry."

"Okay, then. We've got the rope and V-rig. Where are they?"

"That won't do any good, Steely. They know the V-rig tore apart. The question is why. It must have passed all the department tests. A woman fire fighter is the most logical explanation. That's why I had to talk to you. You know what Jackson thinks of women fire fighters. You were the only witness. Will you swear I performed the procedure right?"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah."

Kathy got up suddenly. "The flowers," she said, looking around. "Do you have something to put the flowers in?"

He didn't answer. Finally he said, "Everything will be all right. All we have to do is tell the truth. Call me later. You'll see everything will be all right."

The early morning sun shot laserlike beams off the brass handles on the side of Red Hadley's coffin. The coffin, which was draped with the flag of the city of New York, was placed on top of one of the new pumpers that had just been delivered to the department. There was not a scratch or a mar on the fire engine, Steely thought; it was just like Red's soul.

From the church steps he watched the procession, standing with a small group of dignitaries, a kind of review squadron. A wave of blue uniforms lined the narrow Queens side street. A couple of thousand men had shown up, Steely guessed. Some, he read in the morning newspaper, had come from as far as Chicago.

He heard the shuffling of feet as the drums throbbed—*da da dum, da da dum.* The pallbearers lined up in front of the church, its red Romanesque doors open wide. Limousine doors opened and shut, and a gathering of Hadley's in-laws stood in uneven formation behind the coffin.

"So this is St. Bart's," he heard Chief Jack Haggerty say to a fat, red-faced assistant chief standing next to him. "I've heard a lot about this parish. Great choir. They recorded an album and it made more money than their bingo."

Steely was standing right behind them, watching the gold stars on their shoulders gleam as if they had been wired like Christmas-tree lights. Does anyone here, he asked himself, know anything at all about Red Hadley? They just know he's a dead fireman, and respect had to be paid.

Suddenly, a chant began to ring through the air. "Give us Brother Hadley. Give us Brother Hadley." Steely saw about eleven white-shirted men and women standing across the street, behind a formation of fire fighters, their arms locked together as they chanted. A few fire fighters broke rank and started to push and pull the chain of people. The end of the chain broke then, and a small, bearded man ran to the front of the church. "We are street Congregationalists," he yelled, his voice just a beat lower than a scream. "And Brother Hadley would die if he were alive and knew you were going to bury him in a Catholic church."

"Get rid of those nuts," Haggerty commanded, and Steely saw him look over at the mayor for approval. But the city's highest-ranking executive was staring straight ahead at the family that was beginning to enter the church. The man was still yelling as the chief of personnel handed him over to several assisting policemen.

Steely saw Kathy pass through the open church doors. Her green eyes were still inflamed and framed in red and pink, but she held her head high—high and determined. The men in front and behind her were walking in twos. Kathy had no one beside her.

The Mass began and the mourners rose as the three priests and nine altar boys entered the altar proper from the side sacristy. Steely saw that the celebrant was Monsignor Frank Flynn, at what was probably going to be his first line-of-duty funeral since he had become a department chaplain.

"Greater love hath no man than this," the monsignor began, "that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"What crap," Steely thought. "He's missing it. Blowing the goddamned ser-

MICHAEL SALEM'S BOUTIQUE

A DIVISION OF MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.

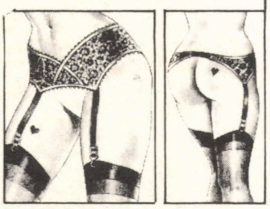
GRAND OPENING

WITH THIS AD ONLY, FREE GIFT WITH PURCHASE AT STORE

FOR IN PERSON PURCHASES VISIT OUR RETAIL BOUTIQUE LOCATED AT 328 E. 53rd ST. BETWEEN 1st AND 2nd AVENUES, NEW YORK CITY.
FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS AND STORE INFORMATION CALL:
(212) 371-6877 OR (212) 986-1777

(# 9121) - 6" SPIKE HEEL
Classic pump, made of superior quality patent leather. Black or Red. Sizes 5 - 13½ Indicate Male or Female Shoe size.
$179.99

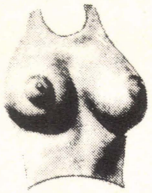
(not shown)
(# 9121B) 5" SPIKE HEEL
same as above



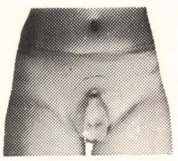
VENUS GARTER BELT (#106)
Lush Lace hooks easily in back and has *adjustable garter.* The open "Peek-A-Boo" rear is dynamite. Pink, Lemon, Beige, Red, Black & White. Sizes S (22-25), M (26-27), L (28-30) **$15.99** XL Waist Sizes (32, 34, 36, 38, 40) **$19.99** Red or Black only.

SEXY G-STRINGS (#A1)
Asst'd. colors, One size fits all.
Reg. up to $15
NOW $5 - 3 for $12

(#968) Black, Beige, White.
FOR HIPS & DERRIERE THE PADDED PANTY
Adds instant curves to your figure Sizes S,M,L,XL **$29.99**

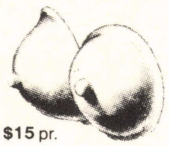


TREASURE CHEST (#108)
New improved strap-on treasure chest. Changes your entire appearance with a soft, pliable "Real Latex" torso. Easy to put on, light, comfortable and washable. Nude. One size fits all. ~~$99.95~~
NOW $69.99



PUSSY PANTY (#108B)
Matches Treasure Chest. Latex panty. One size Pull-on, with realistic vagina. **$69.99**

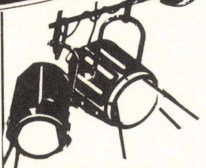
(#108 & #108B) set
***Special* $125.**



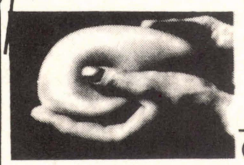
$15 pr.

LITTLE LIES (#104)
Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads feel *natural* to the touch. One size fits all.

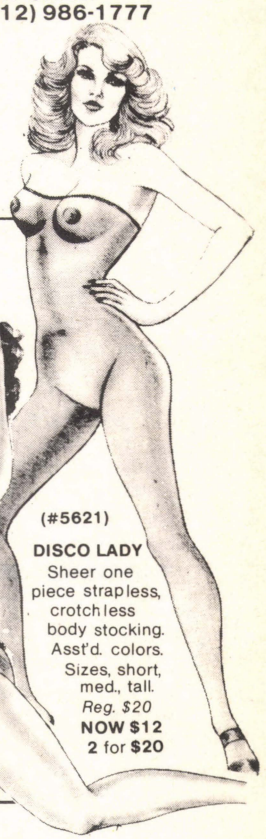
SATIN CINCHER (#105)
Pulls you in where you want to be slim. White, Black w/removable garters.
Sizes 24-40.
Reg $47.50
NOW $39.99



(not shown)
(#3010)
SEXY FRONT CLOSING BRA SIZES A32-36, B32-38, C34-40. Black, White or Beige
$15.99



(#1710) SILICONE TYPE DESIGNED BREAST Will fit directly into the cup of a proper-fitting brassiere and worn directly against the skin. Looks and feels natural. Sizes A,B,C,D Nipples included.
Reg. $375.00 per set
Grand Opening Special $200.00



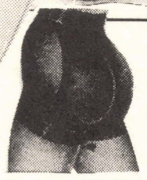
(#5621)
DISCO LADY
Sheer one piece strapless, crotchless body stocking. Asst'd. colors. Sizes, short, med., tall.
Reg. $20
NOW $12
2 for $20

EXPOSED (#112)
Nylon open nipple bra - open crotch panty set. Black, Red, Purple.
Sizes S-M-L **$14.99**
XL **$25.99**

SHEER OPEN-BACK PANTY (#071)
For the girl with the well-rounded derriere. Gives you that rear view peek-a-boo look. One size fits all. Black or Red. **$8.99**

BARELY NOTHING
Sheer, nylon enticer is the easiest little garment to slip in and out of with *Peek-A-Boo* nipples. Bare back, derriere and exposed crotch. Purple or Black. Sizes S, M, L.
$16.99

(#7250)



PERFECTION GIRDLE (#102)
Padded 2 way stretch puts curves where you want them. White or Black. Sizes SM (22-25), M (26-27), L (28-30), XL (32-38). **$39.99**

WICKED WIGS
FOR MEN & WOMEN

(#903)

THE LONGEST SHOWGIRL WIG
~~$89.99~~
Special
$59.99

(#7500)

SPECIAL IMPORTED FASHION WIGS

(#3201)

GRAND OPENING SPECIAL
Reg. $200 ea.
Now $99.99

(#3300)
One size fits all. Your choice of color.

Stockings

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF HOSIERY. SEAMED AND SEAMLESS.

SPECIALTY ITEMS -

(#115)
OPEN CROTCH panty hose **$8.99** in Black & Beige. One size fits all. XL for Men **$11.99** Black, Navy, Brown.

SHEER OPAQUE (#201)
Sexy thigh-high stockings, have soft elastic that stay-up without garterbelts. One size fits all. Black, Brown, Navy.
$10.99

BLACK FISHNET STOCKINGS (#3077)
One size fits all. **$11.99**

OPERA HOSE (#117)
Approx. 42" long. Sizes 8½ - 13 Black, Off Black, Beige.
$9.50 pr.-2/$16.99

SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) for that ultra sexy look Sizes 8½ - 13 long. Black, Beige, Taupe. **$10.99**

BLACK LACE TOP (#118)
Stockings. One size fits all.
$11.99

FOR MAIL ORDERS, USE SEPARATE PAPER ADD $3.75 SHIPPING PER ORDER. N.Y. State Residents add sales tax as applicable. If you are not certain of your size when ordering
PLEASE STATE WAIST ____ BUST OR CHEST ____ HIPS ____

MAIL TO:
MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. PH984
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10150

VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS

Check Catalog(s) Desired:
- ☐ Exotic Boutique Catalog Subscription ($5.00) *(deductible from first order)*
- ☐ Sexual Aids Catalog ($10.00)
- ☐ Transvestite Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Transvestite & Rubber Clothing Catalog ($15.00)
- ☐ Bondage Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Catalog of Restraints ($15.00)
- ☐ EXCITING BOOK by MICHAEL SALEM *How to impersonate a Woman* **$49.95**

I enclose $ _____ in ☐cash ☐check ☐M.O.
Airmail USA add $5.00 Foreign add $15.00

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I am over 21 years of age (SIGNATURE) _____

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER
OUR NAME DOES NOT APPEAR ON RETURN ADDRESS

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. P-09-84
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

10 FREE CONDOMS

To introduce you to finest quality Protex® brand condoms, we'll send you 10 free! Send for your samples today! Protex® brand condoms are sold at drug counters everywhere...ask for them by name.

Special Protex Sample Offer
Send $1.00 handling (cash, check or money order) to receive your sampler package of 10 Protex condoms, including **Secure™**, **Arouse®** and an assortment of **Contracept Plus™**, **Touch®**, **Scentuals®**, **Sunrise®**, or **Man-Form Plus®** brands to:
National Sanitary Laboratories, Inc.
7150 N. Ridgeway Ave., Dept. PH984
Lincolnwood, Illinois 60645
Canadian residents send to: Bathurst Sales 125 Norfinch Dr., Downsview, ONT. M3N 1W8
Be sure to print clearly your name, address and zip code for prompt shipment. Limit one offer per household. Shipped in discreet packages. This offer void where prohibited by law.
©1984 National Sanitary Laboratories, Inc.

mon. I don't want to hear that. Firemen don't give their lives for anything as much as they give their lives because it's expected. The courage must always be there when going into any fire—firemen might live or die while searching for victims. But it's not something to sing songs or write poems about."

"And so Fire Fighter Hadley lives on in our memories," Monsignor Flynn concluded, his voice floating through the army of men. "And the things that he stood for —courage and dedication and dignity— will live on in the lives of all fire fighters."

"Christ," Steely said to himself again. "All Red wanted was to be left alone and be dedicated to his own thing, his own born-again groupies. And here he is in church, the dedication of his life being shut off in death like a faucet; the talk and the ritual and the choir being turned on instead, not for Red, but for the department and everybody else."

At the end of the Mass everyone stood up and left their pews in the same order as they had entered them, except for Red's coffin, which left last.

"Red would have left the fire department faster than they were letting him leave the church," Steely thought. "And that's about all that could have been said about his dedication.

"Sure, Red loved the job, but he loved his church work and being Polish-American more. He would have left it in a second if he had something else to go to. But then, the skills of a fireman are as important to society as a ukulele player is to a symphony orchestra.

Outside, he watched Katra Hadley join her family, who were lined up across from the contingent of dignitaries. Next to them were the members of Ladder Company No. 7, and next to them the department bagpipe band, led by a very tall man with a gray goatee.

The fire truck that was being used as a hearse pulled into the front of the church, and the honor pallbearers carried the coffin down the steps. Suddenly, the drums rapped heavily through the morning heat, and the high, shrill sound of bagpipes broke the quiet like a burglar alarm in the middle of the night.

"A Scottish tune. Yes, a song about Prince Charlie," Steely thought, "a loser who never did come back. A Scottish song for a man who was proud to be Polish? Red's pride was as extreme as the fervor with which he believed in his church group—and now the department was taking everything from him, soiling all of it."

Steely looked hard at the bandmaster and took a step out of formation to move toward him. The pain shot through his ankle like electric volts, but he kept on. He wanted to reach the tall bandmaster so he could swing his cast in the white linen of his sling and hit him so his brass-topped staff would drop as he fell against the bass drummer behind him; until the melody celebrating a failed prince would turn to squelches as painful as the blood surging through his ankle. Where is the goddamned dignity of Red Hadley?

But he stopped and, turning, saw the row of fire fighters from his company still standing slightly apart from Kathy. "She has dignity," he thought. He continued toward Kathy, past the hard glare of the chief of personnel whose ceremony had gone askew, for a fire fighter had broken formation, here at a funeral, in front of the TV cameras, even in front of fire fighters from as far away as Chicago.

Kathy looked at him strangely as he approached and stood before her for a brief moment, putting his right hand on her arm, moving her over just slightly, lessening the space on one side of her and increasing it on the other. Then he turned and, limping, backed into the formation of the dead fire fighter's company. Standing at her side, he didn't look around at the TV cameras that were pointed at him or at Haggerty or the chief of personnel. He stood stiffly, at attention, and raised his right hand so it was rigid and touching the tip of his cap in salute, just as Red Hadley's coffin was raised to the hose bed of the pumper and thousands of arms were lifted in salute to the strains of Scottish bagpipes.

This excerpt is from the novel Steely Blue, *to be published by Simon and Schuster.*

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

FLASHER DANCING

My wife, who is 36-24-36, and I love to dance—especially disco and ballroom. As a sexual stimulant, we often go out to dinner, then to a dance hall, or if the restaurant has a dance floor, we stay there.

Normally, we do not run into anyone we know, because in a city this size everyone is a stranger and this makes it more exciting. As the evening progresses, my wife starts removing her underclothes—first her slip and bikini pants, then her bra. She winds up totally naked under her silk dress. This is a tremendous turn-on for me while we are dancing.

Naturally, I get an enormous hard-on and she is so greatly stimulated sexually that she must dry herself. We would love to have sex while dancing, if it were possible to do so without the other dancers being aware. However, if caught, we would no doubt be thrown out.

We have been at dances where the bandleader has made everyone switch partners. My wife tells me that her new partner immediately realizes—because silk is like feeling skin—that she is practically nude. He develops a hard-on, which he presses against her so she feels it.

By the time we leave, we are both so aroused that occasionally we go for it in the parking lot. If not, she removes her dress in the car and commences to give me a great blowjob as I drive home.

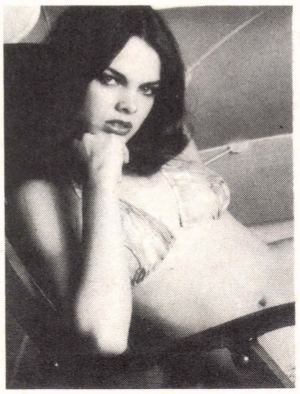
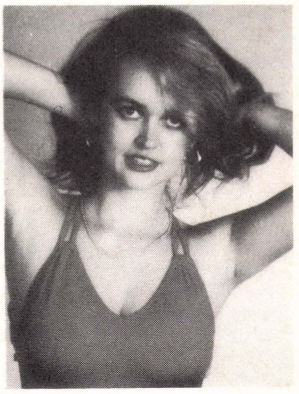
Truck drivers driving along highway 13 enjoy watching this front-seat action. Sometimes I play with my wife in the car, and she has orgasms all the way home. If we do not park en route, we have fantastic sex at home. Because of all the foreplay, I have to keep drying her pussy and I cannot wear light-colored trousers due to "tears" of anticipation.

We do this routine over and over, and we enjoy it more every time. I guess for me it is a vicarious thrill to know my wife is dancing practically in the nude among all those people.—N.P.

Too bad that nowadays the interest in ballroom dancing, or the kind of dancing where a man and a woman are in each other's arms, is diminishing. It has, unfortunately, been replaced by impersonal hip-shaking and the individual acrobatics of solo performances on a crowded disco floor. Sensuality has more or less disappeared.

The way you and your wife like to dance is a beautiful form of foreplay. You can get extreme pleasure from moving your body graciously and exhibiting what you have in the best possible way. It is always a treat for the onlooker to watch a couple making the right moves. An even greater pleasure is to be able to dance with your wife and let your hands glide up and down her silk-clad body. Silk can feel like a second skin or even better.

Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes and PAY NOTHING!

My 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control will have you Scoring at work, at parties, even on the street!

It's true! *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put Psychic Mind Control to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women...the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want you. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it every time!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you use these 7 steps, you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours within 5 minutes!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* from J.M. in Madison, Conn.:

"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I have a good sense of humor. Somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the really beautiful women who turned me on.

"Your 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time.

"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get more than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!

"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough!"

Turn Women Into Putty

The results enjoyed by J.M. can be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. I will show you how to harness just that extra bit to get that "edge," and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY woman you desire!

Just read these *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* and give it a try. After your first few conquests, women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of Psychic Mind Control you won't have to say a thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gets right to the point, giving you an easy method for getting the girls you've always wanted...no matter where they are, no matter when. So, live out your fantasies, while your friends beg you for the secret! Take your first step to scoring with beautiful women, today. Order *now*!

Let Us Take the Risk!

Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send you *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control*, NOW! Try it. Use it. Approach any woman you desire. That's right, *ANY* woman.

If for any reason you're not delighted with the results, send it back. We will return your check or money order UNCASHED! Even if you send it back later we'll still refund your purchase price. Thousands of satisfied customers make us bold enough to offer you this super guarantee!

©1983 CMG Inc., 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

Mail No-Risk Coupon Today

21st Century Products, Dept. PMJ431
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Please rush my *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* in plain wrapper. I enclose my check or money order for $10 plus $1 p&h (Total: $11.00. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return my *7 Steps* within 30 days for a prompt refund (less postage and handling, of course), no questions asked.
☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check or money order uncashed for 30 days.

Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

277

X-RATED WATCH PRICE BREAK!

A quality LCD Chronograph/Chronometer that one touch turns into...
...an explicit animated X-Rated movie with throbbing Can-Can music!

From this to...

Ready to go

Oral pleasure

Making love

Not only is it a fine quality Quartz LCD Chronography/Chronometer, at the push of a button it's an X-Rated animated movie of a man and woman meeting, undressing and performing explicit sexual acts accompanied by rhythmic, throbbing Can-Can music and a special rendition of "La Marseillaise," the French National Anthem!

It was originally $79.95. Now it's yours for only $29.95 in either silver or gold. We'll even throw in a gift box FREE!

NO-RISK TRIAL

Try out the X-Rated Watch for 30 days in the privacy of your home or show if off to all your friends. Use it to break the ice with new girls, score at parties or just as an accurate Chronograph/Chronometer with many fine features. Any way you use it, you must be completely satisfied or just return it for a full refund (including postage and handling). And, it comes with our complete 1-year warranty against defects.

This titillating timepiece will give you many hours of entertainment as well as the right time. It will make you the center of attention wherever you go as well as let you time sports events with lap time and split time accuracy. Its melody will wake you up for work on time, while even your boss will want to sneak a look at the animated X-Rated movie display.

But don't wait! Order several today and guarantee yourself one of the most unique timepieces available anywhere in the world. Don't delay. Order NOW!

©1984 CMG, Inc.

FINE WATCH FEATURES

1) Hours, minutes, seconds
2) Month, date, day of week
3) 24 hour melody alarm
4) Stop, lap and split time
5) Night light button
6) One-touch time correction
7) Adjustable silver or gold stainless steel band

Visa & Mastercard holders NO C.O.D.'s

☎ Call TOLL FREE ☎
800-824-7888 Operator #125
24 hours a day... 7 days a week... including Sunday
In Cal. 800-852-7777 In Alaska & Hawaii 800-824-7919

21st Century Products, Dept. GMJ431
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, CT 06907

Please rush me _____ X-Rated Watches in silver (#110SVR) and/or _____ X-Rated watches in gold (#110GLD) at $29.95 each plus $3.85 postage, handling and insurance (Total: $33.80). Please include my free gift box with each watch. (N.Y. & CT. residents add sales tax)

I've enclosed my ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ credit card numbers. Total enclosed: $_____

Mr. Mrs.
Miss Ms. _____

Signature _____
I am over 18 years old

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Charge it: ☐ M.C. ☐ Visa Exp. date _____

Acct. # _____

Gone with the wind.

We could lose our national symbol . . . the majestic bald eagle.

Once man drives eagles out of their nesting areas, they rarely return. Today there are only about 1,400 pairs of eagles known to be nesting in the lower 48 states.

We can save the eagle by establishing eagle preserves. You can help. Join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 102, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Let's keep the eagle around another hundred years.

FREE Sex Books worth $50.00!

That's right! We'll show you how to get $50.00 worth of giant 8½" x 11" photo-graphic sex books in sizzling, red-hot color, FREE! And, you'll find out how to get another 9 FREE Bonuses including everything from a sexual comicbook; to a cologne that attracts women; to a massage lotion that gets hot when you blow on it.

Plus, you'll be able to get up to 60% discount on many more explicit sex photo books. They're all filled to the brim with beautiful people doing anything and everything to excite themselves, each other, and YOU! And, there's plenty for every taste and sexual preference.

To get complete information, red-hot sample photos, and a long list from which you can choose $50 worth of the hottest juiciest sex photo books FREE, just fill in the form below, sign the age certification, and be sure to include $1 to cover p&h. That's all there is to it. Act now!

©1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

21st Century Products. Dept. MJ431
P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Yes! Send me the red-hot sample photos and info on how to get $50-worth of sex photo books free and all the other free items, too.

Rush it in a plain wrapper. I've signed below and enclosed $1 to cover p&h.

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED! I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(101) Void outside U.S. and where prohibited by law.

I once knew a black girl from Trinidad who was so crazy about dancing that when she took to the floor everybody else stopped and admired the way she whirled around. She often dressed in nothing more than a few brightly colored silk scarves, her head totally shaved and her protruding ass and tits driving all the men out of their minds. She was a real cock-teaser, but she told me she got an almost orgasmic feeling from her passionate dancing. Of course, the cheers from the crowd and the admiring looks helped her get turned-on. After she finished dancing, she would virtually collapse, as if she had just had a brain-shattering orgasm.

Bearing all this in mind, you can even add another thrill: Flirt with the unseen person. While your wife is dancing with you, she may well find another person in her view who attracts her. Out of your sight, she can then dance close to that man and briefly touch his hand or openly flirt with him or leave you and exchange partners. It is all a form of sex. You can do it in a very original way, both on the dance floor as well as in the car later on . . . or in bed.

UNILATERAL WITHDRAWAL

I have been seeing a man for about two years and I love him with all my heart. There's only one problem: For the past 14 months our sex life has been going downhill. John always seems to be horny when we start to make love, but after about ten minutes he loses interest, rolls over, and goes to sleep.

The last time we made love I tried a new approach. I fixed a gourmet dinner, accompanied by a bottle of expensive wine, soft music, and candlelight. When John came home and saw the table he said, "Fantastic." After we ate, we went into the living room and John switched on the TV. I told him I'd be right back and went up to the bedroom, where I slipped on a sheer white nightgown that shows off my long, slender legs and firm, round breasts. When I came back down he seemed engrossed in a sitcom.

I walked in front of him, bent down, and said, "Can I have a kiss?" He gave me a kiss and asked me to please move from in front of the TV. Bewildered, I sat down next to him on the sofa. After a while I began to kiss his ears and neck lightly. Then I reached down to massage his half-hard dick through his jeans. Finally, he sort of unthinkingly reached over to my firm, hard tits—only to tease them by touching them so lightly I could hardly feel it.

I got down on my knees before him and unzipped his jeans; then I pulled out his dick and sucked it until it was throbbing. When he got so hard he couldn't stand it anymore, he said, "C'mon, honey, let's go up to the bedroom."

Upstairs, I told him to lie on the bed so that I could take off all his clothes. When he was nude I leaned over and kissed up and down the ample length of his now-erect cock. As my mouth circled the tip, he reached down and began to push my

head back and forth gently. I licked and sucked him for a long time and when the right moment came I removed my mouth. (I don't swallow come.)

He laid back on the bed and I got up on my knees before him to remove my nightgown slowly, in the sexiest way I know how. Then I crawled between the sheets and cuddled up next to him, hoping that a passionate love session would begin.

Well, he fingered my very wet pussy and clit with one hand for a while, and once or twice rubbed my tit with his other hand, but he was mostly uninterested. Then I began to rub his balls and jack him off by hand. I could feel the heat rising all around me as he rolled me over on top of him. With my hand I slid his hard dick into my very wet love box. While I was hoping to spend the next hour in bed fucking, giving him all the passion and love I have to offer, he only sighed and then came. As soon as I rolled off him he jumped up and went to the bathroom to wash. When he returned he sat on the edge of the bed and had a cigarette.

A short time later I began to play with his dick again. He leaned over, kissed my cheek softly, and said, "Thanks so much for a great time." Still rubbing his dick, I asked him if he wanted to make love again. He replied, "Hey, let's go out to a bar and have a drink."

Well, I went ahead and got dressed, because after that little episode I really needed *a drink!*

Not to have any of your own needs taken care of leaves me feeling very empty and unloved. I've tried talking to him, but he always gets angry. I've also tried getting him a little drunk and that doesn't work either. I love him and I don't want to look for sex outside of our relationship. Xaviera, what should I do?—S.L.

If I were you I wouldn't be so obvious about my lust. Some men need an element of intrigue and conquest to get aroused; play it cool and let him go after you for a change. Then once he's hot, make your own terms for the game; tell him how you want to be loved.

I don't see how you can give of yourself totally in exchange for a quick fuck, anyway. Since your friend is probably more easily satisfied than you (two minutes is the average span of time from penetration to ejaculation for American men), he is either unaware or, more likely, too selfish to realize that you'd like to go on and on. The fact that he gets mad when you confront him with your problems proves that something is seriously bothering him. Maybe your lover suffers from some secret guilt complex. Deep down, he may even dislike women. Try to talk some sense into him; otherwise you may have to move on—and the world is full of really superhorny men. Sensitivity to a partner's needs is vital to a good sex life, and your man seems to forget, during sex, that you even exist. Next thing you know, you'll be sucking him off during TV commercials!

60 MINUTE Video FEATURETTES ONLY $25.!

WHEN YOU PURCHASE ALL THREE

☐ ✓ VOL 1 Starring Cara Lott & Tina Marie

☐ ✓ VOL 2 Starring Cody Nicole & Laurie Smith

☐ ✓ VOL 3 Starring Janey Robbins, Erica Boyer & Tracey Donovan

If you've paid $99 each for Video Tapes you didn't buy from us! NOW at a Price that you can Afford, the Most **Explicit Video Tapes** ever produced. Famous **PORNO Lovelies & Gorgeous New Models** Perform Every Act, Combination & Variation. **Just For You!** So, why rent when you can buy at these **Fantastic Prices!** Note: All new customers automatically qualify for future offerings at **Tremendous Savings!**

Moneyback Guarantee
All Video's Are Approx. 60 Minutes Each. Full Color & Sync Sound. 100% Uncensored Action. No Returns-Rentals or Rejects.

PRICES
☐ ✓ ONE FOR $12 ★ ☐ ✓ TWO FOR $20
☐ ✓ **ALL THREE FOR ONLY $25.00!**
(Just $8.25 Each!)
AVAILABLE IN ☐ ✓ VHS or ☐ ✓ BETA

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER – CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

PREMIERE VIDEO, Dept.# E94 ★ 664 N. Michigan Ave. Suite 1010 - 2M40 ★ Chicago, Illinois 60611

RUSH Items Indicated. I Enclose $ _____ Plus $3 P & H.
☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check **Fastest Service with Cash or M.O.**
CANADIANS REMIT IN U.S. FUNDS. NO FOREIGN C.O.D.'S.
☐ Send C.O.D. I Enclose A $10 Deposit.

Name (Print) _____
Address/Apt. _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
Signature _____ I Am Over 19 Years.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR INHIBITIONS

Our new 40 page color catalog of adult books, films, cassettes, erotic sex aids, condoms, lingerie and much more arrives in our **discreet envelope.** BOOKS, LOTIONS, SEX AIDS CAN BE YOURS FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!

STAMFORD HYGIENIC CORP. Dept. PP-67
733 Canal St., P.O. Box 932 Stamford, CT 06902
☐ **Free 40 page "For Lovers Only" Catalog.**

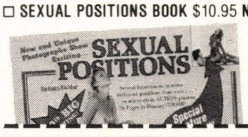
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

TRY OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS!
FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

☐ **SUPER GLIDE SEX LUBE** $6.95 **NOW $2.95!**

☐ **BEDTIME COLLECTION** $8.50 **NOW $3.95**
A random selection of 3 sex packed thrillers filled with love, lust and passion. Guaranteed to never collect dust.

☐ **SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK** $10.95 **NOW $6.95!**



An incredible variation of positions in this 224 page book filled with explicit sections on sex. © 1984

DARLING please buy me SATIN SHEETS

They are such a turn on. . . !

So sexy, so soft, beautiful... In 9 sensuous colors. Seamless, machine washable, no ironing required.
Each set includes:
1 Flat Sheet
1 Fitted Sheet
2 Matching Pillowcases
Be a darling. . . treat me and yourself to the sheer elegance of

SATIN SHEETS

CALL NOW TOLL FREE
24 HOURS - 7DAYS A WEEK
FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS ONLY

ASK FOR OPERATOR 15
800-824-7888

FROM ALASKA OR HAWAII CALL
800-824-7919

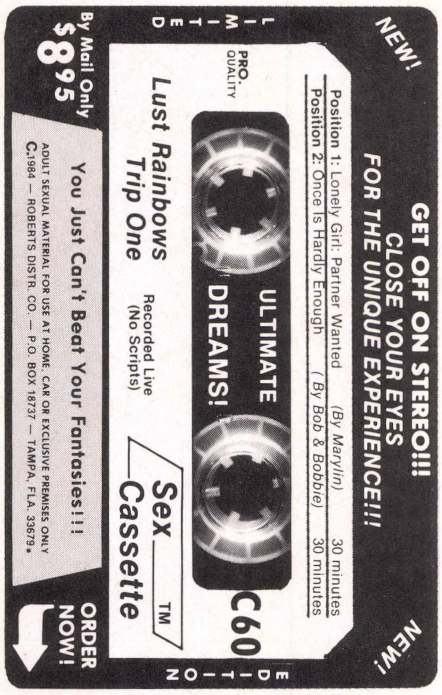
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
DARLING FASHION
P.O. BOX 5068
CULVER CITY, CA 90231

☐ Twin Set $29.00	☐ Black
☐ Full Set $39.00	☐ Bone
☐ Queen Set $46.00	☐ Burgundy
☐ King Set $53.00	☐ Champagne
☐ Waterbed Set ($68.00 specify size)	☐ Red
☐ 3 Letter Monogram on 2 cases $4.00 Initials	☐ Light Blue
	☐ Pink Rose
	☐ Lavender
	☐ Silver

Add $2.50 Shipping & Handling

Name _____
Address _____
Apt. No. _____ City _____
State _____ Zip _____

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
☐ Amer. Exp. ☐ Visa ☐ M/C
Account No. _____
Exp. Date _____
Add 6½% Sales Tax for Calif. Residents



RIGHT ON! I'LL START MY PRIVATE COLLECTION TODAY
I am enclosing my personal check/money order for $8.95 plus $1.00 handling; in addition I get my FREE "Whisper Catalog"
Please send discreet package to
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
I am 21 or over _____
SIGNATURE
MONEY BACK GUARANTEED
SEND TODAY TO: ROBERTS DISTR. CO. P.O. BOX 18737, TAMPA, FL. 33679

Attract Her Instantly!

Start a spontaneous reaction in anyone you desire!

They call it Scientific Sex Appeal and Instant Charisma. You just sprinkle a few drops on, and the potent but almost imperceptible aroma goes to work subconsciously to make you appear more attractive, more impressive and even more desirable to her. She can't resist getting turned on to you!

Potent-8 contains pheromones — powerful sexual attractants whose scent can be used to arouse any woman and release her inhibitions. With Potent-8 you will approach any woman, enter any party, take command in any situation with a new and total confidence.

Scientific Proof!

The knowledge that odors and scents can attract or repel is nothing new. Perfume makers have been trying to capitalize on it for ages. Now, tests done by doctors at leading universities confirm the power of pheromones. The secret has been found!

Results are so amazing, we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for 30 days. Use it again and again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results or send back the empty bottle for a prompt refund (less p&h, of course) no questions asked. Don't delay. You will succeed or you pay nothing. Become a successful lover. Order your Potent-8, Now!

Write your name, address, city, state and zip on a plain piece of paper along with the words Potent-8 for Men (1 oz. @$9.95 + $1.50 p&h, total: $11.45, 4 ozs. @$29.95 ppd.) N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax. Enclose it with your check or money order and send it to: Body-Science, Dept. MMJ431, P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907 © 1984 CMG Inc.

Hot, New and Wild.

$10 Bare your body to best advantage in this nylon fishnet lace cami top and seductive bikini. One size fits 32-36. In white. $10 plus $2 shipping/handling. (Catalog with order. Catalog only, $2.) Send check or money order to:

secretly sexy

Dept. 150
P.O.Box 1181
Teaneck, N.J. 07666

WOMEN'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

bubbly, my escort drew up a warm bubble bath, told me to enjoy myself, gave me a wink, and left. I took a deep breath, stripped, and slid into the warm sudsy water. I had been lying there about ten minutes, feeling horny and dreamlike, when I heard a key turn in the lock.

The stud I had chosen came in. He had a big smile on his face and was dressed in boots, tight blue jeans, and a Western shirt. He was very friendly. Between his easygoing manner and his deep, sexy voice, he put me at ease immediately. "Do you mind if I strip down and join you?" he asked, gesturing toward the tub. By then the booze had eased my inhibitions. "Please do," I said.

He slowly removed his shirt, boots, and tight pants. His body was an incredible sight! He had broad shoulders, muscular arms, and a nice full chest with a silky mat of dark hair. His stomach was flat and strong, with a round patch of hair over it. I gazed down at his beautiful, round, tight butt (I love nice asses), hairy legs, and lovely thick cock with a nice large head.

He got into the tub and told me to relax. Then he gave me a very sensuous massage. Slowly he caressed my hard nipples. I reached for his cock but he stopped my hand. "You'll get plenty of that later," he said.

After letting the water drain out of the tub he rinsed us both off, picked me up, and carried me to the hot tub. I felt like I was melting in his strong arms. While he lowered us both into the hot swirling water he began to kiss me deeply and passionately. He was an exquisite kisser. His tongue, hot and soft, seemed to be everywhere at once. We spent the next ten minutes locked in hard, wet kisses while he expertly fingered my throbbing clit. I soon exploded with my first orgasm of the night.

At that point he lifted me up onto the padded shelf that surrounded the tub and went down on me. Wow! I've had some pretty good lovers in my time but no one compared with this boy wonder. I usually take a while to come, but this gorgeous stud ate me to my first orgasm in less than three minutes!

He then carried me over to a huge bed that was completely surrounded by mirrors. By now my pussy was dripping wet. "Fuck me now," I pleaded. Without a word he threw me on my back, lifted my legs over his powerful shoulders, and plunged his cock into me. I watched in the mirror as his perfect ass pumped up and down.

We fucked for well over an hour, going through so many positions that I lost track. I think we even invented some new ones!

I then begged him to fuck me from behind (my favorite position). He complied and pumped me hard and fast for a good long time. Was it ever mind-blowing! All the while he had a finger up my ass, which felt exquisite. "Do you want me to fuck your gorgeous ass?" he asked. "You may be too big," I said. "But I want you everywhere tonight."

I had tried anal sex before—and enjoyed it—but never with a well-hung man like him. Slowly he began to slide his thick cock into my ass, using only my pussy juice for lubrication. It hurt a little at first, but my ass quickly developed a warm feeling and began to tighten around his marvelous tool. He began to move in and out while playing with my clit. He quickened the pace and was soon fucking my ass as hard as he had fucked my pussy. My ass felt like it was on fire as he stroked me harder and harder. I came over and over again as his fingers moved like lightning over my swollen clit. Finally he exploded, sending torrents of hot sperm into my ass.

I gave my man a long, deep good-bye kiss. He said I was the best he'd had in the 13 months he'd been working there. Boy, was I flattered! I told him that I, too, had never experienced so much pleasure in one session. I was so sore I could barely walk, so my husband had to wait a few days to have me. He didn't care though because we now have enough fantasy material to last us a long time! Who knows, I may take him there for his birthday.—*Name and address withheld*

VIDEO PRICE BREAK!

60-90 Minute Features for $29.95-$39.95

Take advantage of these fantastic prices NOW! Each super-hot sexual video cassette is a first quality original in full vibrant color and sensual sync sound. Each individual cassette is a full 60-90 minutes in length and is filled with explicit, uncensored sexual action as performed by beautiful young starlets and handsome well-endowed super studs. So, don't wait. Act NOW!

ONE HOUR SHORTS-$29.95 ea.

3-6 Short Subjects-1 hr. running time

#983 SHORTS-4: Six features including a high society girl, an anal cl-ass reunion, an oriental delight, a gardener plows his mistress 3-ways and Bunny begs for mercy but loves it.

#982 SHORTS-15: Two girls make a sailor very happy, a cowboy hitches his saddle to a bucking nympho,and a cheerleader shows her boyfriend what she does for the entire team.

#981 SHORTS-5: Six features including Swedish girl and black stud, housewife and doctor, Georgia takes two at a time, eating out, and a fast, furious blonde who can't get enough.

#980 SHORTS-26: A farm girl satisfies her anal desires with the hired hands in the barn, Ingrid's well-endowed boyfriend fills her desires, and a Peeping Tom replaces Shelly's dildo

#979 SHORTS-9: Five features including Sailor and Babysitter, Cowboy on the chicken farm, Dr. Flasher's house calls, and the Dirty Preacher's threesome.

#978 SHORTS-33: A beautiful heiress uses her butler and maid sexually. Plus, a sky diver lands in Amanda's back yard, and a sex-starved sugar babe gets satisfied.

#976 SHORTS-50: Billy gives Crystal a double-up sandwich with their well-endowed neighbor, a kinky guy experiments on his lover, and sexercises you'll enjoy.

#975 SHORTS-53: Two girls tie-up and tease a young stud until he reaches a climax, plus the doctor cures a redhead and two young couples swing and swap.

90 MINUTE FEATURES-$39.95 ea.

#990 TAXI GIRLS—Nancy Suiter, Serena, and some hookers start a cab company and keep the meter running while they make John Holmes and Jamie Gillis give 'em big tips!

#989 LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY—After a motorcycle gang uses little Rhonda Jo, an artist takes her in…into his bed with all his other models.

#988 HEAVENLY DESIRE—A big black devil commands Seka and Serena to change a sorority house filled with young virgins into a whore house. Once they start, no one can turn 'em off.

#986 PEACH FUZZ—Lisa looks so young, they call her "Peach Fuzz". This boiling hot sex kitten is a sensuous woman and all the fellas take advantage of her.

#985 ONE LAST SCORE—Many sexy women give their all hustling for Big Al in a beautiful outdoor paradise. These sexy nymphs will do anything but it's not enough.

#984 THE AWAKENING OF EMILY—The football team captain becomes teacher's pet. He turns this frustrated lady and her incredible body into a perpetual sex machine.

#991 LINGERIE—Scantly clad high-fashion models don't let their male co-workers rest for more than a minute. See plenty of sex, sex, sex in the intimate apparel business.

#992 SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—3 beautiful girls go camping out. Ranger Jim and Derek rub their sticks all over them and start a sexual forest fire you'll never forget.

$33 ea.
ORIGINAL 60-MINUTE SPECIALS

#997 COED FANTASY—Sex in the Frat house with the dean's wife in a 2-man sandwich, a black maid initiating a recruit, bedding a campus virgin.

#996 18 & ANXIOUS—Betsy wants action, so she joins a troupe of female wrestlers who perform sex for men with strange fetishes.

#999 SEXERCISE CLINIC—The doctor gives his patients giant anal sex, double insertion, etc. Nymphomaniacs are his specialty.

#998 THE GOODBYE GIRLS—Collecting debts is no problem with a bevy of beautiful girls who satisfy customers, no holes barred. Hot sex.

#995 LENNY'S COMEBACK—Class reunion flashback of beautiful cheerleaders making it with the football captain, "yell" coach, and class tycoon.

#994 WAY DOWN DEEP—A comedian has so many lovers that his friends must make love to them all so he can find the niece of a mafia enforcer before it's too late.

#993 GO YOUR OWN WAY—As their 5th anniversary present, he gives it anally to a young housewife, she gets her 1st black man. Lots more sex.

21st Century Products, Dept. RMJ431, P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, CT 06907

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! (N.Y. & CT. res, add sales tax.)

ONE HOUR SHORTS-$29.95 each ____ 60-MINUTE SPECIALS-$33.00 each ____

90-MINUTE FEATURES-$39.95 each ____

(Fill in item #'s below) & check either: ☐ VHS(VH) or ☐ Beta (BT)

#	#	#
#	#	#

Video Total $ ____

N.Y. & CT. Tax ____

P & H $3.25 each/ 3 or more $9.75 ____

Total Enc. $ ____

NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!

I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it-to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including explicit material.

Signature ____

Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms. ____

Address ____ Zip ____

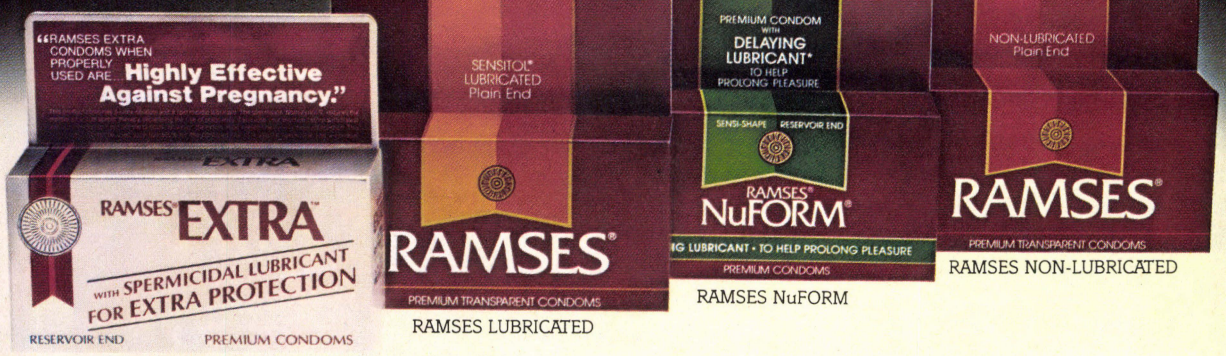
City ____

State ____ ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa Account # ____

Exp. Date ____

VOID OUTSIDE U.S. AND WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

c 1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W Haviland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903



RAMSES EXTRA

RAMSES LUBRICATED

RAMSES NuFORM

RAMSES NON-LUBRICATED

THE RAMSES CONDOM LINE. A DECADE AHEAD.

Only Ramses offers a complete line of condoms designed with the most modern contraceptive technology and medical innovations.

Only Ramses Extra is the first condom with a patented spermicidal lubricant for extra protection. Only Ramses NuForm has a patented delaying lubricant to prolong the pleasure. And all Ramses condoms are extremely thin yet exceptionally strong to give you heightened sensitivity, plus security and protection.

RAMSES®
A Decade Ahead

© 1984 Schmid Laboratories, Inc.

For a limited time, you can send for a Ramses sampler pack. Send your name, address, plus $2.00 to: Ramses Offer P.O. Box 2134, Dept. A, Hillside, NJ 07205.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Allow 8 weeks for delivery. Offer limited to one per household or address. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Sample request must be made on original sample form. No mechanical reproductions will be honored. Offer expires 12/31/85

PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT GIFT FINDER

American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
100 W. Alondra Blvd.
Gardena, Calif. 90247

Benedictine Marketing Services (B&B)
1290 Ave. of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10104

Bose Corporation
100 The Mountain Rd.
Framingham, Mass. 01701

Brooks Leather Sportswear, Inc.
14511 W. 11 Mile Rd.
Oak Park, Mich. 48237

Caesar's Pocono Resorts
Cove Haven, Paradise Stream
Pocono Palace, Brookdale
Lakeville 59, Pa. 18438

Canon U.S.A., Inc.
One Canon Plaza
Lake Success, N.Y. 11042

Casio, Inc.
15 Gardner Rd.
Fairfield, N.J. 07006

Classic Motor Co.
16650 N.W. 27th Ave.
Miami, Fla. 33054

Daniel Hechter/Paris
1271 Ave. of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020

Eurotan International
3701 Montrose Blvd.
Houston, Tex. 77006

Foti Import Co.
242 James St.
Bensonville, Ill. 60106

Fuji Audio Tapes
350 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10118

Georgia Boot/Durango Boot
P. O. Box 10
Franklin, Tenn. 37065-0010

Harlequin Enterprises, Ltd.
Harlequin Romance
225 Dunkin Mill Rd.
Don Mills, Ontario,
Canada M3B-3K9

Heublein
330 New Park Ave.
Hartford, Conn. 06101
Smirnoff,
Black Velvet,
Yukon Jack

JVC Co. of America
41 Slater Dr.
Elmwood Park, N.J. 07407

Nautilus
P. O. Box 1119
Lake Helen, Fla. 32744

Nino Cerruti Shirts
By Norman Scott, Ltd.
26 W. 56th St.
New York, N.Y. 10019

Panasonic
One Panasonic Way
Secaucus, N.J. 07094

ParaPlane Corp.
5801 Magnolia Ave.
Pennsauken, N.J. 08109

Porsche/Audi
888 W. Big Beaver
P. O. Box 3951
Troy, Mich. 48099

Richters Jewelers
680 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10019

Sahara Club
26 W. 56th St.
New York, N.Y. 10019

Sansui Electronics Corp.
1250 Valley Brook Ave.
Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071

Sazerac Co.
803 Jefferson Hwy.
New Orleans, La. 70152
Wodka Wyborowa

Schenley
888 Seventh Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10019
Dewars

The Seagram Wine Co.
375 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10052
Mumm

Sparkomatic Corp.
Route 6 & 209
Milford, Pa. 18337

TDK Electronics Corp.
12 Harbor Park Dr.
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050

Tiffen
90 Oser Ave.
Hauppauge, N.Y. 11788

Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.
19001 South Western Ave.
Torrance, Calif. 90509

Visual Scene, Inc.
1605 N.W. 159th St.
Miami, Fla. 33169

Wembley Industries
966 S. White St.
New Orleans, La. 70125
Wembley, Allyn St. George, Oscar de la Renta, Lionhearted

Zestron, Inc.
667 McGlincey Lane
Campbell, Calif. 95008

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

line tunnel. Turn the recessed handle in the center and the entire unit slides forward or backward. The seatback has arms that sweep around its sides. Its greenish-brown, lizard-textured, leather upholstery gives it a slightly threatening appearance, making it look a bit like one of the good old boys in the bar scene of *Star Wars*. But it's comfortable.

Behind the steering wheel is a heavy mesh screen laid over the standard Corvette electronic instrument cluster that is the only thing identifiably Corvette in the cockpit. To the right is a large instrument pod containing the panel controls for lights, air conditioning, sound system, and what have you. In the middle of the pod is another round dial, like the one controlling the seat, but this one is the shift for the automatic transmission. Grab a handful and dial in a gear.

You sit low in the Ramarro, with the sloping windshield rising rapidly to a point behind you. From outside, all you can see of the driver is his eyes. That would be plenty claustrophobic if it weren't for all the light streaming in through the massive windshield and the transparent roof.

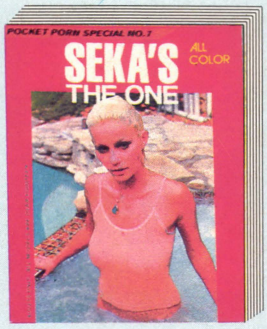
The Ramarro is surreal, but unlike prototypes and show cars of memory, there's nothing about its strangeness that makes it impractical. From the driver's seat, you can see out in all directions; the unusual instrument pod makes good ergonomic sense and puts everything at your fingertips; and the dial shift, while not as practical as an old-fashioned push-pull lever that sticks up out of the floor, works well enough. And there's even a sizable luggage space behind the futuristic seat.

Did I drive it? Surely, you jest. Bertone invested $500,000 out of pocket in his little green lizard, and he values it at $2.5 million; he isn't about to let ink-stained wretches tool it around the dumpsters in back-street Paterson, En-Jay.

So what about the future of the Ramarro? Is it just another designer's nocturnal fantasy, destined to wow 'em at a few shows and then disappear into the Bertone museum to gather dust alongside past extravaganzas? Maybe, but then again, maybe not. The Ramarro, as exotic as it seems, is made up of parts that can be easily duplicated and mass-produced. Its roof and doors may need a bit of re-engineering, but nothing that isn't do-able. If Chevrolet is interested in shipping rolling chassis to Bertone, which seems reasonable, and if the Ramarro generates enough enthusiasm on the show tour, which seems guaranteed, it could happen. The price? McWilliams says they're shooting for $40,000—and in today's high-performance, exoticar market, that's cheap.

In the meantime, if you have a few hundred thousand lying around, Mr. Bertone will be happy to build another Ramarro just for you.

4 FREE Full-Color 32 Page PHOTO BOOKS!



It's our way of inviting you to enroll in an exclusive photo book service for sexual connoisseurs that's called *Passport To Pleasure*. Our company and especially our special service, has built up quite a reputation for delivering the best, hottest, most orgasmic sexual photo books in the world at incredible prices.

Now, for nothing but a small postage and handling fee, you will get to enjoy four full-color, straight or gay male 32 page sexual samplers. Plus, you'll get your own personalized *Passport To Pleasure* which entitles you monthly to a giant $30.00, full-color, 100 page, 8½" x 11" sexual photo book for only $12.95. That's a discount of almost 60% on sizzling sexual photo books that are filled to the brim with beautiful people doing anything and everything to excite themselves, each other, and YOU!

You'll see film stars in scenes from top-rated XXX cinema classics, oral and anal specialties, kinky sex, your favorite fantasies and much more hot steaming sex that knows no boundaries and that shatters every sexual taboo.

But that's not all. As a *Passport* holder, you'll get a $150.00 bonus certificate for our special 292 page Collector's Editions. You'll get discounts on our entire line of sexual merchandise—including a complete assortment of sexual enhancers, films, video, creams and oils, energizers, etc. And, of course, many more specials on the best sexual photo books at the best prices.

NO-RISK OFFER

Choose your four free full-color 32 page sexual photo books now. Enclose the minimal (but mandatory) postage and handling charge with your Priority Application for your very own *Passport To Pleasure*. You'll also get your personalized Passport and your first giant 100 page full-color special.

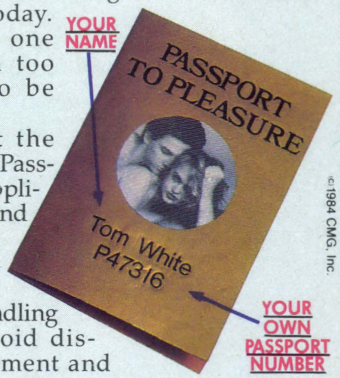
Examine it. Check out the photos, the quality paper, the incredible blazing color. We expect you to be more than merely satisfied. Nonetheless, if you're not completely delighted, simply return your *Passport To Pleasure* with the 100 page photo book special within 30 days and mark "cancel" on your bill. The four free 32 page photo books are yours to keep just for sampling our special service for sexual connoisseurs.

But, if you agree with thousands of other *Passport* owners who swear by our quality photo books and incredible values, you'll hold on to your *Passport To Pleasure* and you won't let go!

You'll know that if you ever want to exchange a book, we'll gladly accomodate your request. You'll know that if you return any book within 30 days for a refund, we'll do it graciously. You'll know that to discontinue service at any time, just return your *Passport* marked "cancel". No matter what, we'll work with you to give you the best books, the best values, and the best service!

TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION

Don't wait. This super introductory offer may be withdrawn without notice. Take advantage of this incredible value today. This is one bargain too good to be missed. Fill out the Priority Passport Application and enclose with postage and handling fee. Avoid disappointment and future regret. Act NOW!



©1984 CMG, Inc.

PRIORITY PASSPORT APPLICATION

21st Century Products, Dept. MJ432
P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, CT. 06907

Gentlemen:

Please rush my 4 FREE 32 page full-color sexual photo books (check one box: ☐ #001 Straight, or ☐ #002 Gay-Male), my personalized *Passport To Pleasure* and my first giant 100 page full-color special in a plain package. I have enclosed my ☐ check or ☐ money order for the minimal postage and handling charge of $5.00 for all four books, which are mine to keep whether or not I decide to keep my *Passport To Pleasure* and the giant 100 page special.

VOID OUTSIDE U.S. OR WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

NOTICE: SIGNATURE AND P&H REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!

I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

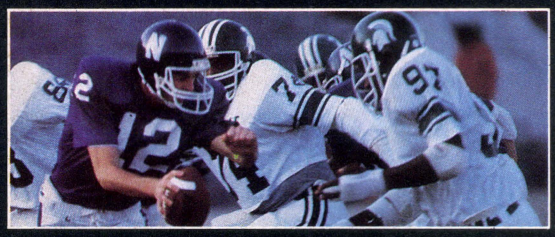
Signature _____
Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

COMING IN THE OCTOBER PENTHOUSE

BARCLAY SHAW

EAVESDROPPING ON AMERICA

From the outside, the 49-room mansion called Killenworth appears to be one of many luxurious estates on the exclusive North Shore of Long Island. But in the attic of the house, which sits in the midst of 36 wooded acres, some 15 English-speaking Russians are constantly operating sophisticated electronic equipment that intercepts and records U.S. telephone calls. In this exclusive *Penthouse* report, David Kahn, who is one of the world's leading experts on cryptography, discusses the extent and the implications of the Soviet Union's technological spying on American citizens, businesses, and government agencies. Plus, in a companion article, Viktor Suvorov, a former Red Army officer and Soviet intelligence agent, explains how Russia takes advantage of Western openness and naïveté by packing its embassies with spies. Suvorov's solution is simple and direct—and, he argues, the only effective defense against this continuing threat to our national security.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

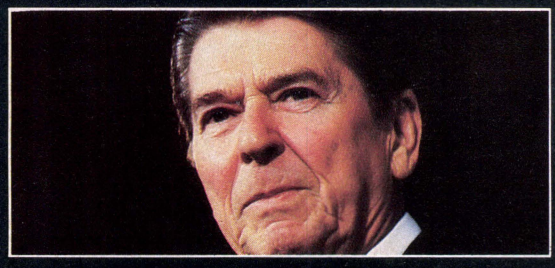
THE 20 WORST

Watch out America! In his persistent efforts to wrest the title of "Most Controversial Sports Commentator" from all-time champ Howard Cosell, Lawrence Linderman returns to these pages with his predictions of the 20 worst college football teams of the 1984–85 season. This is Larry's seventh annual report on this subject—and by this time there can be no doubt that his fearlessness, to say nothing of his accuracy, has made him a legend in his time. Would-be pigskin heroes, read 'em and weep!

GLENN BRADLEY MORALES

HOME PORN

Next month, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein makes his debut as a regular *Penthouse* columnist, reviewing the latest "adult-only" videocassettes—as well as discussing some porn classics—and rating them with his internationally (in)famous "penis-meter." In a self-described "Baedeker of bawd, designed for adults who want to enjoy erotic without fear," Al will help you compile a basic adult-video library, as well as unleash "the awesome Goldstein curse" on those tapes he finds inept, boring, or otherwise undeserving. If, like most people, you're relieved to watch adult films in the comfort of your home, out from among the raincoat hordes, you'll never want to miss this special new *Penthouse* feature.



JEAN LOUIS ATLAN/SYGMA

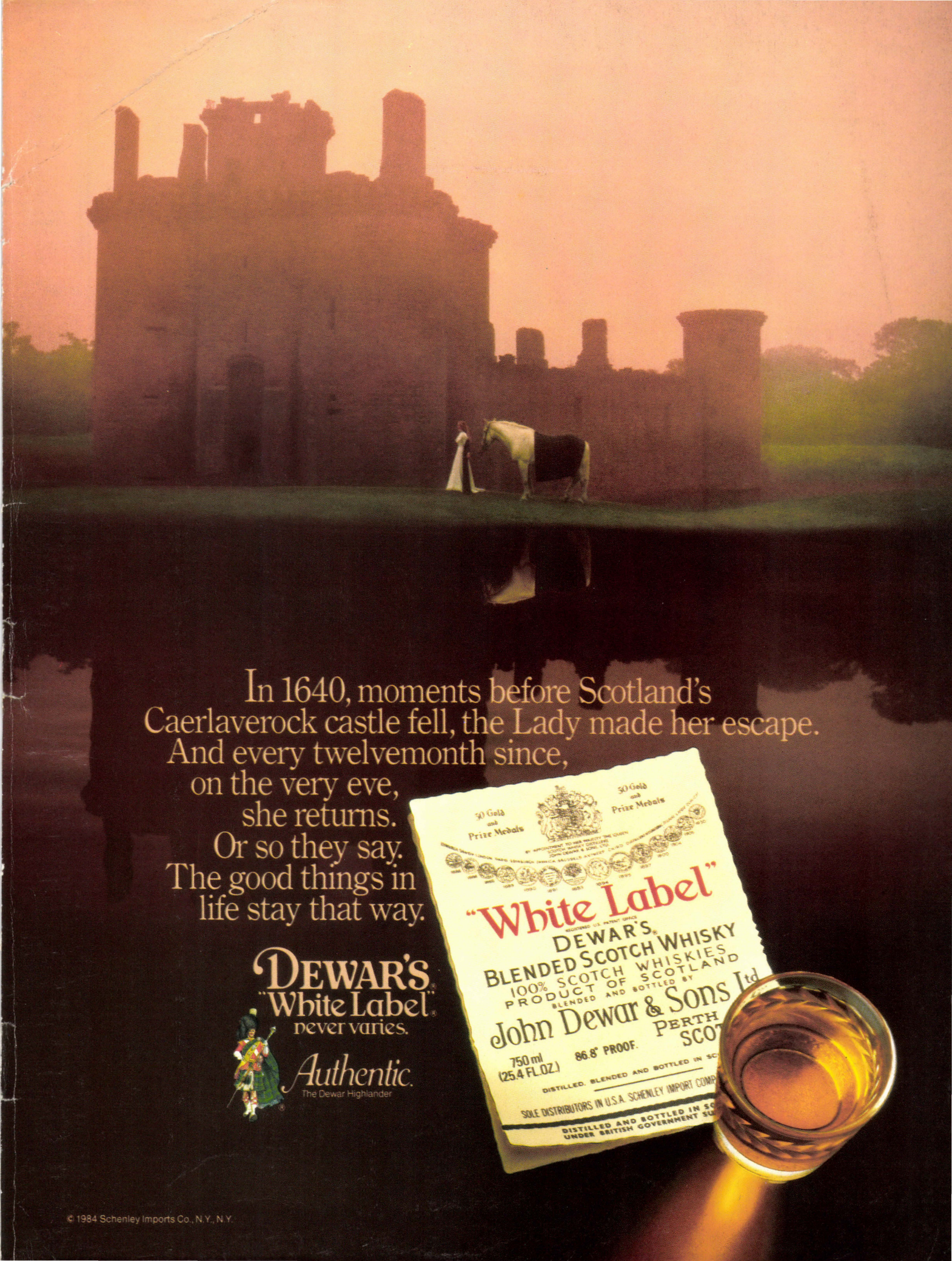
REAGAN'S REPORT CARD

In 1981 President Ronald Reagan read Donald Lambro's *Fat City,* a book on waste in government, and made the book required reading for his top aides. "If Lambro can find this much waste in the federal government," said the new president, "why can't we?" Four years later the question should be, "Why *didn't* we?" In an eye-opening "Advise & Dissent," Lambro charges that, despite the media hype, today's government has continued to grow by every measurable criteria, including Reagan's $6 million increase for the executive office of the president.

BRIAN ANDERSON

FEMALE PLEASURES

Although writing erotic stories is generally thought of as a man's job, this truism simply isn't true—as next month's selection of brilliant and sensuous stories by women will prove. Excerpted from a forthcoming Doubleday book of women's erotica, edited by Lonnie Barbach, one of America's top sex therapists, these true tales cover a broad range of sexual encounters—from female voyeurism to lesbian lust to brief encounters. They are guaranteed to leave you breathless and wanting more . . . which is why "Female Pleasures: Part Two" will be coming in November.



© 1984 Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y.

NEW LUCKY LIGHTS!

Extra Mild!
Low Tar!
Great Taste!

100's:
Only 9 mgs. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.

Kings:
Only 8 mgs. tar.
0.7 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.